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Major-Gen. A. A. MUNRO,

Woodside, Frant,

SUSSEX



## EVIEW.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1813.

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**ART. I.**—*Reports and Papers on the Impolicy of employing Indian-built Ships in the Trade of the East India Company, and of admitting them to British Registry. London. 1809.*

*The First Report of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th June, 1812.*

**O**F the Resolutions passed by the House of Commons as the ground work of an act for continuing, for a further term, to the East India Company their exclusive privileges, the *seventh* runs thus:

‘ That it is expedient that ships built within the British territories in the East Indies, and employed in the commerce between India and the United Kingdom, should, *during the present war, and for eighteen months after the conclusion thereof*, be permitted to import any goods, wares, or merchandize, the produce or manufacture of any countries within the limits of the East India Company's charter, or to export any goods, wares, or merchandize, from this kingdom to the British settlements in the East Indies, or to any of the places within the said limits, (with the exception of China,) in the same manner as ships British-built, and duly registered as such, and that after the expiration of the period above mentioned, the said India-built ships should be liable to such other provisions as parliament may from time to time enact, for the further increase and encouragement of shipping and navigation.’

By this Resolution, the private trade, so far from gaining any enlargement of a privilege already granted by the act of 35 Geo. 3. (which allowed the importation of goods from India and China in ships not British-built, nor registered as such, during the continuance of the war then raging, and for eighteen months after its conclusion, which privilege was further extended by the act of 42 Geo. 3. to such ships during the continuance of the exclusive trade granted to the East India Company,) may, in fact, be said to have suffered an abridgment, both as to time and place. As China, however, was generally excepted from all the provisions of the intended bill which regarded the opening of the trade, little or no objection was made on that score to the Resolution in question. Let us now see in what manner it has been introduced into the new charter.

charter. The 30th section of the act, after recapitulating the heads of the clauses of the two acts abovementioned, thus proceeds:—  
 ‘ Be it enacted, That the same shall continue and be in force until the *first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen*, unless any provision shall be made respecting the same in the next session of parliament.’

When it is considered that the first copy of the new charter was sent out in the *Acorn*, which left England about the middle of September, and would not reach India till the month of January, 1814; that consequently six months only will be allowed to the merchant to collect and send home India produce in India-built ships; without the risk of incurring legal penalties, it will appear, that the new charter, instead of opening a wider field for the capital and industry of the private trader, has very considerably narrowed the ground on which he stood under the provisions of the old one. The British residents too, who had hoped for an extension of the means of remitting their fortunes to England, must experience a disappointment equally vexatious in finding those means more restricted than before; and the native subjects will be left in a more hopeless condition as to any increased demand for the produce of their manufacture and agriculture than under the system which has just expired. These grievances will unquestionably be felt as the first fruits of that liberal and enlightened policy which was, if not to destroy, at least to qualify, an oppressive monopoly. Had the legislature in its wisdom limited the size of India-built ships to which the indulgence was to be extended, and left the time as before, the clause would then have been consistent with the ostensible views of the government, as expressed in the seventh Resolution; and all the benefits to Great Britain and India would have resulted from it, which, we will charitably suppose, were intended; free, at the same time, from any admixture even of those imaginary evils which, we doubt not, have had their share in rendering nugatory one of the most important of the Resolutions of the House of Commons on this question. Happily that Resolution must be reconsidered at an early period of the present session.

The directors indeed are far from being unanimous in their opinions as to the policy and expediency of employing India-built shipping; and it is remarkable enough, as appears from the collection of papers before us, that, while a special committee of eight or nine of them was drawing up a report, which evinces more of hostility against the proprietors of India-built ships, than of argument against the employment of them, the directors at large were advertising, through their governments in India, a contract for building ships in that country: and it also appears that, while the said committee were searching for facts to prove the impolicy of the measure,



measure, their governors and best informed servants in India were endeavouring to impress them with a sense not only of its utility but absolute necessity. These are mysteries to which we shall not waste our time in seeking for a clue. It cannot however fail to be observed, that the act, as it now stands, involves the court of directors in strange inconsistencies. While they affect to dread the very name of colonization, they or their pretended advocates force upon the Company a measure which makes it absolutely impossible for their servants and other residents in India to remove their property and families from thence; for as to private merchants fitting out ships in England to sail empty to India, in the hope of finding cargoes purchased for them, in the shape of produce, as a remittance, we are greatly mistaken if those who may be induced to try that experiment will find their account in sending them a second time. But those of all others who will feel this measure to press upon them most severely are the millions of our native subjects, who might have experienced some relief from the heavy annual tribute levied upon them of sixteen or seventeen millions, had a vent been opened for their surplus produce, various articles of which would be no less useful to our home manufactures than others of them would be for the British navy.

But the influence of some unfriendly planet would seem to have prevailed against the more favourable intentions of government; and this is the more extraordinary, as the ministers of the crown, we believe, have had but one opinion on the political bearing of the question. The Committee of Ship-building is composed of a wealthy body of men, who possess great influence in the India direction, as far as shipping is concerned. These gentlemen, so far back as 1797, submitted to the late Lord Melville their apprehensions respecting the employment of India-built shipping. His lordship's opinion was directly at variance with the allegations of their memorial. He told them in distinct terms that their apprehensions were not only groundless, but that the prohibition which they aimed to establish was an act of great injustice, and would, in its tendency, have an effect on the interests of the ship-builders in the Thames directly the reverse of what they seemed to suppose.\* His lordship however confined the injustice of the proposition to the effect of depriving a large description of the subjects of Great Britain of a right which those of the West Indies or Canada, or of any other foreign dependency of the empire, were entitled to enjoy: but we shall venture to extend the unjust and injurious operation of the prohibition to the natives of India, who have an undoubted right to send to England the produce of their

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\* Letter to the Committee of Ship-builders, 1st July, 1797.

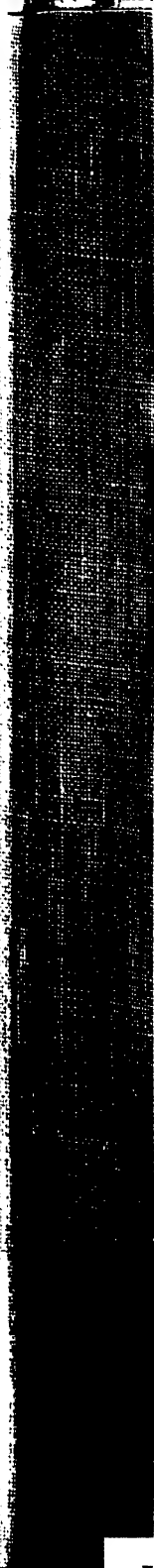
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Major-Gen, A. A. MUNRO,

Woodside, Frant,

SUSSEX







Though such statements, unsupported by evidence, and in direct contradiction to well authenticated facts, may, through the enormous influence of a few individuals, have been the means of shaking a very proper resolution of the House of Commons, and of rendering it completely abortive, yet we despair not that the truth will finally prevail; and, considering the question as too important to be slurred over in the manner it has been, and willing, as far as we can, to prevent the nation from being lulled into a false and fatal security, by a reliance on such representations, we shall endeavour to bring before the public a short view of the matter as we conscientiously believe it to stand, hoping that, when the extent of the evil shall be made known, a speedy and efficacious remedy will be applied.

A committee of the House of Commons in the year 1771 was directed to inquire into the state of oak timber throughout the kingdom. The evidence examined went directly to prove an alarming diminution of timber fit for naval purposes, without any prospect, immediate or remote, of a permanent source of supply; but, either from some disagreement in opinion, or some defect in the evidence, or, which is most likely, from a wish to avoid public alarm, the House agreed, on a motion of the committee, to discharge that part of its order which required them to give an opinion. An inference, however, may be drawn what that opinion was, from an act passed in the following session, which restrained the East India Company from building more ships until their whole tonnage should be reduced to 45,000 tons.

No other step, however, appears to have been taken either for lessening the current consumption, or increasing the future supply of oak timber; and the question was suffered to rest till the commissioners, appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the woods, forests, and land revenues of the crown, laid their eleventh report before parliament in 1792. From this report it appears that the commissioners did not confine their inquiries to the state of naval timber growing in the royal forests, and on lands belonging to the crown: they extended their researches into the general state of oak timber throughout the kingdom; and the result of this laborious investigation proved but too clearly how well-founded the apprehensions were of an approaching scarcity of oak timber in general, but more particularly of large naval timber, both in the royal forests, and on private estates. The testimony received from every county invariably established the fact, that oak timber in general, and large and crooked timber in particular, was rapidly decreasing. This information was not derived from a few interested individuals, but from a mass of concurring evidence collected from every description of men, either immediately in possession of information

formation themselves, or most likely to procure it; for instance, the chairmen of the quarter sessions in the several counties of England and Wales, the great landholders, land surveyors, agents, stewards, purveyors of timber, the commissioners of the navy, the principal ship-builders in the king's and private yards, &c.

One striking fact, taken from the records of the royal forests, shews the great diminution of oak timber in those woods of the crown at a much earlier period than that of the first apprehended scarcity. In 1608 a survey was taken of six of those forests. In 1783 another survey was made of the same forests by order of the House of Commons. In the former period were found fit for naval purposes 234,229 trees, and 263,145 decayed trees; at the latter 50,455 trees fit for the navy, and 35,554 decayed, being a decrease of nearly four-fifths in these six forests; and there is every reason to believe that a corresponding diminution had then taken place in all. From the close of the American war to the commencement of the revolutionary war of France, in consequence of the rapid increase of trade, and the improvements in all kinds of machinery, manufactures, and inland navigations, the consumption of oak timber, for commercial and internal purposes, had increased in as great a proportion; and from 1792 to the present time, the demand for naval purposes has been unexampled in any former period of our history, and perhaps not less so for commercial and internal uses. In 1792 the amount of the private shipping was about 1,300,000 tons; in 1812 it had amounted to 2,500,000 tons, being in twenty years an increase of 1,200,000 tons. The commissioners state that, 'at the accession of his Majesty to the throne, the tonnage of the royal navy was 321,104 tons, and at the end of the year 1788 it had risen to no less than 413,667 tons;' and we may now add that, in 1808, it had amounted to the enormous extent of 800,000 tons, having nearly doubled itself in twenty years.

By the same report it appears that in 1792 the tonnage of the shipping belonging to the East India Company was 79,913 tons; at present it is calculated to amount to 115,000 tons, being an increase of 35,087 tons.

It would be difficult to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the comparative state of oak timber used formerly, when 'our houses were all built of sticks and mud,' and at the present time, for internal purposes; but that the consumption in this respect is very materially increased there can be little doubt; for although, as the commissioners observe, the quantity used in house carpentry is not so great as it had been in the preceding century, on account of the general and extensive use of fir timber; yet, on the other hand, when we take into consideration the vast consumption of oak timber in all kinds of mill work and machinery—in the barrack and

ordnance departments—in mines, collieries, and agriculture—in docks and their massive gates—in piers, locks and sluices—in boats, barges, lighters, and bridges—in park-paling, posts and rails—in staves for casks, tubs, and vats, (for which vast quantities of the finest oak trees in the kingdom are split up)—in all sorts of wheelwright work, and even in barn-floors, (every one of which consumes about five loads of timber;)—and numberless other purposes to which oak alone is applied, and for which the increasing wealth, population, manufactures, and agriculture, have created an increased demand,—we may safely concur in the opinion of the commissioners, that this extensive application of oak timber has more than counterbalanced the saving occasioned by the disuse of oak for house carpentry and other domestic purposes.

Having thus established the fact of an enormously increased and increasing consumption, the next point to be ascertained was the state of growing timber in the country. The result of their inquiries, on this point, was disheartening enough. It appeared that, from the time when the general survey contained in Domesday book was taken, down to 1792, there had been a gradual diminution of woodland—the necessary consequence indeed of an increased population and extension of agriculture. For however ornamental full-grown forest trees may be on large domains; however useful the timber they afford in procuring many of the comforts and conveniencies of life; however necessary for the defence and preservation of the country; yet, as neither groves nor avenues, nor the timber which they produce, are indispensable articles of necessity, they are sure to give way to more pressing demands. Where corn could be raised, there we may be quite certain that trees would not be planted, and almost equally so that, when it was wanted, those which were already planted would be grubbed up. If, indeed, food should not naturally have the preference, still it might be expected that men would plant the soil with that which would yield them the greatest returns; and it so happens that the price of oak, high as it now is, is not equal to the value of any other product that may be raised out of the soil on which it grows; for the soil which oaks affect most is precisely that which is best suited for corn; nor will it grow freely on any that is not convertible to that use. The consequence is, that in every county throughout England, woodlands have been grubbed up and converted into pasture and corn lands, whilst not an acre of either of the latter has been planted with trees, except for ornamental purposes: and this diminution of woodland is by no means of inconsiderable extent.

Arthur Young was of opinion that, in the counties best adapted for the growth of oak, (Kent, Sussex, &c.) not one acre has been planted for fifty acres of woodlands that have been grubbed up.

At

At the present high price of grain, indeed, no other than ornamental plantations can be expected to be made, excepting on lands which are not open to the competition between timber and food. Such lands, it must be owned, are sufficiently abundant, but the great expense and slow returns of planting are inconvenient to the majority of land-proprietors; and hence we may safely conclude, that throughout England, the quantity of land planted with any kind of timber trees has been considerably less than the quantity of ground cleared by the felling of timber, and the grubbing up of coppice and underwood. If, indeed, we except the royal forests, and perhaps the estates of some half a dozen great landholders, such as the Dukes of Devonshire, Norfolk, Portland, Newcastle, &c. it may be doubted whether any thing like a regular plantation of oak timber has taken place for the last sixty years. Private interest will, in most cases, supersede all considerations of public benefit. The expense of planting is immediate and certain—the profit distant and precarious. It falls to the lot of few to be so careless of present wealth as to bury it for a century, in order that the third generation may profit by it. A man who sets about planting oaks, should forbear to make any calculation on the return to be expected from them. He must consider, as the Bishop of Landaff says, all future time as present. In the first place, it would be a waste of labour and expense to plant oaks on ground that is not worth at least twenty shillings an acre rent. Now the annual sum of one pound, improved for an hundred years, at compound interest, will be worth £2610. An acre of oak trees, at the end of that period, may be worth about £500 at the present price of oak timber; and allowing the value of thinnings, improved at the same rate, to amount to £500 more, there still remains a loss of £1610 on a single acre of land. But independent of profit, it is a natural feeling in him who plants, to desire to see the plantations rising up in his own time.

But of all forest trees the oak is slowest in its growth. Hence even in those ornamental plantations, the rounded clump or extended belt, and indeed in all others, whether intended as objects of pleasure or profit, trees of speedier growth, as the larch, the beech, the sycamore, the horse-chesnut, the elm, the ash, the birch, &c. exclude the oak from its due share; for all these not only sooner come to profit, but are more ornamental than oak, and will thrive in soils where the oak would barely exist, and where the young plants of tardy growth would speedily be overshadowed by them and perish. So much is this the case, and so slow of growth is the young oak plant, that the nurserymen find it not worth their while to rear this species of tree for sale.

Another circumstance may have had its effect in excluding oaks from new plantations. It is a very general idea that transplanted  
oaks

oaks do not thrive so well as those that are raised from the acorn, on account of the tap-root being cut or injured. This prejudice is, we think, disproved by the experiments mentioned in the Appendix to the First Report now before us. A field of several acres in Dean Forest was sown with acorns about twenty-nine years ago. At the age of fourteen years, forty or fifty trees were transplanted from this patch into the open forest. In the course of the last four or five years, others, to the number of several thousands, have been taken from the same plot and transplanted into the neighbouring open parts. In 1809, three of the trees that were first transplanted, three that were transplanted in 1807, and six which remained in their original place, (not hampered in their growth by being too close together,) were carefully measured in the presence of the surveyor-general, at the height of six feet from the ground. They were again measured in the following year, 'when it appeared that those which had been transplanted first had increased the most; those transplanted in 1807 the next; and of those which remained in their original place, two had not increased at all, and the other four not so much as any of those transplanted.\*' Mr. T. A. Knight, whose knowledge of vegetable economy no one will venture to dispute, asserts that the tap-root is of consequence only during the first year's growth of the tree, and that shortening the tap and lateral roots of young trees tends much to increase their future growth, by increasing the number of their roots.

There are other causes which prevent the planting of large tracts of ground, and thus perpetuating those magnificent woods which England once possessed, but which have long been disappearing from almost every part of the island. Many great estates have been divided and parcelled out among a number of new proprietors, whose sole object is improvement of the land for the sake of profit, and whose new plantations, if any, extend not beyond the clump or the belt, the filling up of a corner, or covering the top of a hill with firs or larches, or such other trees as are found to grow on the poorest soils, and to yield the speediest returns.

But of the woodlands still suffered to remain in the country, a very small proportion furnishes any timber fit for the construction of large ships of war. Some of the ancient and opulent families may take a pride in the preservation of those venerable and stately oaks, those sacred groves planted by their ancestors, and not suffer the axe to approach them. We may also observe in many of the well-clothed domains, trees of two and three centuries old, too far advanced in decay to be of any use as naval timber. But others

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\* First Report of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods, &c. App. p. 144.  
again,

again, and by far the greater number, consider their woodlands as their bankers, on whom they give drafts at sight: and when hard pressed, not merely thin the trees, but cut close as they go along. Others again, from the effects of contested elections, gaming, and those other fashionable follies which encourage extravagance in all its shapes, are compelled to let the family estates slip from them altogether. It frequently happens that large domains of this kind pass from the hands of an improvident heir into those of Jews and land-jobbers. The first operation is to cut down all the timber to raise money in part of payment; the next to partition the estate, and sell it in lots.

But setting aside all these causes of the diminution of timber, there is one general principle which will eventually operate in producing that effect. Men will fell their timber, or let it stand, as is most consistent with their feelings, their necessities, or their self-interest; and the two latter, in these expensive times, will be found generally to preponderate, and to operate more strongly to the cutting down of oak timber before it is of any use for naval purposes, than to let it grow till it shall become fit for such purposes. In the first place, an oak plant worth twenty shillings will not pay common interest for letting it stand. The enormous price of oak bark used by the tanners, and which in a very few years has risen from £5 a ton to £20, is a strong temptation to cut down young saplings for the value of the bark alone, just as in some parts of South America cattle are slain for the sake of their hides. If a substitute could be found for oak bark, it would be the means of preserving many an oak tree; even a bounty on the importation of it might have that tendency. The bark of the larch has been tried, and, in Scotland, said to succeed; but this is considered as doubtful. The heavy tax on the importation of foreign timber, and especially of deal timber, has encouraged the plantation of fir and larch, but it operates as a bounty on the consumption of British oak. When these firs and larches shall become fit for use, and the tax on foreign deal in consequence be removed, the price of oak will necessarily fall; and more trees of a certain growth will then be left to stand for large timber, the scarcity of which will always keep up its price; but while bark remains at the present extravagant price, there is no security for the sapling oak.

Of the vast plantations which have recently been made in Scotland, very few, we believe, have any portion of oak trees in them; and little or no oak timber is to be met with in that country, beyond the ornamental trees which are planted round the houses, and which are there called 'Policies.'

In Ireland it is pretty nearly the same. Exclusive of some old oaks that are to be met with in gentlemen's parks as ornamental timber,

timber, there is not probably on the whole island as much oak timber of proper dimensions as would be sufficient for building a single ship of the line; and most of the few young plantations were cut down in the rebellion to make handles for pikes.

Of the voluminous report of the commissioners for revising the civil affairs of the navy, and of the evidence collected by them, we know no more than that when a motion for printing it was made, in the House of Lords, it was thought prudent to withhold the publication, for fear of creating alarm; the very reason why the most extensive publicity should have been given to it. We know that this is not the opinion of those who are always for putting off the evil day, and afraid to 'look the danger of a scarcity boldly in the face.' 'If,' said the late Lord Melville, 'there are any parts of the Fourteenth Report of that commission, (of Naval Revision,) which it is expedient to conceal, still much useful information might be given to parliament and the public, consistently with such reserve. I am not aware that any good can result from such a determined concealment. If there is just cause of alarm from the increased decay and scarcity of an article so essentially necessary to the existence of the empire, the knowledge of such an impending danger would be the strongest incitement to the public at large cordially to concur in every measure which government may think necessary to ward off so serious a calamity.'\*

We heartily concur in these sentiments. We are firmly persuaded that, if it should appear, on public investigation, that an alarming scarcity of a material so 'necessary to the vitality of the empire' did really exist, the great landholders would vie with each other which should be the first to set apart the greatest portion of land for the planting of oaks, for the use of future generations. Such was the effect produced by the *Sylva* of Evelyn, at a time when the woodlands of England had nearly disappeared:—the fruits of whose exertions we have been gathering in our own times.

It will be said, perhaps, that the Eleventh Report of the Commissioners of Land Revenues, printed by order of the House of Commons in 1792, was made sufficiently public, and yet no such beneficial effects resulted from it. Let it however be recollected, that their inquiries were instituted at a time of profound peace; that no one could have anticipated a twenty years' war; that the scarcity then apprehended was not immediate but prospective; that the Commissioners under-rated the future annual consumption of timber for the navy nearly by one half; and that they calculated upon an annual average tonnage from prize ships, which, for the last ten years, has not been realized. They moreover concluded their report

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\* Letter to Mr. Perceval. June 1810.

by an opinion that, if the wise and provident enactments of the statutes of Charles II. and William III. for enclosures and plantations in the Forest of Dean and New Forest had been duly enforced, those two forests would then have been nearly equal to furnish the annual demands of the royal dock-yards; recommending that a sufficient quantity of land belonging to the crown should be set apart for that purpose, which, by their computation, would amount to 100,000 acres.

The report indeed was calculated to tranquillize rather than alarm the public mind; and if the measures recommended had then been carried into effect, the present prospect would be less discouraging; but Mr. Fordyce met with insurmountable difficulties in the execution of the plan on which the commissioners had founded their hopes of future supply, for appropriating land to that extent as nurseries for naval timber. His bill relative to the New Forest, which passed the House of Commons, was lost in the other house. The law officers of the crown were of opinion that the acts of Charles II. and William III. required new authority from the legislature. There was besides some clashing in the authorities of the surveyor-general of the land revenue, and the surveyor-general of the woods and forests, and neither of them was invested with sufficient powers. These two departments are now united, and their functions transferred to a board of commissioners for the management of both. We have now before us their first triennial report, which has been printed by order of the House of Commons. We present our readers with that part of it which relates to the important subject of raising a supply of naval timber in the royal forests.

‘ It appears from authentic information and statements, which have been before us, that the tonnage of the navy in 1806, amounted to 776,057 tons, which, at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  load to a ton, would have required, to build the whole, 1,164,085 loads; and taking the average duration of British-built ships to be fourteen years, the annual average quantity of timber requisite for such a navy, would be 83,149 loads, *exclusive of repairs*.

‘ The average annual quantity actually used both in building and maintaining or repairing the navy for eighteen years, from the 1st of January 1789 to the 1st of January 1806, has been calculated at 85,022 loads; but the average quantity in the prizes taken during those eighteen years, exclusive of recaptures, had been 21,341 loads, which deducted from the whole number of 85,202 loads, leaves 63,861 loads.

‘ The great increase of the navy, both by building and capture, between the beginning of the above period of eighteen years and the year 1806, will account for the smallness of the difference between an annual consumption of 83,149 loads, (calculated according to the quantity of navy shipping in the last year of that period,) *exclusive of repairs*,



pairs, and only 85,202 loads, (on the average of the whole period,) *including* repairs.

‘ We have not ascertained how much ought to have been added to the 83,149 loads for annual repairs; but as it has been stated generally that from 100,000 to 120,000 loads by the year would be necessary to maintain the navy on its present footing, it follows, if we take the medium of 110,000 loads for the whole, that about 27,000 of that number would be annually employed in repairs.

‘ If for building and repairs together the whole annual demand is put at 110,000 loads, then, after deducting 21,341 loads as the average of prizes, the annual quantity necessary to be provided for both purposes will be 88,659 loads.

‘ It does not seem an unreasonable supposition, that of these 88,659 loads, 28,659 may in future be supplied, (even assuming what is extremely probable, that little or no oaks shall be suffered to remain on private estates till they attain the size of large timber), by the introduction of a greater quantity of other sorts of wood in the construction of ships of war, and the use of other means and resources to economize British oak, on account of the increasing scarcity of that sort of timber.

‘ This leaves 60,000 loads of such oak as the quantity which would be sufficient annually to support, at its present unexampled magnitude, the whole British navy, including ships of war of all sorts, but which may be taken as equivalent, together, to twenty seventy-fours, each of which, one with another, contains about 2000 tons, or would require, at the rate of a load and a half to the ton, 3000 loads, making just 60,000 loads for twenty such ships.

‘ It is a current opinion, that not more than forty oaks can be produced and grow to maturity on an acre of land.—Taking the average quantity of timber in each tree at a load and a half, 1000 acres will, at the end of 100 years, the period of time generally allowed for the full growth of an oak, produce 60,000 loads, or enough, with the concurrent resources of captures, &c. above mentioned, to maintain the navy on its present scale for a year.

‘ And, according to this deduction, 100,000 acres would be requisite, and adequate, if so planted and managed; that the timber on each 1000 could be felled in successive years, and *that* 1000 immediately replanted, for maintaining a navy like the present for ever.\*

It is an obvious mistake, however, to calculate the annual demand on the *whole* tonnage of the navy, when little more than *half* of that tonnage is employed, the remainder consisting of ships in ordinary, hulks, &c. If therefore 85,202 loads of timber have *actually* been used annually, it only proves to us the lamentable fact that the duration of the navy, instead of *fourteen*, is no more than *seven* years; and we greatly fear that the latter will be

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\* First Report of the Commissioners for Woods, Forests, &c. p. 19.

found much nearer the mark if we continue to build, as of late years, in merchants' yards—but more of this presently.\*

The commissioners then proceed to shew, 1. How the 100,000 acres are to be obtained. 2. In what course or rotation to be planted. 3. How the supply is to be furnished till the timber to be planted shall arrive at the requisite maturity. On the first point it appears from a report of Lord Glenbervie, when surveyor-general of the woods, &c. that 60,000 acres might be reckoned upon from the several royal forests; and it was suggested that the remaining 40,000 might probably be obtained from forest lands in the duchy of Lancaster—from Needwood forest, 3000 acres of which were appropriated to the crown—from allotments to the crown on the division of wastes and commons—by purchase or otherwise of lands locally situated within the different royal forests occupied by individuals either by legal title or by encroachments—by purchase of woodlands from private owners—and by purchasing out, or refusing the renewal of, crown leases of land containing oak coppices or land fit for the growth of oak. To which might be added a reservation in every enclosure bill of a certain proportion to be set apart for the express purpose of planting oaks, besides an obligatory clause to plant oaks in the fences at limited distances. It is well known that hedge timber, by its constant exposure to the sun and weather, is far superior to forest timber; and no good reason that we know of can be assigned against those two easy and certain measures of raising a future supply. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests observed that we had twenty millions of acres of waste land in the kingdom, a two-hundredth part of which, or 100,000 acres set apart for planting, would at once furnish the whole quantity wanted for the use of the navy.

On the second point the surveyor-general was induced to think from various considerations, in which we entirely concur, that the 100,000 acres should be enclosed and planted at the rate of about 4000 acres annually, which would complete the whole in twenty-five years. And thirdly, the present and intermediate supply will be obtained from timber now ready for felling, and in its different stages, in the royal forests—on private estates—from thinnings of the new plantations for inferior purposes—by importations of foreign oak—and by the use of other kinds of timber. The report concludes by a statement of what has actually been done or

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\* In a former article on this subject we estimated the tonnage of the navy *in employ* at 400,000; the average duration of a ship of war at twelve years and a half; and allowing one-fourth part for repairs, we calculated the annual consumption of oak timber for the navy at 60,000 loads. We have seen no grounds for altering our opinion on this point—provided, however, we shall henceforward exclude from the navy merchant-built ships of the line.

undertaken in prosecution of the plans for raising navy timber; and the exertions that have been used by Lord Glenbervie, and his colleagues, appear to us to be exceedingly praiseworthy—they seem to have already appropriated about 35,000 acres for this purpose.

The principal resources in our opinion for the next fifty or sixty years must be looked for in the importation of foreign timber, and the substitution of other woods for oak. If the use of British oak was confined to the navy, we should say with the London ship-builders that there was no apprehension of a scarcity, but we have shewn, on a former occasion, that the consumption of oak timber in the navy is but one-tenth part of the quantity consumed in the country; and of this small proportion a certain part, perhaps one-sixth or one-eighth, has been imported from foreign countries. The largest importation, however, in any one year has not, we believe, exceeded 20,000 loads; but the quantity of fir timber imported has been from 240 to 250,000 loads a-year. Of this fir we are now building a considerable number of the largest class of frigates, which, though less durable than oak, will be the means of saving so much of this more valuable timber, and probably of sparing from the axe our native trees of fifty or sixty years standing till they arrive at a sufficient growth for building ships of the line. These are the only trees, while bark remains at the present price, that will ever reach that standing on private property; and when those shall be exhausted, and until the new plantations of the crown lands shall be fit for use, we have only to look forward to the two great sources of supply which we still have within ourselves—the larch, elm, beech, &c. plantations of Great Britain, and the teak of India.

No timber that we are acquainted with is equal in quality to that of the larch with the same rapidity of growth. It fails only, where all other woods fail, not even oak and teak excepted, when exposed to the alternate action of heat and moisture, of wind and water; but for all the lower parts of a ship and those that are constantly immersed in water, larch may be considered as very little inferior to oak. So fully impressed was the Empress Catherine with the valuable properties of this timber that the exportation of it from Russia was, and we believe still is, prohibited. The rapidity of its growth is such that it has been found, by repeated trials, to double in diameter that of the oak in a given time, and consequently, the bulks being as the squares of their diameters, to produce, in the same time, four times the quantity of timber. Its usual annual increase, till it arrives at a certain age, is from one and a half to two inches in circumference; so that a tree of thirty years standing will measure from four to five feet in girth. There are well authenticated instances of trees of sixty years of age measuring

surging twelve feet in girth and producing three hundred feet of timber: others of fifty years have been found to measure ten feet in girth and seventy feet in height of stem. Mr. Marshall measured a larch in the grounds of Blair of Athol, which, at five feet from the ground, girthed upwards of eight feet and was estimated to contain four tons of timber; its age fifty-four years. At Dunkeld he measured another of little more than fifty years old, which, at the same height, girthed eight feet and a half; it was nearly an hundred feet high, and its solid contents were from four to five tons of timber. The Dukes of Athol and Montrose, Lord Fife, and several other great landholders in Scotland, have made very extensive plantations of this tree and the Scotch fir, which are rapidly rising into magnificent forests, and will, in the course of a few years, compensate in some measure the loss of our native oak timber. The inducement, indeed, to plant larch operates nearly in the same proportion as the discouragement to plant oak; not only because it will grow on poor gravelly soils, not fit for any other kind of produce, but also because the returns of profit are rapid and prodigious. The Bishop of Landaff, in a paper addressed to the President of the Board of Agriculture, has given a calculation of the probable expense and profit, at the end of sixty years, of a plantation of larches made by himself, consisting of 322,500 trees on 379 acres of land. The expense of planting at thirty shillings a thousand—the compound interest at 5 per cent. for sixty years—the loss of rent at half a crown an acre, make the whole loss sustained at the end of sixty years amount to £13,798. At twenty years from the planting he reckons on thinning out 161,000; at forty years 80,000, and at sixty years the remaining 80,000. ‘The price,’ says he, ‘of 161,000 trees of twenty years growth improved for forty years, together with that of 80,000 trees improved for twenty years, being added to that of 80,000 trees of sixty years growth, will, I conjecture, upon the most moderate computation, amount to £150,000, if the commerce of the country and the price of foreign fir wood continue for sixty years without diminution.’ Most heartily do we pray that the venerable prelate’s calculations may be realized, and that his numerous family may reap the full benefit of his laudable exertions in this important and patriotic undertaking.

Our immediate reliance, however, for relief must rest chiefly on the teak of India. Already two ships of the line have been launched from the dock-yard of Bombay, and two others we understand have been ordered to be built. Each of these, as we before mentioned, is to bring home its duplicate in its hold to be set up in his Majesty’s yards at home. Several frigates and smaller vessels are also ordered to be built; and we trust that no fallacious representations will intervene so as to overturn this system of building

ships for the navy in our Indian territories, or to prevent the import of teak timber from them for the use of the dockyards; but that the plan will be continued until we have, at least, half the naval force of the empire composed of this almost imperishable material. If the first cost of the ships built in India, through the medium of the East India Company, be somewhat more than the cost of the same classes of ships respectively at home, their prolonged duration makes them incomparably cheaper in the end. It is not true, as the home builders would have us believe, that mercantile ships can be built and fitted in India for one-third less cost than in England, and that therefore they are not built for the growing and progressive wants of navigation, but for sale in England. They are built, as we said before, as the means and the only means of transmitting home the capitals of individuals realized in India, and transmitting them moreover in that kind of produce which could not otherwise be disposed of by the natives.

It is now too late to deplore that policy which has taught the Asiatics to rival us in the art of ship-building, and in many species of manufacture. There are parts, we have understood, in the construction of the *Minden* from which our best builders might derive instruction. That narrow-minded and selfish policy is no longer of avail which, in the true spirit of trading, would monopolize to ourselves all the commerce and all the manufactures of the world. The sounder and more liberal opinion now is, that commerce and manufactures increase and multiply, in every individual country, the more they are in general cultivation, and the more widely they are spread throughout the world.

But, say the advocates for limiting ship-building to the banks of the Thames, the navigation act, that monument of human wisdom on which our salvation depends, and the deep and provident policy of which has been applauded by Bacon, (who, by the way, died nearly thirty years before the act was in existence,) and Clarendon, and 'even' by Doctor Smith, is violated by the 'feeble and puny statesmen of to-day.' It is not unusual to attempt to prop up a tottering argument by the revival of prejudices which have taken hold of the public mind, and by quoting the opinions of the great men of former days. The navigation act has frequently been, and must necessarily be, suspended during war; it is violated every hour in the trade of every part of the world; and if Lord Clarendon, or 'even' Adam Smith, could be asked whether, in their opinion, it would be more advisable to employ foreign-built ships, or to cramp our trade for want of ships, or to dismantle the navy, that trading ships may be 'navigated according to law,' we have very little doubt of the answer they would make to such questions. But Adam Smith's praise of this act, the offspring

offspring of national animosity and jealousy levelled against the Dutch, is faint indeed. He states it be, as it unquestionably is, unfavourable to foreign commerce, and to the growth of that opulence which arises out of it; and concludes that, 'as defence is much more important than opulence, the act of navigation is, *perhaps*, the wisest of all the *commercial* regulations of England.'

But further, say the advocates of the Thames ship-builders, we may lose India, and the enemy get possession of those resources which we have taught the natives to bring into full and effective activity. So we may, and we may lose Ireland too; and perhaps there are not wanting those who think it the best policy to discourage all improvement, on the same ground, even in Ireland. We think however that, if we are to lose India, the surest way of recovering it is to make our loss both felt and regretted by the natives; and the surest way of gaining the affection of the natives is to avail ourselves of the resources of the country by encouraging a spirit of industry among the people. But the fact is, that the Asiatics require not our teaching them to build ships. The French in Rangoon long ago taught them that art in perfection; and the only difference is, that the British merchants resident in India now build ships in Calcutta and Bombay with the teak of India, instead of purchasing them at Rangoon where they are built of the teak of Ava and Pegu; and we think that unprejudiced men will agree in the policy of making use of the teak forests on our own territories, while they remain in our possession, rather than leaving them untouched and available for the services of the enemy 'in the event of our losing India.'

So, however, think not the ship-builders on the banks of the Thames. Not more pregnant with evils was the box of Pandora than, according to their statements, will the measure be of building ships in India and admitting them to a registry in England. All the arts and sciences, all the manufactures, mines, agriculture, fisheries, shipping, colonies and revenue are marshalled in array, with the various trades and occupations dependant on them, from the ship-builder down to the green-grocer and the dealer in oakum, and made subservient to the ship-owners of London, who, with this host of dependants, are all to be ruined by half a dozen 'black ships,' as they are pleased to call them, bringing cargoes of raw produce for the use of the manufacturers of this country.

Another argument, which they consider not the least powerful in the effect they wish to produce, is grounded on the alleged distress that would ensue to the numerous shipwrights and their families by being deprived of employment. We are told that 'no less than 570 ships of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards, which, in peace, have always been hitherto the

asylum for the artificer and shipwright; that if a portion only of this branch is lost to the mother country, (that is to the half dozen establishments on the Thames,) 'the shipwright must be driven to the necessity of abandoning his native country, and a large emigration will necessarily take place.' We well recollect that the same kind of lamentation was loudly sounded from the ports of Liverpool and Bristol of the misery and wretchedness which that valuable class of men, the shipwrights, would be doomed to suffer, in consequence of that impolitic and pernicious measure, the abolition of the slave-trade. To ward off, in some degree, the terrible calamity about to befall these celebrated sea-port towns, the Navy Board was directed to contract for the building of two or three frigates at each; and notice was given that all such shipwrights and artificers as wished to enter into His Majesty's dockyards would be received therein; no frigates, however, were contracted for, no emigration of shipwrights followed, no application for employment was made, and Liverpool and Bristol have continued to flourish as they did before.

Thus also with regard to the shipwrights of the river Thames. In spite of all the 'black ships' that have been built in India—notwithstanding the great demand for shipwrights in the king's yards, amounting, we believe, to many hundreds—notwithstanding the encouraging prospects offered in the king's service, of a provision in old age, when unfit for further labour, which they have not to look up to in the merchants' yards—we do not understand that many have applied for employment. The present enjoyment of a few additional shillings a-week, earned by excessive exertion, a mode of employment where less restraint and control are exercised than in the king's yards, and a reliance on parish relief when worn out, render them insensible or at least indifferent to the superior advantages held out in His Majesty's dockyards. The truth is that artificers, of all others, are least disposed to emigrate, or, if they can avoid it, to change their place of abode. There are always, and in all places, so many other trades and manufactures of a similar nature to their own, that an ingenious artificer finds no difficulty in transferring the labour of a shipwright, for instance, into that of a millwright, a wheelwright or a house-carpenter. But at any rate it would be far more beneficial for the public to pension off the whole of the shipwrights employed in the king's yards, on the return of peace, than to send them to the 'asylum' of the merchants' yards, on the condition of employing those yards to build ships of the line on the breaking out of the next war.

This assistance, which the private yards afford to the king's yards in time of war, is in fact the main argument on which the ship-builders of the Thames ground their claims for consideration.

'No less than 570 ships of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards,' says one of their advocates: 'the number now building,' say the collected body, 'in private yards, is three times that which were building at any one time before.' This immoderate share of employment serves to explain at least the difficulty of entering shipwrights for the king's yards, and sufficiently points out a speedy method of removing that difficulty; and we trust that ere long it will be completely removed. Nay, we are willing to cherish a hope that we shall never again see a single ship of the line set up on the stocks of a private yard, and few frigates. At any rate let them be contented with building frigates, sloops, and smaller vessels. Our wishes, in this respect, arise from no other motive than a firm conviction of the ruinous effects resulting from the practice of building large ships by contract—a practice which nothing but absolute necessity can justify—which occasions a wasteful expenditure of public money, a vast consumption of timber, and which has produced in return an inefficient and rotten navy. We shall have no difficulty in making good these assertions.

Without adverting to the well known fact that there is scarcely a single ship built of late years in merchants' yards which has not required to be rebuilt in six or seven years, and many of them to be paid off after four or five years service, we believe it is a common computation among builders, that the superiority of the ships built in the king's yards is to those built in private yards at least as 4 to 3; and the reason is obvious. A private builder cannot be supposed to keep on hand, as a dead capital for three or four years, a stock of timber fit for a 74 gun ship which he may never have an opportunity of building, as he must know that the public will only have recourse to him in time of necessity. He therefore contracts to build while the tree is growing in the forest; and the timber is commonly reared into the ship before the powers of vegetation are extinct. The workmanship is avowedly inferior, being wholly performed by task and job, and not examined with that degree of care which the officers in the king's yards, for their own credit, are in the habit of exerting. By way of drying the dripping wet timbers, stoves with charcoal are placed in various parts of the ship. The pent up heat, acting upon the moisture, soon brings forth plentiful crops of mushrooms; hence the origin of the new and fashionable disorder named the *dry-rot*, unknown in former days in ships of war, but which has produced, in our times, as many doctors and remedies, as the fanciful diseases of the human body.

It is evident that the seams of every part of the ship, put together in this unseasoned state, must open by the shrinking of the wood; that every piece of timber, by contracting its dimensions, must



close-upon its fastening, whether of iron, copper or wood; and that these refusing to give way, must cause the planks and timbers to split, when the water gets in, the metals rust or corrode, and the wood rots. We could illustrate these fatal effects by numberless examples, but we shall content ourselves with two. The *Rodney*\* was launched in 1809; she had scarcely put to sea when, owing to the unseasoned state of her timber, all her fastenings became loose, and it was necessary to bring her home from the Mediterranean in 1812 to be paid off. The next example is a very deplorable one; it is that of the *Dublin*†. This ship was launched in February, 1812, put in commission in the following August, sent upon a cruise towards Madeira and the western islands in December, from which she returned to Plymouth in February, 1813, in so dreadful a state, that she was ordered to be paid off; she has since been repaired at an expense not much less, we believe, than £20,000. These are no new cases. We can find their parallel nearly half a century back. In the journal of Lord Sandwich's visitation of the dockyards in 1771 the following passage occurs: 'Went on board the *Ardent*, found her in a total decay, her timber and plank rotted almost universally. This ship was built at Hull in the year 1764, and never was at sea, her prime cost was about £23,000 and her repairs are now estimated at £17,000; the cause of the great decay of this ship is attributed to her being hastily built with green timber.' His lordship adds, 'No more large ships to be built at Hull.' He ought to have said—No more large ships to be built in private yards. 'We have now,' he observes in another place, 'a fleet of 123 effective line-of-battle ships, which in my opinion may be augmented, and without any addition of expense, if means can be found to procure a sufficient supply of timber, so as to enable us to have *three years' stock* in hand, which would give it time to season, and when used would prevent the immense expense of giving a thorough repair almost as soon as the ships are built.'

It never will nor can be otherwise as long as we continue to build in merchants' yards. No private builder, as we have just said, can afford to keep a stock of timber on hand fit for the building of ships of the line. His object naturally and necessarily is profit, and with a view to that object he will go the cheapest way to work in procuring materials, and take advantage of the public necessity in making his contract; and hence the sum actually paid for one of these miserably built ships has been found to exceed that of one of the same class built in the king's yards, in the proportion at least of 8 to 7. We doubt whether the precise cost of building any ship has been accurately ascertained in the king's dockyards,

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\* Built in Barnard and Co.'s yard.

† Built in Brent's yard.

but it is estimated, we understand, for a 74 gun ship, at about £28 : 10s. a ton; the contract price in private yards is £33 : 10s. a ton; it follows, on these data, that the *price* of a common sized 74 gun ship built in a private yard is *more* than one built in the king's yards by £8,500, and the *value* of it *less* by £15,000; and if the principles of this calculation be correct, there has been thrown away in the last eight years, by the building of forty-two ships of 74 guns in private yards, the enormous sum of £630,000, and a perfect waste of 50 or 60,000 loads of timber; and all this has been occasioned by a mistaken notion of economy in not keeping up the fleet to its proper and effective standard;—when once let down below that standard, it is no easy matter to recover it.

But neither the lavish expenditure of money nor the enormous waste of timber is the most serious part of the consideration. The fleet so built, which the policy, we might say the safety, of this country requires to be equal in strength and efficiency to the united fleets of the whole European world, can at no one moment be considered either as strong or efficient. So very different is the real state of the case, that, should a seven years' peace take place, not a single ship of the two and forty recently launched from the merchants' yards would be worth repairing at the end of that period; and that our nominal fleet of two hundred sail of the line and upwards, if so built, would not produce above seventy or eighty ships which it would not be most advantageous to the nation to break up or dispose of by public sale.

Nor are we yet arrived at the extent of the evil of building green-timber ships in the merchants' yards. The constant state of damp, and the 'oozing drip,' as Mr. Pering emphatically calls it, which prevail in these unseasoned and crazy ships, occasions sickness and want of every comfort among the seamen. The *Dublin* returned to port in so sickly a condition as to be wholly inefficient for sea service. One hundred and fifty of her crew were sent to the hospital with dysentery, occasioned by the humid state of the ship, in consequence of the leaky condition of her upper works and decks. When therefore the private builders are commiserating the hard condition of the shipwrights of London, surely some share of their pity may not improperly be extended to the brave seamen who fight our battles: the least we can do is to make their situation as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

What an extraordinary contrast with the *Dublin* does the late *Royal William* afford! This ship was broken up about three months ago in the ninety-fourth year of her age. All the upper works and those parts of her that were exposed to the alternations of the weather were, as might be expected, found to be decayed; but the floor-timbers, the first futtocks, and all those parts which

externally were immersed in water, and internally kept pretty nearly in the same degree of moisture and uniformity of temperature, were as sound and perfect as when first put into the ship; the fibres of the wood had in those parts suffered no decomposition nor any diminution of strength. The treenails too were generally sound and perfect; not more than every twentieth in a state of decay: but they were not the sort of treenails described by Mr. Pering, thicker at the ends than in the middle in order that they may drive the easier. We are now persuaded that this species of fastening when well turned, well seasoned and carefully driven without splitting, into wood of the same seasoning, is as effectual and durable as metallic fastenings, perhaps more so.

The breaking up of the Royal William was an object of considerable curiosity.\* Various reasons had been assigned for her extraordinary durability. It was supposed that her timber had undergone some artificial seasoning, that the plank and thick-stuff had been burnt instead of kilned, the ends and surfaces of the various parts charred, and that the process of *snail-creeping*, or gouging out, in crooked channels, the surfaces of the timbers and planks, was made use of to give a free circulation of air. We understand, however, that no symptoms appeared of charring, burning, or snail-creeping, and that there was no reason to think her timbers had undergone any other than the natural process of time and the weather. Nothing more than this, we are fully persuaded, is required; but we are farther persuaded, that it never can be effected until the practice of building line-of-battle ships in the private yards is wholly discontinued. Then would the large timber be exclusively in the hands of the Navy Board, and such quantities of it might be collected as would allow them to give three or four years natural seasoning to all naval timber before it was set up in the ship. Then would our ships of war perform three times the length of service which is now got out of them, and consequently the consumption of naval timber would then be only one-third part of what it is at present. We should then hear no more of green-timber-built ships

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\* This ship has always attracted a considerable degree of notice. On visiting Portsmouth in 1771, Lord Sandwich learned the following particulars respecting her: That she was built in 1719 by Mr. Nash; that a great part of her frame is now (1771) sound and good; that Mr. Nash took particular care in building her with seasoned materials; that he was a most ingenious and able shipwright; that a great enmity or jealousy subsisted between him and Sir Jacob Ackworth; that Sir Jacob in all things endeavoured to lessen the merit of Mr. Nash, and whilst he lived would never let the Royal William be employed, and once procured an order for her to be made a hospital. 'Thus,' adds his lordship, 'that ship which has proved to be of as good qualities as any ship that ever was built, was lost to the public for many years, and had like to have been condemned without ever being tried, owing to a jealousy and ill-will between two officers; this is too frequent, and ought to be discouraged by every means possible, for the public service always suffers thereby.'

‘dying of old age, while those which have had time to season are in the prime of their life.’




All other expedients for a rapid seasoning of timber, and the numerous preventives of dry-rot, which have so plentifully been brought forward of late, as new inventions, were in fact tried and found wanting half a century ago. During the administration of the naval department under Lord Sandwich, than whom one of more ability or energy has not presided either before or since, almost all the modern inventions of boiling, stoving, stewing and charring, of pickling with salt, impregnating with oil, burying in sand, in lime, &c. were submitted to the test of experiment, but no material benefit resulted from any of them, excepting perhaps from that of building with winter-felled timber, and timber that had undergone a seasoning of three or four years. The *Montagu*, as an experiment, was built at Chatham *wholly* of winter-felled timber; she was launched in 1779, and is at this moment a good sound ship, bearing an admiral’s flag on a foreign station. The shipwrights all agree that timber so felled is much harder and more difficult to work than that which is felled in the spring, which may have been one reason for the discontinuance of the practice;—a practice which we are glad to find, however, is likely to be renewed in the royal forests.

The introduction of such a system, together with the various expedients that have recently been resorted to in His Majesty’s dock-yards to supply the want of large and crooked timber, cannot fail of effecting a very material saving in this article, ‘so important to the salvation of the empire.’ The principal of those expedients consist of an invention by which three short pieces of straight timber are put together in such a manner as to be substituted for those large and crooked masses called the floor-timbers; of another, which, by boiling, renders the largest pieces of timber so flexible that, in the course of eight or nine minutes, the required degree of curvature is given to the largest timbers, without disturbing the arrangement of the fibres, or weakening the wood; and by the common practice which now obtains of substituting iron knees and other modes of fastening the beams to the side timbers, and by binding together other important parts of the ships with metallic fastenings. All such crooked and compass timber was at one time thought indispensable for the construction of a ship, and many a ship has been retarded for months on the stocks for want of them.

We observed on a former occasion, that little of science or skill is exhibited in the construction of a ship; that less progress has been made in this than in most other arts; but that Mr. Sepings, the ingenious builder of Chatham-yard, might be said to have established a new era in naval architecture. A few words will de-  
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scribe what the old system of construction is, and it will then be interesting to inquire what alteration has been introduced.

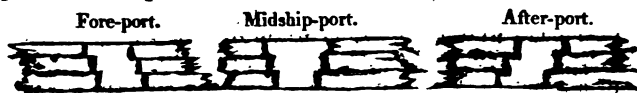
The skeleton of a ship may be compared with that of a horse or ox, or other quadruped; the backbone of the animal resembles the keel, from which rise on each side a number of large curved pieces of timber, in the shape of the ribs, a name which, in fact, they sometimes bear, though they are properly called a frame. These frames are composed of a number of parts called the floor timbers, the first, second, third, &c. futtocks and the upper timbers. A 74 gun ship consists of 60 or 70 of those lofty and weighty frames, and when closed at one extremity by the breast hooks and other massive timbers connected with the cut-water, and by the stern frame at the other, the machine is then said to be *in frame*, and may properly enough be called the skeleton of the ship. This skeleton is clothed on the outside by oak plank, four or five inches thick, and on the inside with the same kind of plank, three or three and a half inches thick. On both sides the plank is forcibly bent to the curvature of the frames to which they are firmly bolted, or fastened with treenails; and all the planks, both inside and outside, are laid parallel to each other, and at right angles to the frames. This planking may be considered as the only longitudinal support of these frame timbers; they do not mutually sustain each other, nor is there any other continuity of connection that can be said to answer that end; laterally they are kept in their positions by the beams which, crossing the ship at right angles, bind them together and prevent them from falling either inwards or outwards.

Now it is a principle in carpentry that pieces of timber fixed together at right angles, as the planking is with the frames of a ship, possess less strength and firmness than when united in any other direction. A gate, for instance, thus constructed,  would, with a slight impulse, play on its fastenings, like a parallel ruler, and take the lozenge form, thus ; but remove the middle bar, and place it diagonally , and no force short of breaking the machine will cause it to change its form.

It will not be difficult then to account for what happens to a ship after launching. By placing sights along the deck, it will invariably be discovered, that, on getting into the water, the two extremities have dropped, and the middle part become considerably arched, or *hogged*, as it is sometimes termed. The upper part of the ship is consequently elongated, and her width proportionally contracted.

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This change of form, to which the external and internal planks contribute by a tendency to regain their original shape, must have caused every piece of the machine either to have played more or less upon its fastening, or to have strained it. This is so obvious sometimes in an ill-built ship, and the arching or breaking is so great, as to give to the fore, the midship, and the after-ports something of these shapes.



To obviate so glaring a defect, which in fact must have occasioned a destructive blow to the whole machine, the very moment she plunged into the element in which she was destined to move, Mr. Seppings proposed to apply a well known principle in carpentry called *trussing*; a good specimen of which may be seen in the wooden frame-work over which the arches of the Strand Bridge are now turning. It consists, in fact, of a series of triangles so disposed that their sides shall give a mutual support and counteraction to each other. Instead of the parallel ceiling then, which he omitted altogether, he arranged a series of triangular trusses from one extremity of the ship to the other, bolting them firmly to the frames; and in order to give continuity to the whole machine, and prevent any interruption, which is always to be avoided if possible in carpentry where strength is required, he filled the spaces between the frames with old seasoned timber of no other use or value. The lower part of the ship, being thus strengthened, by becoming one compact mass of timber, acquired a degree of solidity and consistency, which the best constructed ship on the old system never could possess. The result fully answered his expectations. It appeared, from sights that were accurately fixed on the deck of the ship thus fitted for the first time, that on sending her into the water she had not hogged or arched a quarter of an inch. It is now three years since the Tremendous was rebuilt upon this principle. Since that time she has constantly been at sea, exposed to the severe gales in the Northern Ocean, to the heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, and to the violent squalls of Cape Sicie in the Mediterranean, all of them trying situations of the strength of ships. In none of them, however, has she shewn the least symptoms of weakness; but, on the contrary, she has the strength and firmness of a rock. She sails remarkably well, is dry and comfortable. The spaces between the frames, which in ordinary ships are covered by the ceiling, and become so many lodgements for all kinds of filth and rubbish, the receptacles of rats, mice, cockroaches, and other vermin, engendering foul and putrid air, and causing

causing sickness among the crews, have no existence in Mr. Seppings's plan; to all which important advantages must be added a saving of the very best oak timber to the amount of fifty or sixty loads in a 74 gun ship.

Equally favourable, we understand, are the reports of the *Ramilles*, which is fitted on the same principle. The strength of this ship was submitted to a very severe test; her bowsprit, a lever of prodigious power, her foremast weighing about sixteen tons, and her mizenmast, were put into her while floating light, and her mainmast left out; notwithstanding which she did not arch one-eighth part of an inch. A ship built on the common principle, placed under such trying circumstances, would, in all probability, have *broken her back*, according to the technical phrase, and been rendered totally unfit for sea service. The *Albion* and several others are bringing forward in Chatham-yard on Mr. Seppings's principle, and we have no doubt that, as the Lords of the Admiralty have shewn their sense of the merits of his plan by promoting him to be one of the surveyors of the navy, it will in no great length of time find its way into practice in all His Majesty's yards. Indeed we have heard that orders to this effect have already been issued; and we have little doubt that the principle will soon be greatly extended and variously applied, as the application of the triangular truss is capable of indefinite variation. The ice is broken, the bar of prejudice removed, and the complete success of the first essay must lead the way to new trials and probably to new and important improvements.

We mean not to detract from Mr. Seppings's merit, when we observe, that the same idea occurred to the French builders nearly a century ago. M. Bouguer, in his '*Traité de Navire*,' after observing the tendency which the decks and the ceiling, by their curvature, communicate to the arching of the ship, and to a change of figure from the rectangle to the lozenge which is further aided by the planking being placed at right angles to the frames, takes notice of an invention of M. Gobert, *Sous-Inspecteur de Construction*, which consisted in placing the ceiling obliquely with, or diagonally to, those rectangles formed by the outside plank and the timbers. The effect of this arrangement of the planking prevented any change of figure from taking place when the ship was launched, and consequently prevented her from arching. This method, however, it may be observed, saves no timber, is by no means so efficient as that of Mr. Seppings, and does not get rid of that nuisance the ceiling.\*

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\* The curious in ship-building will not be displeased to read what M. Bouguer says on this subject. 'Notre attention à proposer ces expédients, ne doit pas nous faire oublier

The union of scientific and practical mechanics has long been considered as a desideratum in naval architecture; where one of these only can be had, the good practical ship-builder is preferable to the mere man of science. Theory alone will never produce a machine to answer all the contingencies and accidents to which a ship must be exposed. No one, who knows any thing of Earl Stanhope, will call in question his knowledge of mathematics and mechanics, nor the faculty he possesses of quick perception and acute reasoning. For some time past his lordship, among other pursuits, as he has himself informed us in his place in the House of Lords, had turned his attention to the very defective state of ship-building, and had constructed a model on theoretic principles which, by his own account, was to supersede all those in present use, by its stability, light draft of water, and weatherly qualities. Many of those, however, who have seen it, do not hesitate to say, that the 'Stanhope weatherer' must go bodily to leeward, and that her stability will somewhat resemble that of a clock pendulum—but Lord Stanhope loves a paradox, and by his own account 'delights in puzzling an admiral.'

A thing with four masts, called the *Transit*, was to sail like the wind, and perform the longest voyages in all kinds of weather in less time than had hitherto been done by any vessel; but with difficulty she made a passage from Deptford to the Nore in fine weather without upsetting, and was there condemned for the remainder of her existence to serve, we believe, as a stationary hulk.

The *Spanker* of Sir Sidney Smith, was another theoretical experiment, which when produced was found to resemble a butcher's tray. The extent of her navigation, if we mistake not, was Gravesend.

One projector, however, brought forward a plan for the effectual blockade of the enemy's ports, which beat all the rest; his proposal was to build ships of the line of such a length as to extend from

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oublier un autre qui est déjà en usage, et que nous devons à feu M. Gobert, Sous-Inspecteur de Construction. Il consiste à poser les bordages qu'on nomme *végres*, et qu'on applique sur les membres dans le vaisseau, non pas parallèlement à ceux de dehors, mais obliquement. Cette pratique ne peut avoir que d'excellens effets: car lorsque les bordages tant intérieurs qu'extérieurs, étoient étendus dans le sens de la quille, il arrivoit lorsque le navire s'arquoit, que les espèces de rectangles que forme l'assemblage des membres et des bordages, ne faisoient simplement que changer un peu de figure, en devenant des lozanges; et il suffisoit pour cela que deux angles s'ouvrissent un peu, pendant que les deux autres se fermoient. Mais lorsque le *végrage* est posé obliquement, il sert comme de diagonale à ces rectangles, un et simple changement d'angles ou de dispositions dans les côtés, ne suffit plus, pour que le navire s'arque: il faut que ces bordages qui servent de diagonales, s'allongent ou se raccourcissent; et c'est ce qui est incomparablement plus difficile.' *Traité de Navire*, p. 154—155.



one side to the other of the entrance of the port, so that in whatever way the enemy attempted to escape, he was sure to have him either with his broadside, or his bow, or his stern chasers. This was, no doubt, a ship of the *line*.

These are idle and absurd projects; something much better may soon be expected from the combination of scientific principles with practical skill, which the superior class of shipwrights' apprentices, mentioned in a former article, are, we understand, rapidly acquiring at the Royal Naval College and in the dockyard of Portsmouth. The sloop which they are building with their own hands, after their own draft, is said to be a beautiful vessel whose lines differ very materially from the common run of ships of that class. She has been named the *Icarus*, probably in allusion to the boldness of the undertaking; but, we hope, not in anticipation of its unfortunate result.

All our expedients, however, for husbanding our resources of oak timber, as far as ship-building is concerned, will avail but little if a more economical use of it shall not be observed in the internal purposes to which it is now applied, and most of which might be superseded to advantage by the use of cast iron. Bridges, barges, lighters, dock-gates, canal locks, the roofs, doors, floors, rafters of workshops and warehouses, with almost every species of heavy machinery, are cheaper and better, more durable and more elegant when made of iron than of oak. The security against fire would alone, we should suppose, be a sufficient inducement for introducing it into all buildings of the nature of magazines where valuable materials are intended to be deposited. Its application of late has been greatly extended. We have cables, rigging, buoys and water tanks now of iron, masts and yards will we doubt not be tried; and many of the timbers in the lower parts of a ship, where there is little or no stress, might be replaced with iron which would at the same time act as ballast. The vast quantity of fine elm that used to be buried under the streets of this metropolis and other large cities to convey water, is now almost wholly superseded by iron and stone—in fine, we are now so far advanced in the *iron age* that, in the worst of events, we should not absolutely despair of being able to substitute for our wooden walls, ships wholly constructed of iron.

In the mean time, should the enemy think fit to alter his system and venture out to fight us, we shall recruit our navy as heretofore at his expense; should he, on the contrary, persevere in the passive plan of remaining quietly in port, we shall have little to apprehend from his dry-rotten fleet, and harbour-made sailors.

ART. II. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Part the Second.* Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. Vols. III. & IV. London. 1813.

WHATEVER doubts may be entertained as to the advances towards knowledge that have been lately made by the *male* part of our species, it is, we think, impossible to deny that the *female* have made a great and rapid progress. Indeed if we were called upon to mention the circumstance most advantageously characteristic of our own times, we should not hesitate to mention the improved education of women. There are now alive, or at least there have lived, within the last twenty years, more women distinguished for their literary talents, and whose works are likely to immortalize their names, than in the twenty centuries that had elapsed, from the time of Sappho to that of the ingenious lady whose letters are now before us. It has been our lot to be at once delighted by the inventive fertility of Madame de Genlis, the virtuous and pathetic tenderness of Madame Cottin, the native perspicacity and good sense, the mild and cheerful philosophy, the pure and original humour, of Miss Edgeworth—and by Madame de Staël, whose reach and vigour of understanding, whose instinctive quickness in seizing, and happy facility in delineating, the manners of society and the character of nations,—whose brilliant yet earnest and natural eloquence, warm with the best feelings, and dignified by lofty and benevolent views of human nature, place her (in our judgment at least) above all her predecessors, and what is far more, above all her contemporaries. To this distinguished list many others might easily be added in merit as in popularity unequalled in any former age; and, indeed, the more we consider the subject, the more we shall be surprised both at how much they have done, and at how little was done before them. With the single exception of the lively, spirited, graceful, intelligent Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, no English woman before the present reign had produced a book that is still read otherwise than as matter of curiosity and research. We shall perhaps be reminded of Mrs. Hutchinson. But the attention we give to her *Memoirs* is excited, not so much by their literary merit, as by the interesting nature of the events to which they relate, by the picture they afford of national manners at that most important period of our history, and by the purity, sweetness, dignity, and force of her own character.

Till the last half of the eighteenth century the French had equally little to boast of. They had indeed some *Memoirs* which are still read as forming part of the history of the age, and the classical labours of that dullest of pedants Madame D'Acier; but the age of Lewis XIV. so fertile in great *men*, produced but one woman that can be numbered among the classical writers of her country, and whose works form part of what may be called 'the library of nations.' But the merit  
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of Madame de Sevigné, great as it is, is chiefly the merit of style. She seldom rises to eloquence, and never to discussion or invention—of both which we have such frequent, and such excellent specimens in the female writers of our own time. The rest of Europe presented to us almost a complete blank, and even now, France and England almost monopolize the female literature of the world. Italy, in which women are worshipped, and degraded, Spain and Germany have produced (so far as we recollect) no eminent writer in the softer sex. Every civilized country, indeed, can boast its long list of admirable ladies, skilful in all arts and sciences, accomplished in verse and in prose; but it unfortunately happens, that the far greater part of them have either left behind them no monuments of their genius, or that their writings are deemed absolutely unreadable by an ungallant and fastidious posterity. The works of the female authors our contemporaries, are of a higher and more durable kind, and we venture to foretel that ‘Evelina,’ ‘Cecilia,’ ‘Tales of Fashionable Life,’ and ‘Corinne,’ will not be forgotten, except in a general oblivion of all the choicest specimens of the literature of this age.

We rejoice at this improvement; not only because the performances we have just mentioned are such as would do honour to any country and to any period, but because we consider them as unequivocal symptoms of a general advance in the character, talents, and station in society of the whole sex. The mere existence of three or four extraordinary women in a country is of comparatively little value. But when a few individuals rise to great excellence, it is probable that the quality of the whole class has been ameliorated; and we prize the authors of ‘Castle Rackrent’ and ‘Camilla’ much less for their insulated, independent merit—that merit which, it must be confessed, is most gratifying to themselves—than when we consider them as the chiefs and representatives of that great and increasing number of educated, intelligent, accomplished women, which these islands now produce. In fact, if other proofs were wanting, this alone would be a sufficient indication of the present character and condition of the female sex in this country. It is far more decisive than equal or even superior merit, in the same number of individuals would be with respect to our own sex. We are certainly not disposed to underrate the understandings of women, but we think it no want of respect to them to say that their minds are of a less bold, original, and independent cast; and that they partake much more strongly and uniformly than ourselves of the character of the age in which they live, and the society to which they belong. A few great men may rise up in a comparatively rude and dark age, diffuse a sudden light, and give a new impulse to the world; but a distinguished female writer is the effect of civilization carried to a very high point—of consideration already paid to her sex, and of knowledge widely spread.

We consider the change in the education of women which is indicated

dedicated by the rank they have lately assumed in the literary world, as a pure unmixed good. Not that we would purchase for them an increase of knowledge, much as we value it, at the expense of their social or domestic virtues, or by taking away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. But there is nothing in reason or in experience that should teach us to apprehend such an effect. It is in England, and within the last thirty or forty years, that the progress of learning has been most extensive among women, and yet we see no reason to suppose that they make worse wives, worse mothers, or less agreeable members of society than their great grand-mothers who could spell no word of above three syllables, and who were acquainted with no science but that of making tapestry :

‘ Lapdogs and lambkins with black staring eyes,  
And parrots, with twin-cherries in their beaks.’

It is quite idle, and the mere talk of country squires, to say that knowledge makes women affected, insolent, slovenly, or corrupt. Any advantage, or supposed advantage, be it what it may, that is confined to a few, will produce an unfavourable effect upon the conduct of those few, unless they are also gifted with an unusually larger portion of natural modesty and good sense. The moment the *advantage* ceases to be also a *distinction*, it no longer supplies food to vanity, nor gives birth to impertinence and affectation. The diffusion of knowledge is the death-blow to pedantry. If, as our wise ancestors supposed, learned ladies—that is, ladies that knew any thing, were apt to neglect their children, and wear dirty clothes, it was because they were few enough in number to be each an object of remark. A hundred and fifty years ago the few women that could read in a foreign language, or write tolerably in their own, were probably very vain of these accomplishments which separated them by such a prodigious interval from their contemporaries. Just as vain too, in all likelihood, were the first distinguished persons that wore silk and muslin, or rode in coaches, or looked through glass windows ; or the Indian prince, who, by the liberality of an English navigator, was first enabled to add ‘ Lord of the Brass Kettle’ to other titles of high import, and imposing magnificence. But now that, owing to schools and manufactories, and to improved tutors, governesses, and machinery, muslin, and French, and glass, and composition, and hardware, are grown pretty common, all these ornaments and comforts are enjoyed without any drawback from envy on the one side, or vanity on the other. The same arguments, it must be observed, are applicable to all that has been said against instructing the common people. Many excellent persons are still of opinion that nine-tenths of the human species, even in what are called

civilized countries, ought to be left in such a deplorable state of ignorance as to be quite incapable of clearly apprehending the great truths of morality and religion, for fear an increase of knowledge should indispose them to those humble occupations to which their own good and the good of society ought to confine them. Or, as it is usually expressed, lest it should 'put them above their business.' Here is the same fallacy of treating the effect that is produced upon an *individual*, for that which would be produced upon *the whole body*. The only peasant in a whole village that could read and write would probably think the distinction of his *clergy* placed him above the humble task of holding a spade or guiding a plough, but where all his companions are equally accomplished, he feels no pride, because he enjoys no superiority. The comparison that produces pride, and laziness, and discontent, is made, not between himself and the occupation, but between himself and the other persons that are generally engaged in it.

The effect of increased knowledge in both the cases to which we have been alluding, is to produce a most salutary re-action upon those from whom it was originally imparted. In proportion as women, and as the lower orders receive a better education, the higher orders and our own sex must make greater efforts to preserve their relative station. It is necessary for the maintenance of their just authority, or what comes to the same thing, for the good of society, that the rich should be superior in knowledge to the poor, and men to women, but there is no occasion to have recourse to artificial means to keep the storehouses of learning under lock and key, to prevent this order from being subverted. Wealth gives such command of time, and such access to the means of information as must always enable the rich man, with moderate sense and application, to raise himself to an immeasurable height above his poorer neighbours, in spite of their broad-brimmed instructor, Joseph Lancaster, and without having recourse to the absurd, pitiful, uncharitable, unchristian expedient, of intentionally and systematically keeping them in that state of ignorance, from which it would be no difficult task to rescue them. The difference of knowledge between rich and poor is naturally measured by the difference of leisure. The interests of society do not appear to require that this disparity between men and women, where they are of the same rank, should be so marked, and it may very safely be left to be determined by the natural superiority of our sex in strength and comprehension of mind, and in the power of application.

The tendency, to which we have already alluded, of an increased acquaintance with literature among women to promote a corresponding improvement in our sex is, we think, already very perceptible

tible in society. We say nothing of its effect upon that early but important part of education which falls to the care of mothers. But it also makes a competent share of knowledge, a much more desirable, indeed an almost indispensable acquisition, to an English gentleman. We are not now speaking of understandings of the highest class—of persons engaged in the great struggle for power and for fame; nor do we pretend that we are likely to have greater statesmen, poets, and philosophers than our forefathers, because modern ladies are better instructed than the wife of Burleigh, or the daughters of Milton. But there is in this country a large description of men who are either unemployed, or only half employed, in easy circumstances, void of ambition, indolent, and unwilling to take the trouble of acquiring more literary knowledge than is absolutely necessary to escape contempt. All such persons did formerly find great comfort and countenance in the entire ignorance of the female half of society. However schools and colleges might have failed of infusing into them any portion of learning, they were sure at least not to find themselves inferior to those whose tastes make the law of fashion, and whose influence, arising from the strongest feelings of our nature, enables them, in all civilized nations, to dispense the lesser honours of social life. That support is now withdrawn. Books have travelled from the library to the drawing-room, and have so completely established themselves there that it will be found impossible to dislodge them. Women read, and talk of what they have read, not out of affectation and pedantry, but as a common amusement, and a natural subject of conversation. Their society is no longer an asylum for ignorance, and any one that is desirous to shine as a man of fashion must submit to take a little literature as part of his stock in trade.

These remarks are suggested to us by the perusal of Mrs. Montagu's letters which are poured forth upon the public with a liberality somewhat approaching to profusion. They shew very clearly that she was a superior woman, and quite as clearly that in the early part of her life (though she died within our own recollection) women were very far from having reached their present standard of taste and knowledge. Her attainments would not now be considered as very remarkable, but it is evident that they were then admitted to be so, both by herself and her friends. She was naturally gay, intelligent, and ingenious, and her style is on the whole agreeable. But she deals largely—according, we presume, to the custom of the age among those that piqued themselves upon writing good letters—in stale, pedantic, unprofitable morality; praising that which was never blamed, insisting upon that which was never denied, and condemning that which nobody ever undertook to de-

send. But this was not her fault, but the fault of the age. No woman of three and twenty, clever, fashionable, and well educated, would now think it right to acquaint her correspondent, even though that correspondent were an uncle or a father, a bishop or a judge, that 'every thing in the world is of a mortal nature;' that 'true and faithful affection is not a pearl to be cast before the profane;' that 'hypocrisy is an abominable vice;' that 'happiness opens the heart to benevolence, and affliction softens it to pity;'—all which apophthegms may be found in the space of two pages. But they by no means prove with regard to Mrs. Montagu, what they would most undoubtedly prove with respect to any person in these days that should be guilty of uttering them. They merely shew that people still thought it very pretty and proper to transplant sentences from copy books into their familiar correspondence, and that it was a great want of respect to their elderly friends and relations not to inflict upon them a large quantity of dulness and commonplace. She has considerable comic powers, which break out agreeably enough when she is writing with less care than usual, but on great occasions, when she is desirous of shewing herself to the best advantage, to duchesses and other high persons, her pleasantry becomes forced, wire-drawn, and childish to the most melancholy excess. We can hardly bring ourselves to transcribe such trash as follows. She is writing to the duchess of Portland.

'It is a hard case that your Grace forgets your correspondents for your Bantam fowl. Though I have not my head so well curled as your Friesland hen, nor hold up my head like your upright duck, do you think I consent to be laid aside for them? Of all fowl I love the goose best, who supplies us with her quill; surely a goose is a goodly bird; if its hiss be insignificant, remember that from its side the engine is taken with which the laws are registered, and history recorded; though not a bird famous for courage, from the same ample wing are the heroes exploits engraven on the pillar of everlasting fame; though not an animal of sagacity, yet does it lend its assistance to the precepts of philosophy: if not beautiful, yet with its tender touch in the hands of some inspired lover is Lesbia's blush, Sackarissa's majesty, and Chloe's bloom, made lasting, and locks which 'curled or uncurled, have turned to grey,' by it continue in eternal beauty; and will you forsake this creature for a little pert fowl with a gaudy feather?'

No person now could mistake this for any thing but elaborate nonsense; but we make no doubt that her grace received it for sterling wit, and rejoiced in the incomparable ingenuity of her correspondent. Bad taste, of which no doubt she had before her innumerable examples, and the desire of shining continually, natural enough in a person who had in all probability been told often how much she was fitted to shine, are the defects that appear in almost

almost every page of these letters. Mrs. Montagu is evidently oppressed by the load of her own superiority. She writes like a person that has a character to support, and whose correspondents would have a right to complain if she ceased one moment to be very wise or very witty. One of her friends (Mrs. West, the wife of Gilbert West) tells her that public fame had acquainted her, that 'Mrs. Montagu was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.' Such a reputation was worth an effort to maintain, and that effort was almost unavoidably fatal to the ease and grace of that species of composition which more than any other seems to defy the power of labour and of art. Mrs. Montagu would, in all probability, have written much more agreeable and much more really sensible letters, if she had never once been led to suspect 'that she was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.'

But though we do not think quite so highly of her as Mrs. West had been taught to think, we are far from denying that she writes with a vivacity and cleverness which account well enough for the impression she seems to have made upon her contemporaries. Her defects are to be ascribed to her situation and the fashion of the day; her merits are her own. There are, perhaps, five hundred women now that can write as well as Mrs. Montagu, and that too without being guilty of those sins against good taste with which she is justly chargeable. But how many of these *would have written* as well in her time, and in her circumstances, is quite another question. We are inclined to believe that the number would have been comparatively very small. On the other hand, if Mrs. Montagu had lived in our days, she would have maintained nearly the same station. Her acquirements would not have been so remarkable, which would have been attended by this advantage, that she would have thought less about them, and been free from that tinge of pedantry which is now visible in her writings. Her ethics would not have been so trite, nor her wit so laboured. But her talents would have carried her equally far in a happier direction. She would have been now, as she was then, one of the liveliest, cleverest, best-informed women of the age. In vigour, spirit, and originality, she was far, very far indeed, inferior to her incomparable namesake, Lady M. W. Montagu. But Lady Mary was so extraordinary a person, that she is perhaps hardly a fair object of comparison. However, although we have derived considerable amusement from these letters, and though they have, as we have already acknowledged, inspired us with a favourable opinion as to the talents of their author, we have some doubts whether they have quite body and substance enough for publication. Mrs. Montagu did not write at one of those distant periods when a mere account of the ordinary occurrences of life, and a mere picture of the state



of society as they appear in a familiar correspondence, interest one from their contrast with our own habits and manners; nor are her letters sufficiently interspersed with anecdotes of eminent persons in her own time, to gratify our curiosity in a different but equally agreeable manner. We own that we were at first a good deal disappointed at the little notice Mrs. Montagu takes of her illustrious contemporaries; and the more, because it is evident that she enjoyed the advantage of being familiarly acquainted with the greater part of them. However, upon consideration, it appears to us that though the absence of this sort of information renders her letters vastly less interesting now that they are published at an interval of two generations, it is no cause of just blame to the writer. Her correspondents were just as well acquainted with the history and character of the time as herself, and it would have been only telling stories they all knew, and delivering opinions in which they all agreed. Incidentally, however, she is sometimes led to speak of the eminent persons of that time, and from the letters in which these passages occur, we shall make one or two extracts. In general, we should say that the merit of her letters is in an inverse proportion to the pains she takes with them. Those addressed to her husband, and to Gilbert West, who appears to have been one of her earliest and most intimate friends, are often natural, lively, and agreeable. Those to Lord Lyttelton are vastly more laboured, and vastly less pleasant. But those, fortunately few in number, composed for the benefit of that very learned, very excellent, and very tiresome person, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, once very celebrated, and now almost forgotten, whom she seems desirous to dazzle by a prodigious display of wit, knowledge, taste, virtue, and piety, are the worst of all, and indeed absolutely unreadable.

Some of her opinions upon subjects of literature are somewhat curious. She assigns the highest place among the historical writers of that time to Lord Lyttelton, the next to Dr. Robertson; but as to Mr. Hume, she thinks his history 'lively and entertaining, but likely (she is afraid) to promote jacobitism.' She has a great contempt for Voltaire, particularly as a philosophical historian, and she is not at all affected by the '*Orphelin de la Chine*.' 'As the world is fond of every thing Chinese, Mons. Voltaire has given us a Chinese tragedy, which I would send you if I thought it would entertain you, but I think your good taste would not be pleased with a Chinese tale dressed in a French habit. I read it without any concern.' vol. iv. p. 7. What she says of Bolingbroke is just and well written. She is speaking of the intended publication of his posthumous works. 'As to the rules of conduct to be given by this noble writer, I hope they will not be such as have governed him, for should they make us what they left him, virtue would be

be no great gainer; none of the boisterous passions of his youth restrained; none of the peevish or mischievous ones of his old age mitigated or allayed; envy, ambition, and anger gnawing and burning in his heart to the last.' v. iii. p. 179. She had the good fortune to know, and the good taste to admire, Mr. Burke in the very early part of his life. We transcribe with pleasure the passage in which she mentions him.

'I shall send you a *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*, by Mr. Burke, a friend of mine. I do not know whether you will always subscribe to his system, but I think you will find him an elegant and ingenious writer. He is far from the pert pedantry and assuming ignorance of modern wittings, but in conversation and in writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools rush behind the altar at which wise men kneel and pay mysterious reverence.'

One cannot but rejoice to see that this great man was always consistent with himself, and that the same decency and worth in private life, the same humble and deep-rooted piety that adorned his maturer years, were already characteristic of him at his first entrance into life.

There are inserted in this collection a few letters from George, Lord Lyttelton. They are, as might be expected from such a person, elegant and gentlemanlike, but they contain nothing material. Two of them are written upon the death of the late king, and the accession of his present Majesty. The first of these is truly *statesmanlike*. The body of the letter, written under the recent impression of the intelligence that had just reached him, is employed entirely in conjectures as to the duration of the administration, and his own continuance in office. 'Certainly it is no season for any great changes.' 'As to my own situation, I doubt not it will be as it is.' It is not till the next day, in a postscript, that he recollects the proper *decorums* on such an occasion, feels 'real grief for the death of his good master,' 'hopes he is gone to receive an eternal crown,' &c. &c. according to the most authentic forms of lamentation.

In a subsequent letter he describes the state of things at that critical period.

'*Hill-street, November 5, 1760. Wednesday night.*

A THOUSAND thanks to the good Madonna for her last letter, which eased my heart of as much anxiety as it almost ever felt for the health of a friend; and, since it has been quite cured of ambition, that heart can hardly know much pleasure or pain but in its sensations for those it loves. You ought to value me a little on this account: for in the present conjuncture there are, I believe, few hearts in this state. Private friendships are little thought of: all attention now goes to political connections. But those connections, God be thanked, are not

*offensive* at present, being rather made to guard against future hostilities, than to begin any now. So, we shall have peace at home, and war abroad.

If I were to write the History of my own Times, I would transcribe into it your character of the late king, and should thereby pay my debt of gratitude to his memory. I would only add to it, that it appears by several wills he has left, that he never had been such a hoarder of treasure as was generally supposed. And of what he had saved, this war has consumed so much, that he was able to leave no more to his three surviving children than thirty thousand pounds in equal proportions, and I have heard that the Duke has given up his to his sisters. Princess Emily is to come and live in my brother's house, like a private woman. It is said that the Princess of Wales will not come to St. James's. The great court officers are not yet settled, but I believe it is certain that Lord Bute will be continued Groom of the Stole, and Lord Huntington Master of the Horse. It was expected that the latter would rather have been disgraced than promoted to a cabinet office; but in a private audience he touched the good nature of the King, and has the benefit of the general disposition of the times, to let nobody complain or be discontented. The greatest difficulty is how to find an equivalent for my Lord Gower. Many changes are talked of on that account; but as I understand that nothing is fixed, I will not send you conjectures which may be falsified before my letter comes to you. The *vis imperii* is supposed to be in Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; and I believe that their *vis unita* would be too strong for all opposition; but how long it will continue *unita* as much as it is now, or which of them would be most favoured by a third power, if they disagreed, time will shew.

Mrs. Montagu's character of George II. to which Lord Lyttelton alludes in such flattering terms, is not ill written, with the exception of the introductory sentence, which is execrable. We shall conclude by transcribing it.

'To Lord Lyttelton.

MY LORD,

Newcastle, October 31st, 1760.

It would be perfect sacrilege and robbing the mighty dead of his due rites, if one began one's letter with any subject but the loss of our sovereign; on which I condole with your Lordship, in whom the virtue of patriotism, and the antiquated one of loyalty still remain: I know you had that veneration for our late king, which the justice and prudence of his government so well deserved. With him our laws and liberties were safe; he possessed in a great degree the confidence of his people and the respect of foreign governments; and a certain steadiness of character made him of great consequence in these unsettled times. During his long reign we never were subject to the insolence and rapaciousness of favourites, a grievance of all others most intolerable, when persons born only one's equals, shall, by the basest means perhaps, possess themselves of all the strength of sovereign power, and keep their fellow subjects in a dependance on illegal authority, which insults while it subjects, and is more grievous to the spirits than even to the fortunes of freeborn men. If we consider only the evils we have avoided during  
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his late majesty's reign, we shall find abundant matter of gratitude towards him, and respect for his memory. His character would not afford subject for epic poetry, but will look well in the sober page of history. Conscious, perhaps, of this, he was too little regardful of sciences and the fine arts; he considered common sense as his best panegyrist. The monarch whose qualities are brilliant enough to entitle him to glory, cultivates the love of the Muses, and their handmaid arts, painting, sculpture, &c. sensible that they will blazon and adorn his fame.'—vol. iv. p. 314.

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ART. III. *Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby, on moving for the Recommitment of a Bill for the better Support and Maintenance of Stipendiary Curates.*

IT is not without some apprehension of difficulties greater than we have been able to discover in this question, that we enter upon an examination of the Noble Earl's argument, on whom the task has devolved of bringing it under the notice of Parliament; and who has succeeded, notwithstanding the formidable opposition of nearly the whole bench of bishops, in carrying it through both Houses. The case is therefore a curious one, at least, and almost singular. That a question of wide extent, and of a nature purely ecclesiastical, should originate with laymen confessedly friendly to the Church establishment—that it should derive no assistance or support from an order of men whose office and station require them more especially to watch over the interests of the church, and who seldom address the assembly in which they sit on any other occasions—that most of them, on the contrary, should have opposed it in every stage, without denying the existence of the evil complained of, and without offering any better remedy—that in spite of these obstacles, and of the general though suppressed murmur of the holders of church property, it should have passed into a law, are circumstances so strange as to excite more than ordinary surprise and curiosity. It is obvious that some serious and weighty objections must be *felt* to the measure; but we seek in vain for any full and authentic statement of them in print. The scanty reports of debates have, indeed, furnished us with one or two objections, but those of so flimsy a nature, that we do not wonder they presented no obstruction whatever to the mass of fact and argument alleged on the other side.

It is perhaps to be regretted that none of the opponents of the bill thought it worth while, after the example of the noble Earl, to lay their view of the case before the public. The public, we think, had a right to something of this kind. No man, we will venture to assert, will call the noble Earl's case, *prima facie*, a bad one. No man will accuse him of giving it a false colour, of distorting or of exaggerating a single feature. It contains no appeal to the pas-  
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sions; no strain of sentiment, invective, or declamation. It is a plain unadorned business-like argument, resting upon documents of unquestioned authority, which have been analysed with care, and arranged with perspicuity. We think, therefore, that a speech addressed as this is, solely to the judgment and understanding, grave, compact, and closely reasoned, without digression or amplification, upon a subject of great national importance, if it failed of convincing, at least deserved an answer—not such an answer, as we are led by the newspapers to suppose was given; but a serious connected discourse, either disputing the facts, or detecting fallacies in the reasoning, or alleging such evils and disadvantages in the proposed measure as would outweigh the benefits intended by it. Even then we might expect, from the constitutional guardians of the church some project of similar tendency, by which the good might be attained with a less mixture of evil; something equally beneficial, but either more safe or more practicable.

In the absence therefore of all attempts of this nature, we are left almost to conjecture the causes of this opposition; and as far as our fancy or the occasional hints of conversation will supply us, we shall proceed to consider the grounds upon which, we imagine, the bill was opposed in its passage, especially through the House of Lords. But in order to put our readers in possession of the whole case, we shall first lay before them an abstract of the noble mover's speech, following his own arrangement, as the most luminous, and the best which the subject will admit. Our readers will, we think, after this agree with us in demanding very powerful arguments on the other side, before they refuse to acquiesce in the necessity of some measure similar to that which the Parliament has thought fit to adopt.

In the opening of his speech the noble lord combats the objection, urged we presume by very few, against the *right* of Parliament to legislate in this matter. If the right be denied, it cannot be on the abstract ground that the public are unconcerned in the provision made for the ministers of religion. This is too absurd to be for a moment maintained. The objection must rest therefore upon the established principles and practice of the English constitution; and by an appeal to these the question is soon settled. Before the period of the Reformation we find the salaries of curates frequently fixed by ecclesiastical authority, and in every faculty of dispensation issued subsequent to the 25. Hen. VIII. the salary to be granted is placed at the discretion of the bishop.

‘The first direct interference,’ Lord Harrowby says, ‘of the legislature, of which I am aware, was in the 12th of Queen Anne, a period certainly not distinguished by peculiar indifference to the temporal concerns of the church. By this act, the bishops were empowered to  
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assign to every curate a salary not less than 20*l.* nor more than 50*l.* in proportion to the greatness of the cure, and to the value of the benefices held by the incumbent. By another act, of the 36th of his present Majesty, the maximum was increased to 75*l.* per ann. and the bishop was empowered to assign to the curate the parsonage-house, or an annual sum of 15*l.* in lieu thereof.\*—p. 5.

Still less can the argument be admitted that regulations of this nature are infringements on the right of private property. Between church property and private freeholds there is this material difference: the one is *absolute* the other *conditional*. The rights both of patron and incumbent are by the law declared to be subordinate to the service of the church. If the patron do not present a clerk duly qualified in the bishop's estimation, or if he delay the presentation beyond a limited time, his right is forfeited. Again, the incumbent, if he neglect to perform the duty for which the profits of his living are assigned him, may by various legal processes be totally divested of his preferment: so that in the most essential points it differs in its character from property in a freehold estate; and any argument drawn from the one is inconclusive to the other, except it can be shewn that the peculiar conditions of the tenure are no wise involved in the supposed case. All property is the creature of law: and the law which creates it, limits also the mode and circumstances of its existence. The very permission of pluralities and non-residence is an indulgence of the law—an indulgence sparingly granted in the first instance, although it has now far exceeded the original intention, in consequence of events never contemplated when that law was passed. It is clear from the state of the peerage in Henry the VIIIth's time, that the number of chaplains of temporal peers entitled to a dispensation for pluralities could not have exceeded 200; whereas the number may now exceed 2000. If the legislature therefore should think fit to abridge this indulgence so as to bring it back more nearly to its original limits, or even to abolish it altogether, no man could reasonably contend that such a measure would be a violation of the private property of the patron. It would, like every other legislative question relating to the public interests, be a question of *expediency* and not of *right*. The patron's property still remains entire, subject, as it was before, to those regulations which are thought best adapted to attain the end of a church establishment. What these regulations

\* The question has been several times entertained by Parliament, but no bill was ever passed till the 12th of Queen Anne. In the 9th of Elizabeth, a Bill for the Augmentation of poor Vicarages and Curacies was brought in and read a first time, after which we hear no more of it. In the 18th of the same reign, a Bill for the Relief of Vicars and Curates went as far as the Committee, and the next day the session was ended. Again, 13 C. II. a Bill for this purpose passed the House of Commons, but owing to the late period of the session at which it was introduced, never passed the Lords.

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are, is for the legislature, not for him, to judge: but hardly any man will deny, that one of them ought to be a decent support to the officiating minister, wherever the living is able to afford it.

Such being the right and such the practice of Parliament, we have only to turn our attention to the facts collected from the bishops' returns of the state of their dioceses, in order to judge whether the present condition of the church requires that interference. Returns from all the dioceses have been received, except from that of St. David's. Why this has been withheld does not appear: and the circumstance seems to excite some surprize in the noble lord, and to call for explanation. The documents, however, already in possession of government, although deficient in certain particulars, are ample *data* for the inferences deduced from them. Abridged as they necessarily are in the speech itself, we shall feel it necessary to contract them into a still smaller compass: but we lay them before our readers in the full confidence that they will convince every un-biassed mind of the necessity of some legal provision on this subject.

The whole number of places contained in the bishops' returns (including some dignities, sinecures, and dilapidated churches, but exclusive of the diocese of St. David's) is 10,261. The number of incumbents resident is 4421. The incumbents who do their own duty, although non-resident, are 960; making with the former 5381. The non-residents are of two kinds; those by exemption, and those by licence. Of the former class the number is 2671: of the latter, 2114: but besides these there is a miscellaneous class not reducible under either of those heads, amounting to 1055. From this statement it would appear that the whole number of places served by curates is 4870; but from this number must be deducted 40 dignities, 79 sinecures not requiring residence, and 39 dilapidated churches, leaving the number of curacies 4712.

No return having been made of the salaries of curates where the incumbent is non-resident by exemption, which is the larger class, and many of the other returns being deficient in this respect, the salaries of only 1766 are known. But this number, taken without reference to any circumstance that can at all affect the question, is sufficiently high to serve as a measure for the rest. On so large a scale, it is fair to reason from the certain to the uncertain, especially where the cases are in every respect similar, and the average is found to lie at no great distance from either extreme. Of these 1766 then, there are

Above 10 <i>l.</i> and under 20 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	45
20 <i>l.</i>	-	30 <i>l.</i>	-	191
30 <i>l.</i>	-	40 <i>l.</i>	-	428
40 <i>l.</i>	-	50 <i>l.</i>	-	333

Total of Curacies under 50*l.* per annum 997

Above

Above 50 <i>l.</i> and under 60 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	293
60 <i>l.</i> - 70 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	208

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Total of Curacies under 70*l.* per annum 1498

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Above 70 <i>l.</i> and under 80 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	144
80 <i>l.</i> - 90 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	51
90 <i>l.</i> - 100 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	7
100 <i>l.</i> - 110 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	41
110 <i>l.</i> - 130 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	4

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The remainder consists of one with 250*l.*; seventeen where the curate has the whole income; one, where he has two-thirds of the income: and one where three curates have 275*l.*

The first suggestion that might arise from a view of this statement would probably be, that the smallness of the stipend is owing to the low value of the living, or at least in some degree proportionate to the means of remuneration. But how little is to be attributed to that cause will immediately appear from the following analysis. Dividing the number of the livings into two classes, those under 150*l.* and those above it, there are found to be of the former about 600, of the latter about 1150. Of the first class the average value is 89*l.* and the average amount of their curacies, 35*l.* Of the second all we know is that they are *above* 150*l.* Some of them are ten times as great: and very many exceed it by several hundreds. Yet of this whole class there are only 152 in which the salary is so high as 75*l.* Deducting these from the whole number of 1150, there will remain about 1000 livings each *above* 150*l.* per annum, upon which the salaries of the curates will not exceed, upon an average, 45*l.* The difference between this average, and that of the curacies upon livings under 150*l.* is not more than 10*l.* So little ground is there for presuming that the poverty of the living is the cause of the low amount of the curate's stipend.

This, it will be remembered, is not half the extent of the evil.—We have been speaking hitherto of those curacies only where the incumbent is non-resident by *license*. The non-residents by *exemption* are still more numerous, and there is no reason for supposing that the salaries are in these instances adjusted by any higher standard. Indeed the only difference between them has a tendency the other way: for the amount of the salary not being submitted to the bishop in this case, one check is removed which has a feeble operation in the case of licenses;—and the incumbent is left to make the best bargain he can in a private agreement between himself and his curate. However, taking these at the same rate with the others, there



there will be found 2540 *livings above 150l. per annum, served by curates at a salary of 45l. per annum on an average, and in no case exceeding 75l.*

We confess such a disclosure of the state of the church, filled us with regret and shame—feelings that were not at all soothed by the consideration that the remedy now applied is forced upon it, in spite of the resistance of its own more wealthy and dignified members. Against such a statement, it is idle to oppose some petty inaccuracies or omissions in the returns, or some few palliatives of particular cases. It has been alleged that advantages of surplice fees, or gardens, or a few acres of land are often enjoyed by the curate in addition to his stipend—that in many instances the same curate serves two or even more churches, and thus enjoys an accumulation of salaries—that the house alone would be in many situations an acceptable remuneration for his services, and fully adequate to his wishes—that incumbents may for their mutual accommodation reside each on the other's living, and thus appear to swell the list of curates, when neither of them in fact feels the wants or grievances of that station, and both ought in reason to be left out of the account. To this latter circumstance we wish indeed that the noble lord had in some degree adverted. It mitigates the aspect of the case, as far as the character of the Church is concerned, by reducing the number of inefficient incumbents—and the arrangement is often productive not only of domestic happiness, but of real service to religion. For where the character of a man is known, and he stands in the eye of all his dearest connections, he is undoubtedly capable of doing most good. But after making every allowance for these cases, the merits of the general question remain exactly where they were. No allowance, indeed, ought to be made for the case of curates who serve more than one church. For either the duty is in that case less than it ought to be, or if the duty is greater, the payment ought to rise in the same proportion. And as to the other alleged cases, they are so few in number as not to weigh a feather in the scale against the noble lord's argument: and when pleaded in opposition to it, only prove the weakness of a cause which rests on such a support.

Another objection sometimes offered we will just mention; although it can hardly proceed from the friends of a rich church endowment. What reason is there, it may be said, to expect a duty of this kind to be better performed in proportion as the pay is increased? A conscientious man will do his duty let his income be ever so small; and if the fault lie in his conscience, it is not likely to be mended by an increase of salary. Such reasoning, if reasoning it can be called, cannot, as we have observed, come from the mouth of any man who is a sincere well-wisher to the Church establishment:

establishment: for if it be valid against raising the scanty pittance of a curate, how much more conclusive is it against the ample revenues of our dignitaries and incumbents? We have produced it chiefly because it gives us an opportunity of extracting a passage from the speech, which is a fair specimen of the manly, rational, and moderate tone which pervades the whole performance.

‘ I am far from supposing that respectability of character, exemplary discharge of duty, or a competent share of learning, are necessarily connected, or even connected at all, with the amount of the salary received. The most exalted virtues may be found in the humble cottage of the curate, as well as in the ample parsonage of the richly beneficed incumbent. But human arrangements must be calculated upon the ordinary course of human affairs: we are not to look for apostolical virtues in the curate, merely because we reduce him to apostolical poverty. How can we expect, considering the Church only as a profession, that men who have necessarily received a good education, and who ought to be men of liberal views, will continue to enter into a profession, in which the blanks bear so large a proportion to the prizes? How can we expect that persons, whose incomes hardly afford the means of subsistence, will be able to keep up that decent appearance which is almost indispensably necessary to ensure the respect of their parishioners? Much less can we expect that they should be able to conciliate their affection, by administering to the wants of those who are only in a slight degree poorer than themselves. Want of respect for the persons who discharge ecclesiastical duties, will soon be transferred to the duties themselves. Men are too apt to measure the respect they owe to persons, or to offices, by the respect which they see paid to them by the authorities to which they look up. What must they think of the value which is set by the legislature upon the persons or the office of those to whose care the religion of the people is entrusted, when they see at how low a rate their services are estimated? How can we be surprised at the rapid progress of every species of sectaries (who are far from allowing the ministers of their congregations to fall in point of income to a level with the curates of the established church) when so large a proportion of the ministers of that church are left in a state of abject poverty; when they are left in that state, not only in cases where the church is poor and the duty light, but where the church is rich and the duty most laborious?—p. 15.

In this state nevertheless, things have long remained—or rather in a continual course of deterioration: for the trifling advance in the average amount of curacies bears no proportion to the change, which has been felt within the last 50 years in the value of money. During that period the price of all commodities which are necessary to a decent subsistence, has been about trebled. Many have risen in a much larger proportion: and yet 40*l.* a year was an ordinary stipend in those times, equivalent certainly to 100*l.* at present.—The maximum fixed by the act of Queen Anne, was at least equal in

in effect to 150*l.* of our present money. By the act of 1797, this ~~maximum~~ was raised to 75*l.*; just half what it ought to be, if the design was merely to *continue* the provision of Queen Anne's reign. The minimum was not raised: it was left at 20*l.* as before. And from the foregoing analysis of the bishops' returns, we have seen how rarely even the pittance of 70*l.* was paid; while the officiating ministers in parishes of which the income exceeds 150*l.*, but whose salary is only 50*l.* per annum (i. e. less in value than the *minimum* in Queen Anne's time) may be computed at about 3000.—vid. p. 15.

The evil has not indeed failed of attracting notice, nor of exciting some endeavours to redress it. In 1803, soon after the Residence Bill was passed, a bill for improving the condition of the inferior clergy passed the House of Commons, but so late in the session that it was not carried through the Upper House. Early in the following session, Sir W. Scott moved for a Bill to encourage the residence of stipendiary curates, which proceeded as far as the committee, and was then dropped. In 1805, Mr. Perceval took up the business, but his Bill went no farther than the committee of the House of Lords. In 1808, he brought forward another bill to the same effect, which, after passing the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords. So great has been the difficulty, in this enlightened age, of carrying a measure which has reason, equity, and the interests of religion on its side. In a law embracing so many objects, it is natural to suppose indeed that many minor difficulties would arise, that many cases would be described calling for exception or modification—and after all, that it must be at the expense of some, if thousands are to be relieved. That these objections would be magnified beyond the truth, that the *hypothetical* hardship involved in them would be represented as deliberate cruelty and injustice, and so obtruded on the view as to hide, if possible, all the disgraceful reality which has now been proved to exist, and that many well meaning persons would be biassed by these imaginary dangers, and forget or disbelieve the statements alleged in behalf of the bill—all this perhaps was no more than might have been expected—and this force coming in aid of the interested mass, which only wanted an impulse, gave it a momentum which was irresistible. Since, however, the bishops' returns in 1810 have been made public, the case is materially altered. Such a body of evidence was produced in support of the main facts, that no hypothetical arguments could withstand it: and the principal weapon of the opponents was at the same time wrested from their hands, by providing that the bill should not apply to incumbents in possession. Thus met and thus disarmed, it would indeed have portended ill for the present generation, if the adversaries of the measure had prevailed. Hardly a voice was raised against it in the Upper House,

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except by the Spiritual Lords, whose arguments have been so ill reported in the newspapers, that it is difficult to ascertain the precise grounds of their opposition. Whatever they were, a considerable majority turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances, although it is said that one noble lord, unconvinced by their reasoning, still thought it his duty as a senator, to bend to their authority.

The noble mover has therefore the satisfaction of having accomplished what his late virtuous friend and colleague, Mr. Perceval, had greatly at heart; and what from regard to his memory, as well as from a cordial approbation of the measure, he entered upon, as the discharge of a sacred trust. By this one step he has deserved the thanks of those who venerate our church establishment, and who wish to see its foundations laid firm and deep in the affections of the people. Nothing can tend so much to alienate those affections, or to strengthen the hands of its numerous adversaries, as that narrow and illiberal policy which exalts the means above the end—which is active, quicksighted, and pertinacious in the defence of some worldly interest, but suffers evils and abuses to spread within it, such as not only affect the very essence and purpose of its institution, but are the surest forerunners, if unchecked, of its political decay and ruin. It is not the clamorous stickler for some antiquated privilege whom we regard as its truest friend in a season of general defection—but he who seeks to rectify what is amiss, to remove all ground of reproach and scandal, to correct the growing abuses to which all human institutions are liable, to frame expedients according to the change of times and manners, by which the same good may be effected in all ages, and to baffle that greatest of all innovators, *time*, by corresponding alterations in the detail and administration of its important duties. Let us only possess a few powerful friends, with hearts so disposed, and our rights and endowments are safe enough against all our enemies.

Let it not be supposed we would include all the clergy who employ stipendiary curates under one sweeping charge of illiberality, because the salaries are found, upon inquiry, to be inadequate to the service done. When we descend to the examination of individual cases, we find that the salary has been fixed with reference to the general practice, and from no sordid desire to drive a hard bargain, and to get the work done at the cheapest rate. In so numerous a body as the English clergy, it must indeed happen that many of this description will be found, who will traffic upon the duty of their church, on the same principle, and with the same feelings as they contract with a menial servant. But with the generality we are firmly persuaded it is not so. And nothing tends to convince us more of the necessity of some legislative interference than this persuasion. Leave the matter to be settled

by the principles of political economy—to be regulated by the supply and the demand—and you reduce it to the same level with all the mercenary contracts of civil life. Even the most liberal who are disposed to go far beyond the lowest limits, if they have families or near dependents, feel a considerable restraint upon their inclinations; and might be accused of giving way to romantic generosity, if they forced upon a curate a much larger stipend than his demands or expectations. It happens with most men that their income is pretty well appropriated to the several articles of expenditure. They have settled imperceptibly into a rate of living which will not easily admit of any great diversion of the supply into some new channel. And where the sacrifice is not required, either by law or general opinion, it is too much to expect that one man shall stand forth, at his own expense, as the example of a generosity which his own order regard as needless and excessive. Something, we know, will be done upon this principle; as indeed the gradual advance in the nominal average of stipends proves: but it is wholly disproportionate to the exigency: it is long before the necessity of a change is discovered; and after the discovery, the remedy follows at a very tardy and unwilling pace. This is the case with all prices and payments: but in the articles of ordinary use, where no other rule operates than that of supply and demand, the adjustment is soonest made. In *mixed* cases, where other principles besides the commercial one concur in regulating the payment, a longer time elapses before the inequality is corrected: and in those cases which depend *almost entirely* on liberality, equity, just moral feeling, and other undefined rules of action, it is always too late before any adequate compensation is made. In proportion as these motives gain the ascendancy, the average rises slowly—but as they cannot ever prevail universally, and always make slow progress against the constant pressure of self-interest, ages pass away before the evil is remedied, or rather it fails of obtaining any remedy at all: it is, in fact, an axiom in jurisprudence not to reckon upon the liberality of mankind for any civil purpose which is attainable by positive law; especially if the object be one that extends to the whole community, for then it is not only probable, but certain, that the means will fall far short of the end proposed. What would become of our church if the remuneration of the clergy depended on the liberality of the people? Our incumbents would, we apprehend, be little inclined to exchange their legal incomes for such a provision; and yet the question is precisely the same between them and their curates. It may, perhaps, be alleged that the curate is fallen into better hands, having to treat with a beneficed person of his own order, than if his stipend issued from a voluntary agreement with the parish: and we doubt not that in the majority of cases the fact

is so. But the documents which have been laid before parliament are a demonstrative, and we must add, a mortifying proof, that no reliance can be placed on such an arrangement; but that if left to be settled between the parties, the average will sink shamefully beneath what is due to the nature of the employment, and what is necessary for maintaining a decent appearance in society.

A farther reason for parliamentary interference in this matter arises from the permission of pluralities. Against this practice we by no means wish absolutely to protest, although we should gladly see it subjected to some wholesome regulation. But while it subsists, there must of necessity be a class of curates corresponding in number with the holders of pluralities. It is from this source, much more than from the laziness or indifference of incumbents to their own duty, that the demand for curates arises. The persons who serve curacies of this description are far from being considered in the road to preferment; and they have on that account a peculiar claim to the protection of the legislature. If some addition were required in such cases to the ordinary stipend, respect being had to the value of the living as well as the greatness of the cure, we think no reasonable objection could be made. The pluralists would still have the right of selection; a right which a conscientious man would exercise for the benefit of his parish: and if he acts on this principle, no part of the reproach, sometimes cast on pluralities as an *institution*, can attach to him as an *individual*. He may be rendering essential service to religion by a judicious disposal of this minor species of patronage, and instead of resigning it, as some scrupulous persons have done, he may feel it even an act of duty and charity to retain it.

Whether the bill just passed be not capable of some other improvements, we shall not at present inquire; but we regard it as a step gained, and hail it as an omen of future good. To some of our readers a short abstract of its provisions may not be unacceptable, although it has already attained a pretty general publicity.

It enacts, that every non-resident who neglects to nominate a curate, to be licensed by the bishop, shall be subject to the penalties of non-residence, notwithstanding any legal exemption he may have. The license of the bishop must specify the salary of the curate. The lowest salary is 80*l.* or the whole amount of the living. Where the population amounts to 300, the salary is to be 100*l.*; 120*l.* where it amounts to 500 persons; 150*l.* where it amounts to 1000. A reduction may be made in certain cases: as where the curate is licensed to serve another parish; or where the incumbent is disabled through age, or sickness; or where any peculiar hardship or inconvenience would, in the judgment of the bishop, arise from enforcing the full amount. But those special reasons

reasons must always be set forth in the curate's license. Where the living exceeds 400*l.* the salary may be raised to 100*l.* notwithstanding the population is below 300; and so in the other cases proportionably, but the salary shall in no case exceed the foregoing rates by more than 50*l.*

Such are the leading features of a bill strenuously opposed by the bench of bishops; and we must repeat our utter inability to discover the grounds of this opposition. One of the objections urged against Mr. Perceval's bill was, that it increased the power of the bishops, by *vesting in them* the discretion of augmenting salaries. This objection is removed; and then the clamour is, you have *taken away* the bishop's discretion, and fixed the stipends by law. Is it possible to frame a measure not liable to one or other of these objections? Or rather are not such objections as these evidence of a dislike resting on other grounds, which it might not be quite convenient to avow? To us the remarks of Lord Harrowby upon the nature of the bishop's discretion under this bill appear sufficiently just and satisfactory. As the law stood before, nothing would be more irksome and invidious than his interposition. If the parties appeared mutually satisfied with the agreement, the bishop's interference was naturally thought needless and vexatious: and besides this, the rule must vary greatly in different dioceses, as long as it depended solely on the opinion of individuals. But let the salary be fixed by law, and all these difficulties are at an end, or at least confined to a very few cases; while the gracious office of mitigating the rigour of that law, under peculiar circumstances, remains to the bishop; and of smoothing the way towards an agreement equally acceptable to both parties. In fact, without implying or intending any censure on individuals, we have only to reflect on the manner in which the bishop's discretion has been exercised under the former acts, to convince ourselves that the system was radically inefficient for the purpose it had in view. Lord Harrowby's observations upon this subject are liberal and candid, and at the same time decisive.

'I cannot indeed declare with truth, that the manner in which it has been exercised is precisely that, which, consistently with the view I have taken of the subject, appears most advantageous to the interest of the church; but I feel to their full extent the great difficulties which attend the exercise of such a discretion. I do full justice to the motives which have guided those in whose hands (if proper to be placed in any) it has properly been vested: I am far from presuming to say, that reasons may not have existed in each individual case, separately taken, which may have accounted for and justified the decision; but it is impossible, I am firmly persuaded, even for those who have acted for the best in each individual case, to look at the returns before your lordships, and to view the great mass of poverty created by the general principle which has governed those decisions, without feeling the extent of the mischief,

mischief, the necessity of a remedy, and the utter insufficiency of their present powers to supply one adequate to the evil. If censure be implied, let it fall, where it is due, upon the narrow and incompetent nature of the legislative provisions upon this subject.'—p. 27.

There remains one of the alleged grounds of opposition to the bill, to which we must briefly advert, rather to avoid the imputation of suppressing it, than because we think it deserving of any serious answer; namely, that it tends to *diminish the value of small livings*! It certainly does diminish the value of that which is withdrawn from the purposes for which it was designed. They will not fetch so much at the Auction Mart, nor perhaps pass from hand to hand so quickly in exchange for money or secular property. But *to the church* their value is raised in a great proportion—raised by promoting all the objects for which ecclesiastical property was at first created. Instead of entering into a laboured vindication of this point, we think it more respectful to our readers to lay before them a few words of the speech, to which we have so frequently had recourse already.

'The bill *proposes to check* a practice, by no means creditable to the church—the practice of giving to persons who do not intend to reside, livings of small value, (hardly affording an income sufficient to procure the due discharge of their duties,) for the purpose of enabling the incumbent to apply to his own use whatever he may be able to reserve out of that income, after providing for a curate at the lowest possible rate. The extent of this practice is sufficiently proved by the fact I have already stated, that upon six hundred livings, occupied by incumbents non-resident by licence,\* and of which the average income is 89*l.* per annum, the average income of the curacies is only 35*l.*'—p. 21.

That these livings may fall into *improper* hands, after the price of the advowson is lowered, is another terror held out by the *friends of the church*. What very proper hands they are in at present, is apparent from the statements already exhibited. If the condition of residence be annexed, the same respectable people it is feared will not accept them. What a grievous loss to the parish and to the church collectively! A curate with 35*l.* a year, quite fit for the charge, is never wanting: but make the payment 80*l.* or 100*l.* and you will get none but sectaries or enthusiasts to perform the duty! It is an insult to common sense to enter gravely on the refutation of such reasoning. The principle of assigning to the curate the whole income of livings below a certain value is recognized by the act of Queen Anne, which fixed the minimum of 20*l.* per annum, at a time when there were no less than 2538 livings returned into the Exchequer below that value. It is therefore no innovation in

\* A still greater number must be added for the curacies of incumbents non-resident by exemption.



principle; and the experience of a century has not yet brought to light the practical evils foreboded from an adoption of the same rule. Until indeed it can be shewn that there is a partiality among the regular clergy for small stipends, a kind of *elective attraction* between orthodoxy and a narrow income, it is quite inconceivable how the difficulty should be increased of procuring a respectable officiating minister, by enlarging the provision made for his support.

We have, then, upon a pretty ample review of this important question, nothing farther to remark, but to express our acknowledgments to the noble person who has lent his hand towards completing so desirable a work—and to express our hope, that it is only the beginning of those healing measures which the condition of our church loudly calls for. Some of the evils and dangers to which it is exposed he has himself sketched out towards the conclusion of his speech. They are truly alarming. Licences for the erection of dissenting places of worship have increased from the average of 90 per annum, during the first fourteen years of the present reign, to an average of 518 during the last fourteen years; and the licences for dissenting preachers in a still larger proportion; while there are 1881 parishes, containing a population of nearly *five millions*, in which the churches and chapels are 2553, capable of containing only 1,856,000 persons; and the places of dissenting worship are 3488. In many of the most populous parishes, the people have no option but the entire neglect of all divine worship, or the attendance upon a worship which makes them dissenters from the establishment.

What are the expedients ordinarily employed to counteract these evils? The bishop reads a charge pointing out and lamenting the rapid increase of enthusiasm and defection from the church throughout the country. The clergy admire this charge; it is printed at their request, and some of them inculcate and enlarge upon the same topics in their sermons. All they say is probably very just; but as far as it professes to check the evil, it is only solemn trifling. In large towns, the churches are literally shut against the majority of the poor inhabitants. Our population has more than doubled within a century, and yet no measures have been adopted for meeting this increase by building or enlarging churches in proportion. Even where chapels have been opened, they have almost invariably been appropriated to those who can afford to rent a pew. We know of one most honourable exception in the case of a church at Bath, and of another equally meritorious at Birmingham: but for the rest, although a larger number of the middling and upper classes are accommodated with the means of attending divine worship, the bulk of the common people are disregarded.

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The *absolute* increase of that class far exceeds the increase of the upper classes; yet what steps have been taken for their religious instruction in the church? To blame them for attending methodist and other meetings is worse than folly; it is cruel mockery. Under such an alternative as lies before them, they rather deserve to be commended, unless it can be shewn that methodism is worse than no religion.

We are far from imputing blame to individuals, because these things are not better managed in their respective parishes. In most cases we know it is out of the power of individuals to correct them. The law must do it, if it be done at all. But on this very account we have reason to look for aid from those whose seats in the legislature give them the means, as they impose the duty, of watching over the interests of the church. A variety of petty rights and privileges are suffered to exist undisturbed, which thwart every zealous attempt to comprehend the poor of a parish within the congregation. The interior of the church is already allotted in proportions, suitable enough three centuries ago to the several classes of inhabitants. These have in the mean time shifted, and are often quite inverted: yet the same preposterous distribution of space continues. A manor seat, often empty, or occupied by a single servant, covers an area sufficient to accommodate twenty or thirty willing hearers who are now excluded. A dissenter may be owner of a pew, and out of pure spite to the church, keep it empty every Sunday but one, when he sends a servant to save his privilege. A few passages and corners capable of containing, perhaps, a tenth of the poor, are graciously conceded to them, where they stand, or sit as they can, in immediate contact with that forbidden ground which is often wholly vacant. Thousands and millions there certainly are in the kingdom, who have no admission to a place in their parish church: and if the obvious expedient be proposed of opening some additional building for public worship, the patron interferes, and without his licence nothing can be done. This patron may be a dissenter—he may be a profligate—a notorious despiser of all religion:—or, if a churchman, every one knows how obstinately men cling to their privileges, in spite of all that can be urged in the name of equity, propriety, or public good. Ought then, we ask, these things to remain as they are? If one tenth part of the inconvenience had been felt in the accommodations of a market town, it would long ago have been remedied by law. Unsightly projections are removed, streets are widened, houses set farther back, and market-places enlarged, in proportion to the growing wants of a neighbourhood; the church alone, with all its antiquated arrangements, must remain the same. Against any attempt at improvement for the public benefit, private rights are here allowed to

be insurmountable; insomuch that it is a notorious fact, that while a meeting-house of any denomination may be opened any where, without the slightest difficulty, possessing all the sanction and security of law, hardly any efforts will avail towards the erection of a church-of-England edifice in some of the most populous parishes of the kingdom.

We do not presume to say what steps the legislature ought to take for the redress of this great evil; but that something should be done, and that quickly, no considerate friend to the church will deny. If a local jurisdiction were created, invested with summary power in all questions of church sittings, authorized to allot the space as they might think most conducive to general utility, much good might be effected. But even then the grand object will remain to be accomplished, that of appropriating more buildings to church-worship, with an especial regard to the accommodation of the poor. Till this is done, we abandon that most numerous class, who have no other means of religious instruction, to the practices of every ignorant and ranting enthusiast, or to the condition of a heathen to whom the gospel is not preached. Lest it should be thought that we overrate the evil, we subjoin an extract from the returns of parishes containing a population of 1000 and upwards, in the year 1811.

Diocese.	Number of Parishes.	Population.	No. of Churches and Chapels.	Number of persons they will contain.	No. of Dissenting Places of Worship.
Canterbury . . . .	67	175,625	83	67,705	113
Chester . . . . .	257	568,826	351	220,542	439
Durham . . . . .	75	298,755	113	63,259	173
Exeter . . . . .	159	362,551	176	152,019	234
Lichfield . . . . .	129	430,231	189	122,756	294
London . . . . .	132	661,394	186	162,962	265
Winchester . . . .	120	371,206	193	115,711	165
York . . . . .	108	591,972	220	149,277	392
	1047	3,460,560	1511	1,054,231	2075

Here we have a list of about 1000 parishes, containing a population of nearly three millions and a half, in which the buildings appropriated to the service of the church will contain little more than one million; that is, about one *seventh* of the whole. If we consider further, that by far the greatest part, or rather the whole, of

of the excluded population in great and wealthy towns consists of the lower orders, it is hardly possible to conceive a case which calls more loudly for the immediate attention of the legislature. We rejoice therefore in the success of Lord Harrowby's measure; because it has taken away one ground of reproach from our church establishment. But we rejoice still more in the hope which it affords of future benefits. It might perhaps be more satisfactory to see these important services undertaken by the heads of the church themselves. And we cannot frame to ourselves a line of conduct more worthy of a Christian bishop than such an undertaking. But we are aware at the same time of the difficulties he would meet with, and of the feeble influence which a single prelate, or even the whole order of prelates would possess, compared with that of a member of the cabinet. It is well for us that the cabinet contains some men, sincerely attached to the establishment, not merely as an engine of state, but as a pillar of christianity. And while we admire the firmness and decision which has been displayed by Lord Harrowby in prosecuting the late measure, we are inclined also to augur well of any future efforts, from the discretion, temper, and moderation which are not less conspicuous in the whole proceeding.

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ART. IV. *Correspondance Littéraire,\* Philosophique et Critique, adressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne pendant une partie des Années 1775—1776, et pendant les Années 1782 à 1790 inclusivement.* Par le Baron de Grimm, et par Diderot. Troisième et dernière Partie. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1813.

WE ventured to suggest, on a former occasion, that the five ponderous octavos which we then noticed, and of which those before us contain the sequel, might have been compressed into two, certainly without injury to the readers, and probably with advantage to the publishers of the work; and we find that this suggestion has since been adopted by our London booksellers. But the advice, however well calculated for the latitude of our northern metropolis, was, it seems, founded on an inaccurate estimate of the quantity and quality of Parisian curiosity. The sale of the first series was so rapid that, within three months, a second edition was called for. We are not therefore to wonder that the discovery of a farther lot of this profitable merchandize, was immediately followed by the offer to the public of a quantity

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\* We are given to understand that five more volumes of this Correspondence will shortly be published, comprizing a period of time anterior to that contained in the series which we before annunced, and which will therefore bear the title of 'Première Partie.' The whole work will therefore extend to fifteen volumes.

equal to the former, nor that we are promised the future delivery of a fresh cargo.

It appears, however, that even in Paris itself some surly critics were found to question the necessity of so voluminous a publication, and to deny the importance of its contents. We have seen a little book, entitled '*Grimmiana*,' the compiler of which professes to give in about one hundred duodecimo pages *all* that is worth notice in the five octavos of the former series; nay more, to throw many notable sayings and anecdotes of Mademoiselle Sophie, unnoticed by the Baron, into the bargain. This is certainly improving on our own notions of economy. But if all that was worth preserving in the last publication could be contained in such a nutshell, we are forced to admit that a still smaller would be fully capable of answering the same purpose with respect to the present. Whether the advance of that dismal era of the Revolution really made itself felt by such symptoms as are the usual forerunners of great concussions in the natural world, and the gaiety and vivacity of Frenchmen gradually gave way to the gloomy heaviness of that moral atmosphere which surrounded them; whether, without resorting to an hypothesis which may be set down among the reveries of Swedenborg and Rosicrucius, we may find a more obvious solution of the phenomenon in the advancing age of the Baron, or whether we suppose that he grew at last a little tired of his office of hired correspondent to a German prince, and committed the discharge of it to inferior hands, we are pretty certain that (at least in the article of mere amusement) the volumes now before us will not justify all the expectations which the perusal of the first set must have excited.

We have been favoured with the sight of one volume of the MS. Correspondence, which we before announced as being now in a private library in this country. It was for the entire year 1775, and agrees with that published in the present series, sufficiently to confirm us in our supposition that the one Correspondence is principally, if not entirely, the duplicate of the other. In a notice prefixed to that volume, the name of M. Meister is inserted as the author of a very large proportion of the articles it contains; and a *female writer*, whose name is not given, is mentioned as having contributed several others, so as to leave but a small number, certainly not near half the quantity, to Grimm himself, and (if we remember rightly) none at all to Diderot. The inference we would draw from these facts is, that during the whole continuance of the correspondence, the nominal writer was greatly assisted by a number of others; and it is probable, therefore, that his personal labours decreased with the advance of age and its attendant inactivity. In other words, the whole work may, we imagine, be fairly considered

sidered in the light of a literary journal, of which the Baron was the editor, and, in that capacity only, responsible for a very large proportion of its contents. We wish that this matter had been more fully explained by the present editors, and that they had pointed out to us such of the articles as are of Grimm's own composition, and such as may have been written by other persons of any name in the literary and philosophical world at Paris. Without such a clue to guide us, it will be impossible to draw from the work, what we hoped it had furnished us, any just or accurate estimate of the character, talents, or opinions of the ostensible author.

The miscellaneous nature of this work may be sufficiently collected from the substance of our extracts from the former series. The space occupied in the present volumes by notices of insignificant books and analyses of theatrical pieces of ephemeral notoriety, appears to us to be considerably larger than before. Of the prevailing fashions of the day, the whims and caprices, the vices and follies which, from time to time, shed their influence over Parisian society and marked its character, we certainly find no unamusing record in these pages. The literary disputes and intrigues of the Academy are a never-failing source either of ridicule, or of observations which the real insignificance of those broils invests, at this distance of time, with the air of ridicule. Whether it be M. de la Harpe, who 'at last received the palm due to his triumphs,' while his rival Marmontel, under colour of extreme *naïveté*, pronounced an éloge which the laughter of the audience converted into a pungent epigram; whether it be the act of 'petty treason' by which M. le Comte de Tressan seated Condorcet,\* in violation of his promise to Bailly, and secured to d'Alembert the victory which his superior skill in arithmetic had obtained for him over 'the French Pliny;' or whether we contemplate the twelve mareschals of France assembled in conclave to decide on the important question of the admissibility of a member of the Academy of Inscriptions into the ranks of a more illustrious fraternity, we are equally carried back in imagination from the present to the past, and appear to be eye-witnesses of the scenes set before us in so lively a manner. In this view, we are not altogether ill disposed to enjoy the fragments of academical discourses which are rather unmercifully heaped upon us, although they are so well

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\* We do not remember before to have met with the *Soubriquet* bestowed on this revolutionary chieftain. Speaking of one of his pamphlets, published in 1786, the writer of the critique says, 'il est aisé d'en reconnaître l'auteur à cette précision d'idées qui caractérise sa manière d'écrire, et à cette amertume de plaisanteries qui, mêlée aux apparences d'une douceur et d'une bonhomie inaltérables, l'a fait appeler, dans la société même de ses meilleurs amis, le mouton enragé.'

characterised by a contemporary academician, 'Ces discours, passé le jour où ils ont été prononcés, ressemblent aux carcasses enfumées d'un feu d'artifice tristement éteint,'—and although, as it is maliciously added, some among them 'avoient, par malheur, le jour même de la fête, tout l'air du lendemain.' Our notions of the dignity of this pompous assembly are equally shocked by the popular storms and tempests which signalised so many of their later sittings, and elevated by the picture of the splendid reception of the foreign kings and princes who from time to time solicited the honour of admission to partake of their solemnities. Among others noticed on this occasion, we particularly distinguish the 'Comte du Nord,' who visited the academy in June 1782, and of whose bon-mots the work contains some better specimens than we should altogether have expected from the future 'Sovereign of all the Russias,' and patron of Mr. Charles Small Pybus. One proof of his discrimination, which the authors of this journal do not seem disposed to acknowledge as such, was his choice of La Harpe to fill the same place, of correspondent, which Grimm occupied in that of the Duke of Saxe Gotha and other princes. In this quality the faithful journalist thought it his duty to present himself daily at the gate of his patron's hotel. His tender assiduities at last began to be troublesome, but betrayed the goodnatured prince into no expression of greater irritation than the following, *M. de la Harpe est déjà venu me voir cinq fois; je l'ai reçu trois; j'espère qu'il ne sera pas mécontent.* He wanted to hear Beaumarchais' comedy of the Marriage of Figaro read to him, but said with great good humour, (which the journalists probably interpreted as a serious compliment to his genius,) *Je n'ose pourtant pas accepter cette lecture sans avoir entendu celle que doit me faire M. la Harpe, il ne faut pas risquer de se brouiller avec ces grandes puissances.* With all the urbanity which these and other similar anecdotes seem to indicate, and which we are somewhat surprised to meet with in one who, some years later, cut off the English pig-tails, even he was not always able to escape the complaints and censures of the irritable class of the community. Nothing, however, could ruffle the benignity of his temper. One M. Clérissaut, conceiving that some imagined services had been neglected, strutted up to him one day and said, 'M. le Comte, I have been frequently at your door and never found you.'—'*J'en suis bien fâché, M. Clérissaut; j'espère que vous voudrez bien m'en dédommager.*'—'No, no, M. le Comte, you did not admit me because you would not admit me, and this was very ill done of you; but I will write to *Madame votre mère.*'—'*Je vous prie de m'excuser; je sens, je vous assure, tout ce que j'ai perdu.*'

Nothing is so easy as the transition from one fashion of the day  
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to another, and Gluck and Piccini are quite as amusing as the Counts du Nord and De Haga. The history of those feuds belongs, however, to the former series of the *Correspondence*, and are only alluded to in this on occasion of the death of Sacchini, founder of a sect branching out of the German heresy, and distinguished as 'a sort of mitigated Gluckists, who no otherwise belong to that faction than by virtue of their mutual hatred and jealousy of Piccini.'

From the 'mitigated Gluckists' we pass to the followers of Mesmer\* and Cagliostro, the admirers of Montgolfier and of the man who walked across the Rhone in wooden slippers, or rather who professed to do so, but who, like our bottle-conjuror, gave his followers the slip. Nor is another celebrated professor to be passed over in silence,—he who recommended himself to the ladies as an adept in the art 'de fixer les traits et les garantir des outrages des temps.' And yet this is the French nation, characterised elsewhere as 'celle qui n'inventa jamais rien, excepté les ballons!' In the midst of Montgolfier's balloons and Kempelen's automata, we are called off to attend at the apotheosis of Madame St. Huberti, the first female singer at the Opera: another proof of the sober sense of the Parisians, who had only a few years before paid precisely the same honours to Voltaire. This is sufficient to render all the absurdities of the *Diou de la danse* quite rational, and we can hardly help regarding him in the light of an equal power, when we read of the consternation which seized the whole house of Vestris on the arrest of young Vestrallard, on which occasion the father is reported to have exclaimed, the tears starting into his eyes, '*Hélas! c'est la première brouillerie de notre maison avec la famille des Bourbons!*'

The theatre is almost always uppermost with the writers in this *Correspondence*, and we are not unfrequently relieved from the unprofitable catalogue of dead plays and farces, by anecdotes which throw a strong light on the opinions and characters of the age, and by pieces of sound and judicious general criticism. The English reader will be (or at least ought to be) highly gratified by the temperate and unprejudiced manner in which the dramatic genius of Shakspeare is treated in many long articles of good national criticism. Some of the most judicious of these observations are produced by the attempts of Marmontel and Ducis to adapt the most celebrated tragedies of the English poet to the French theatre, an attempt which is justly censured as impracti-

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\* It may be doubted whether La Fayette ever forgave Louis XVI. the complaisant which that unfortunate monarch paid him on his attachment to the mysteries of animal magnetism, on his departure for America. 'Que pensera Washington quand il saura que vous êtes devenu le premier garçon apothicaire de Mesmer?'



cable. The different modes adopted by these two writers are shewn to be equally inconsistent with the national dramatic genius, the first by rashly discarding the beloved unities, the latter by huddling together the most unnatural assemblage of events, in the vain hope of preserving them. 'The great difference (says the writer) between the English stage and our own is, that in England *on fait courir le spectateur après les événemens*, and that in France, *ce sont les événemens qui courent après les spectateurs*. Of the two modes which, he continues, is the most consistent with probability? Corneille and Racine would doubtless have decided in favour of neither.'

In another place we meet with some sensible remarks on a phenomenon which is observable perhaps in more countries than one, that in proportion as society grows more corrupt, particularly female society, (*qui en France influe plus que partout ailleurs sur les mœurs publiques*,) we become more difficult, and austere, in whatever relates to theatrical decency. The occasion of these remarks is a French translation of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, and the moment at which the French taste was too delicate to allow of its representation, was very nearly approaching to that in which public homage was paid in the streets and churches to a naked prostitute in the character of the Goddess of Reason.

The history of Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, which occupied the whole of the Parisian populace for an incredible space of time during the years 1784 and 1785, is sufficiently amusing. The representation of this piece was contemplated by the court-party with as much fear and jealousy as if it had been the immediate signal of the revolution; and their imprudent and inconsistent conduct with respect to its appearance, gave it an importance which it did not possess, and actually converted it into the very engine they dreaded. We cannot, however, afford space for any of the anecdotes collected on this occasion, and must leave our reflections on the '*Mode de Paris*,' to pay our respects to some of the characters principally observable among the actors in the great drama before our eyes.

The first we see of Voltaire is a letter addressed to the Comte de Lewenhaupt, which, as it is not to be found in Beaumarchais' edition, and is composed with much of his native liveliness, we prefer giving in the original. It is dated Ferney, December 15, 1774.

'Je vois que les plaisirs de Paris vous consolent un peu du malheur de la guerre que vous êtes obligé de faire. Vous n'entendez parler que de Henri IV, comme à Stockholm il n'était question que du grand Gustave; mais je suis sûr qu'on n'a point joué le grand Gustave aux marionnettes. Chaque peuple habille ses héros à la mode de son pays.

Je

Je me souviens que dans mon enfance Henry IV et le Duc de Sully étaient connus à peine. Il y a trois choses dont les Parisiens n'ont entendu parler que vers l'an 1730, Henri IV, la Gravitation, et l'Inoculation. Nous venons un peu tard en tout genre; mais aujourd'hui nous n'avons rien à regretter dans l'aurore du règne le plus sage et le plus heureux. On dit surtout que nous avons un ministre des finances aussi sage que Sully et aussi éclairé que Colbert. Ces finances sont le fondement de tout dans les empires comme dans les familles. C'est pour de l'argent que l'on fait la guerre et qu'on plaide. Nous avons une lettre de l'empereur Adrien, dans laquelle il dit qu'il est en peine de savoir qui aime plus l'argent, ou des prêtres de Serapis, ou de ceux des Juifs, ou de ceux des Chrétiens. Ceux qui vous font un procès paraissent l'aimer beaucoup. J'ai consumé tout le mien à établir à Ferney une grande colonie. J'ai changé le plus vilain des hameaux en une petite ville assez jolie, où il y a déjà cinq carrosses. Je voudrais avoir encore l'honneur de vous y recevoir lorsque vous retournerez dans vos terres. J'ai l'honneur, &c.

*Signé, Le vieux Malade de Ferney.*"

The following anecdote affords a tolerable specimen of Voltaire's epigrammatic talent in conversation. It was proposed one evening at Ferney, while d'Alembert and M. Huber were there on a visit, that the company should amuse one another by stories of robbers. Huber began, and his tale was found very pleasant. D'Alembert's also received great commendation. When it came to Voltaire's turn, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there was once upon a time a farmer general. . . . . *Ma foi, j'ai oublié le reste.*'

'Half a century is elapsed,' observes an eloquent and discerning French writer of the present day,\* 'and the reputation of Voltaire is still, like the corpse of Patroclus, disputed between two opposite parties. Such a contest would alone be sufficient to perpetuate the glory of his name.' Among the most zealous of his defenders it is but natural to find those of his own family who were principally benefited by his liberality. Madame Denis, afterwards Duvivier, his niece, almost set Paris in flames by a remonstrance made to the players of the Comédie Française, on the indignity offered to the manes of her departed benefactor, by the removal of his statue to make room for a stove,—a statue which (as she modestly observes) 'devait être mise à toute éternité sous les yeux du public.' The comedians, irritated at the arrogant tone of her letter, answered in a dry, 'not to say impertinent, manner,' and threatened to throw the statue out of the window. The court interfered in favour of Madame Duvivier; but even this interference was at first attended with no other effect than a deputation to Versailles of the principal actors—'it is even said, that the advice of some among them was

\* The author of the 'Tableau de la Littérature Française du 18<sup>me</sup> Siècle,'

to suspend the functions of their public ministry, and to offer to his Majesty their dismissal until Madame Duvivier should have been enjoined to retract the injuries contained in her letter.' The princes and princesses of the theatre were at last obliged to submit to an authority higher than their own, yet not without the aid of a little legal quibbling, as that the statue in question had been presented, not to their histrionic highnesses, but to the Comédie Française itself, which was the property of the King of France, &c. &c.

It is curious enough, in this instance, to remark the change of circumstances which a few short years had occasioned. In 1783, the actors are already so indifferent about their great patron, the idol of the French theatre, as to talk coolly of turning his statue into the street, and the court, through whose influence his body was denied burial in consecrated ground, become the protectors of his image. A few years more, and we see the man who gloried in the reputation of being his son, and whom we with difficulty recognise under his revolutionary title of *M. Charles*, (the *ci-devant* Marquis de Villette) coming forward on the stage after the representation of the tragedy of Brutus, and haranguing the audience in the following strain,

'Gentlemen, I demand, in the name of our country, that the coffin of Voltaire be transported to Paris; this translation will be the last sigh of fanaticism. The great man who has engraven the features of Brutus would now have been the first of the defenders of the people. The quacks of church and state could not pardon him for having unmasked them, they therefore persecuted him, even to his dying groan. On the eve of his death, the court sent him a *lettre de cachet*, the parliament a *decret de prise de corps*, the priests condemned him to the dogs. It is for Romans, for Frenchmen like yourselves, to expiate so many outrages, it is for you to demand that the ashes of Voltaire be deposited in the basilic of St. Geneviève.'

'Il est assez étrange,' shrewdly observes our Baron on another occasion, (when relating the refusal of the archbishop of Paris to suffer d'Alembert to be buried within the walls of his parish church,)—'Il est assez étrange que ces philosophes trouvent tant de plaisir à être dans l'église après leur mort, et tant de gloire à n'y être pas de leur vivant.'

Voltaire's reputation as an historian was somewhat severely assailed by the Abbé Mably in his essay *Sur la Manière d'écrire l'Histoire*. This attack appears to have excited equal indignation and astonishment among the disciples of the patriarch, at the time it was made; and they take hold on one particular expression of the critic's, who says, *qu'il ne voyait pas au bout de son nez*, with an eagerness which serves to prove that they were in secret at least as much stung by the reflection as they affect to be offended at the coarseness

coarseness with which it is conveyed. Mably hated the philosophers, and was hated by them. 'What a scandal for philosophy and philosophers! M. l'Abbé de Mably has just received the most glorious homage to which a man of letters can pretend.' This homage was the request made to him by Franklin and Adams, in the name of Congress, to prepare a *projet* for the Constitution of the United States. The labours of constitution-mongers were not quite so cheap or so common in 1783 as they have been since, or the honour would not have excited so great a degree of jealousy. As it is, it gives occasion to some innocent pleasantry at the Abbé's expense. 'A en juger par le ton de son dernier ouvrage, il n'est pas à craindre au moins que ce moderne Solon rende nos bons alliés trop polis.' Notwithstanding this enmity to the man, the character of his writings seems to be given with candour, in the article which treats of his *Eloge Historique*, by the Abbé Brizard. A fact is here recorded singular enough to deserve notice. It was the Abbé de Mably who, in 1743, negociated secretly at Paris with the King of Prussia's minister, and who prepared the treaty of which Voltaire was the bearer to the court of that sovereign. Thus it happened that 'two men of letters,' (and those, it may be added, afterwards notorious by their literary feuds,) 'without any public character, were charged with this negociation by which the whole face of Europe was destined to be changed.' Upon the whole, the present generation will not be so slow to acknowledge the justice of Mably's censure on the historical talent of Voltaire as that in which he wrote; but Mably himself has since been judged with admirable precision. The decided enemy of the *philosophes*, and setting out from a quarter diametrically opposite to that from which they directed their efforts, he mainly contributed to the same end. The blind admiration of antiquity, and the furious zeal for innovation, equally tended to the disparagement of all existing establishments; 'l'Abbé de Mably suivait donc, ainsi que les autres écrivains, une marche destructive, et contribuait, sans le savoir, à affaiblir les liens déjà usés qui unissaient encore les membres d'une vieille société.\*'

Not only Hume, but Gibbon, and even Robertson, are handled with severity by this inexorable censor. Of the former he says, 'Was ever any thing more tiresome than *one Mr. Gibbon*, who, in his *eternal history* of the Roman Emperors, suspends his slow and insipid narrative every instant, to explain to you the causes of the facts you are about to read?' &c. &c. After this, we were not a little diverted at meeting with the following anecdote, which serves (as Grimm says) to explain very satisfactorily the reason of Mably's bitterness against *one Mr. Gibbon*. Mably and Gibbon

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\* De la Littérature Française du 18me. Siècle.

happened to dine together, in a large company, at M. de Foncemagne's. The conversation turned almost entirely on history. The Abbé, *being a profound politician*, applied it to the existing ministry, and, 'as by character, humour, and the habit of admiring Livy, he has learned to value nothing but the republican system, he began to boast of the excellence of republics, persuaded that the learned Englishman would approve, and admire above all things, the depth of genius which had inspired a Frenchman with the power of appreciating all these advantages;' but so it happened that Mr. Gibbon, by some extraordinary blunder of nature, as the Abbé must have thought it in an Englishman, had the misfortune not to enter into all his opinions; on the contrary,

'He generously undertook the defence of monarchical government: The Abbé tried to convince him by *Tite-Live*, and by certain arguments of Plutarch's in favour of the Spartans; but Mr. Gibbon, endowed with the most happy memory, and having all the facts present to his recollection, soon led the conversation himself. The Abbé fell into a passion, and said bitter things; the Englishman, preserving his native phlegm, took every advantage, and pressed his adversary with so much the more success as his wrath rendered him more and more confused. The conversation grew warm, and M. de Foncemagne at last put an end to it by rising from the table and passing into the drawing-room, where nobody was disposed to renew it.'

Of the soundness and pertinacity of Mably's judgment, M. Cerutti gives a curious example. He believed that the English constitution would not last ten years longer, and that the Senate of Sweden would endure for ever. The work in which he made this grand prophecy was not yet out of the press when the Senate of Sweden had ceased to exist. When the news was brought him, he answered, 'The King of Sweden may change his country, but not my book!'

The following letter of Diderot's, 'to his friend Mademoiselle Voland,' affords an agreeable specimen of his talent, and as it enables us at the same time to form some judgment of the Baron de Grimm himself, we hail it as a choice morsel.

... 'About seven o'clock, the company sat down to cards, but M. le Roi, Grimm, the Abbé Galiani, and myself preferred conversation. Oh! now, I will make you acquainted with the Abbé, whom, perhaps, you have hitherto considered only as an agreeable man. I assure you he is something better. The discourse between Grimm and M. le Roi, turned on the genius which creates, and the method which disposes. Grimm detests method; it is according to him, the pedantry of literature; those who can do nothing but methodize, might as well remain idle; and those who can receive instruction only from methodical arrangement, might as well remain ignorant.—But it is method which gives a subject its real value—And which also spoils it.—Without  
method

method we should make no improvement—Except by taking more trouble, and that would be all the better. They said many other things which I shall not mention to you, and they might still have said many more, if the Abbé Galiani had not thus interrupted them.

‘My friends, I recollect a fable, pray hear it: it will, perhaps, be rather long, but it will not tire you.

‘One day, in the depth of a forest, a cuckoo and a nightingale entered into a contest on the subject of singing. Each of them valued his own talent. What bird, says the cuckoo, is capable of a strain so easy, so simple, so natural, and so distinctly measured as mine? And what bird, said the nightingale, has one more sweet, more varied, more brilliant, more airy, and more tender than I have? I boast but few notes, said the cuckoo, but they have both weight and order, and the memory easily retains them. I love singing, replied the nightingale, but I am always new. I charm the forest, but you sadden it. You are so attached to the lesson taught you by your mother that *you dare* not venture a note which you have not learnt from her. As to myself, I acknowledge no master, I laugh at all rules, and it is when I infringe them most, that I am most admired. What comparison is there between your tedious method and my happy deviations from it!

‘The cuckoo frequently endeavoured to interrupt him, but nightingales are for ever singing and never listening, which is, indeed, somewhat their defect. Our songster, drawn on by his ideas, followed them with rapidity, without troubling himself about the answers of his rival. Nevertheless, after many sayings and countersayings, they agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of a third animal. A good judge is not to be found without difficulty; and they flew about in every direction to seek one.

‘They were traversing a meadow when they perceived an ass particularly grave and solemn: from the creation of that species, none had ever worn such long ears. Good, said the cuckoo, when he saw him, how lucky we are! our quarrel is a business of ears, there is our judge, —made on purpose for us.

‘The ass was grazing—it never came into his head that he was one day to be a judge of music; but time works many prodigies. Our two birds humble themselves before him, compliment him on his gravity and his judgment, inform him of the subject of their dispute, and intreat him to hear and decide; but the ass, scarcely turning his head, and not losing a single mouthful, makes a sign to them with his ears that he is hungry, and does not to-day hold his court of justice. The birds continue to intreat, the ass continues to graze. There were some trees on the borders of the meadow: well, said he, (after he had satisfied his appetite,) do you go there, and I will come to you; you may sing while I digest; I will listen, and then give you my opinion. The birds take wing and perch themselves. The ass follows with the air and step of a chief justice crossing the hall; he arrives, stretches himself on the ground, and says, Begin, the court is attentive.

‘The cuckoo said, My lord, not a word of my reasoning is to be lost; consider well the character of my song, and above all, deign to observe

the art and method of it: then bridling his head and clapping his wings, he sang, *cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo-cuckoo!* and having combined these notes in every possible manner, he was silent.

'Then the nightingale, without any preamble, displays his voice, soars in the boldest modulations; in strains the most new and uncommon; in fine cadences, ad libitums, and notes held out to an astonishing length; sometimes the notes are heard to descend and murmur in the bottom of his throat, like the rivulet which loses itself among the pebbles; then again they rise and swell by degrees till they fill the air and remain as if suspended in it; he was successively sweet, light, brilliant, and pathetic;—but his song was not calculated to please every one.

'Led on by his enthusiasm, he would have sung to this day, but the ass, after having yawned fearfully several times, stopped him and said, I do not doubt but that what you have been singing is very fine, but I don't understand it; it appears to me out of the way, confused, and unconnected; you are, perhaps, more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you, and for my part, I am for method.

'Then the Abbé, addressing himself to M. le Roi, and pointing to Grimm, there, said he, is the nightingale, you are the cuckoo, and I am the ass who determines the cause in your favour. Good night.'

One of the most constant friends and correspondents of the Abbé Galiani, during his residence at Naples, was the celebrated Madame d'Epinay, the author of the '*Conversations of Emily*,' and of other works much talked of in their day. The following letter by this lady, as introductive of a curious subject of philosophical discussion, was thought worthy, by M. de Grimm, of being inserted in his correspondence. It is written in a very lively strain of familiar pleasantry. We will not injure its natural grace and elegance by a translation.

'C'est certainement, mon cher charmant Abbé, une correspondance unique que la nôtre. Nous nous écrivons toutes les semaines des lettres de trois ou quatre pages, dans lesquelles on ne trouve autre chose, sinon, je me porte bien, je suis malade, je suis gaie, je suis triste, il fait chaud, il fait froid, un tel est parti, un autre arrive, &c. ; et nous sommes contents de nous comme des rois, nous nous trouvons de l'esprit comme quatre. Si par hasard un courier manque, voilà des plaintes, des cris; il semble que tout soit perdu. Savez-vous que je commence à penser que nous sommes bien plus heureux que nous ne le croyons? Puisque vous l'êtes de ma meilleure santé, je vous dirai qu'elle chemine vers la *robusticité*; et pour vous donner de nouveau, j'ajouterai que je me remets non à travailler, mais à penser, et si ce bon état dure, je ne désespère pas de pouvoir continuer mes Dialogues sur l'Education. Il faut que je vous communique quelques unes des idées qui tout en rêvant, m'ont passé par la tête. Je me suis demandé pourquoi les animaux, qui jusqu'à présent sont bien nos très-humbles serviteurs, s'avisent de naître avec le degré de perfectibilité qui leur est propre, tandis que l'espèce humaine travaille depuis la naissance jusqu'à la mort pour n'atteindre qu'au degré qui lui est propre; et puis je me suis demandé

si l'avantage était pour eux ou pour nous. Avant de vous dire ma réponse, il faut que vous sachiez que j'ai fait mes deux questions à un homme d'esprit, à un savant, qui, au lieu de résoudre le problème, m'a dit : Lisez un livre de Bordeu qui vient de paraître. Lire ! moi lire ! ai-je dit. Jamais. Des faits tant qu'on voudra ; mais en fait de raisonnement, je ne lis que dans ma tête. J'ai deviné tout ce que je sais, et je devinerai ce que je ne sais pas . . . . . En vérité, l'Abbé, il y a des momens où je suis assez folle, assez vaine pour croire que j'ai deviné le monde. Je n'ai pourtant pas tout à fait deviné à moi toute seule la réponse à ma première question. J'ai bien dit, c'est que chaque espèce d'animaux n'est occupée que de ce qui lui est propre ; mais cela ne me satisfait pas. J'en ai parlé au philosophe (à qui, par parenthèse, vous devez toujours une réponse) ; il m'a dit : J'y ai rêvé plus d'un jour. C'est que chaque espèce d'animaux a son organe prédominant qui la subjugue, et que l'homme a tous les siens dans un degré de faculté combinée, dont le centre est la tête et la pensée. Il m'apporta un exemple, *mais je ne puis pas vous le dire, vous le devinerez*. . .

Notwithstanding which, Madame d'Epinay goes on to explain the example at which she requires her correspondent to guess, in terms, not, perhaps, too plain for a female philosopher writing to a friend of the other sex, but which we had rather be excused from repeating. This is followed by a formal dissertation on the question, 'Pourquoi l'Homme ne naît pas, comme les animaux, avec le degré de perfection qui lui est propre,' which contains some ingenious thoughts very well expressed. The writer is of opinion, 'comme l'a dit l'Abbé Galiani,' that most animals have a predominant organ, 'un organe prédominant qui les subjugue et qui détermine exclusivement leur instinct'—and that although this is not a rule without exception, yet, even at this time of day, sophisticated as we are become by some of our social institutions, we frequently meet with men who seem to be determined, by an invincible influence, to apply themselves to one single subject, and who would be incapable of succeeding in any other course. An hundred thousand to one, if La Fontaine had not written fables, nor Gessner Idylls, neither of them would ever have done any thing. It must be confessed, she adds, that men who have applied themselves all their life *au bel esprit*, or to any other art whatever, are seldom fit for any thing else ; and therefore that Madame de Tencin was more philosophically just than she had any notion of being, when she called the literary men who frequented her house, (among whom were Fontenelle, La Mothe, &c.) '*ses bêtes*,' after which she proceeds to tell a story of Montesquieu,

'Which,' says she, 'one would hardly have expected from his philosophy, but which his friend the Abbé Quesnel has related to me twenty times. He had begged him, on going to visit his estates, to superintend the education of his son, whom he had just placed at the



College de Harcourt. On his return to Paris, the first thing he did was to ask the worthy ecclesiastic how his young friend went on. His morals?—such as leave nothing to be wished.—His character?—mild and engaging. So far, paternal tenderness seemed to enjoy the most entire satisfaction. The Abbé thought he might add to it by informing him that the young man's masters were extremely well pleased with his application, that he had a great taste for the sciences, and especially for natural history, in which last he had made a progress quite astonishing for his years. At these words, M. de Montesquieu turned pale, and threw himself on a sofa with all the marks of profound despair. "Ah, my friend, you have killed me! So all my hopes then are lost! You know the project I had formed for this child, the office to which I destined him; 'tis all over, he will never be any thing but a man of letters, an original like myself, and, do all we can, we shall never make a better thing of him." Half the prediction was accomplished: M. le Baron de Montesquieu lives on his estate in obscurity, occupied with beads and butterflies; for to his taste for natural history is superadded a devotion very outrageous and extremely punctilious.'

Madame d'Epinay's intimacy with Rousseau commenced, we are told, in the brilliant days of her youth and fortune. She had been early married to a farmer-general, by whose extreme frivolity of character and conduct, all their wealth was soon dissipated, and for the remainder of her life, which she passed separate from her husband, she was condemned to comparative indigence. The reader of Rousseau's Confessions may possibly remember the part which the philosopher attributes to this lady, and to M. de Grimm, in the singular melodrame of his life, and it is certainly extremely fortunate for the reputation of both, that this correspondence has been at length published, since it affords the opportunity of hearing the other side of this delicate question.

Rousseau was as desperately in love with Madame d'Epinay as he was with every woman who admitted him into her society. She loaded him with benefits which were conferred,

'not only with all the delicacy of the tenderest friendship, but even with that refinement of cares and attentions which the original *sauvagerie* of the philosopher seemed to exact. He appeared at first deeply affected; but, shortly after, believing that he had a right to be jealous of his friend M. de Grimm, he repaid his benefactress with the blackest ingratitude, and the man whom he thought the object of her preference to himself, was no longer anything in his eyes but the most unjust and most perfidious of beings.'

Such a picture is presented to us of this lady's character and genius as, we cannot but think, savours a little of the partiality of a quondam admirer. We select that part of it which relates to, what in courtesy we will call, her religious creed, as a specimen  
of

of the softened tone assumed by the more liberal and respectable of the philosophical party, when the heat of the encyclopedistic war was over, and they had leisure to look round and reflect on the too probable consequences of the zeal they had displayed in the cause of infidelity.

‘Superior to all prejudices, nobody knew better than herself what respect a woman ought to have for public opinion, even the most futile. She entertained for our ancient usages and our modern manners all the complaisance and consideration that could be expected from an ordinary woman. Though always an invalid, and confined within doors, she was ever scrupulously attentive in dressing herself after the fashion of the day. Without belief in any catechism but that of *good sense*, she never failed to receive the sacraments with the best grace in the world, *however painful this disagreeable ceremony might be to her, as often as decency, or the scruples of her family, appeared to demand it. We have allowed ourselves to doubt whether there might not be as much strength of mind in receiving them under such circumstances as in refusing them after the manner of so many great philosophers.*’

Some years before the death of this female disciple, indeed, we find that the leaders of the sect already began to doubt the policy of the course they had taken, even with a view to the propagation of their own opinions. Speaking of the extraordinary display of zeal with which the jubilee had been solemnized, in 1776, the Baron asks,

‘*Cette effervescence religieuse prouverait-elle que la philosophie n’a pas encore fait tout le progrès dont on s’était flatté? Peut-être.*’—‘It is not impossible,’ he adds, ‘that piety may have had less to do in these transports of zeal than the ill-humour which has for some time past begun to be entertained against the sect of philosophers, who will not be brought to acknowledge any other God than *la liberté et le produit net*.’—‘It would be pleasant enough if philosophy should thus have contributed, without intending it, to rekindle the faith of the age. This jubilee, said one of our philosophers, has retarded the empire of reason more than twenty years. No matter, we have cut down a vast forest of prejudices—*Et voilà donc, Monsieur*, answered a lady, *d’où nous viennent tant de fagots.*’

Having mentioned Rousseau and his *démêlés* with our Baron, it may be worth while to collect what further is said with reference to the subject in these volumes, from which it will appear, that his supposed intrigue with Madame d’Epînay was not the only ground of the philosopher’s disagreement with his ancient friend. The following observations occur in speaking of the second part of the Confessions.

‘What must afford infinite consolation to all who are calumniated in this work, is that the work itself, with all its seductive qualities, contains the strongest proofs of the author’s folly and the absurd injustice

of most of his visions. One of those men whom he seems to have once loved the most tenderly, only, to hate him afterwards with the most extravagant violence, is M. de Grimm; but as soon as the complaints which he allows himself to throw out against him with so much bitterness assume a determined shape, as soon as he seeks to justify himself, in some sort, for the injuries of which he accuses him, he finds nothing to bring forward but actions in themselves the most indifferent, petty broils, the true miseries of society, from which his imagination, clouded by gloomy vapours, raises the most criminal plots, the most unnatural conspiracies; this folly is carried so far as to persuade him that M. de Grimm, from the retirement of his study, had leagued himself with the reigning powers to make M. de Choiseul undertake the conquest of Corsica, merely that he might prevent Jean Jacques from being its legislator.'

One of the proofs of Grimm's alleged conspiracy against the unhappy philosopher is of a very serious nature indeed. Speaking in his Confessions of the scheme of a journey on foot, through Italy, with Diderot and Grimm, he adds—'the whole plan came to nothing but the determination of performing a journey in writing, in which Grimm found no pleasure equal to that of putting all sorts of impieties in the mouth of Diderot, and thrusting me into the Inquisition instead of him. Can any thing be imagined more black and treacherous?' However, the fact is here explained very differently. It seems the Baron de Holbach was to be one of the principal actors in this romantic tour, and it was settled that he should stumble and fall into a pit while preaching prudence to his friend Diderot; that Diderot himself should get into the clutches of the inquisition at Rome; Rousseau under the leads (*sous les plombs*) at Venice; and that M. Grimm, driven to despair by the misfortunes of his friends, should lose his senses, and be shut up in the madhouse at Turin. 'Voilà la seule version véritable, et l'on nous saura gré sans doute des recherches que nous avons faites pour la rétablir dans toute son intégrité.'

Another of poor Rousseau's *tracasseries*, related in this volume, is so divertingly characteristic, that we cannot forbear from giving the history of it as we find it. It is related by one of the actors in the famous tour just described, and of whom we shall say more shortly, M. le Baron de Holbach.

'You would never guess at the scene which occasioned our rupture. He dined at my house with Diderot, Saint Lambert, Marmontel, the Abbé Raynal, and a Curé who after dinner read a tragedy to us of his own composition. It was preceded by a discourse on theatrical works in general. He thus distinguished comedy from tragedy. The business of a comedy, said he, is always a marriage; and that of a tragedy, a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—shall they kill, or shall they not kill?—They shall

*shall* marry, they *shall* kill, and so ends the first act. They *shall not* marry, they *shall not* kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and of killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises and prevents the marriage and the murder, and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill, which completes the piece.—We found this exposition so original, that it was impossible for us to give a serious answer to the questions of the author. Jean Jacques had not spoken a word, had not smiled for a single moment, had not moved from his chair, when all at once he started up like a madman and darting towards the Curé, he snatched his manuscript, threw it on the ground, and said to the terrified author: “Your piece is worth nothing—your discourse is wild and ridiculous, all these gentlemen are laughing at you; begone, and preach at home!”—The Curé then rose, not less furious than Jean Jacques, poured forth every possible imprecation against his adviser; and from imprecations would have gone to blows and to the murder which constitutes tragedy, if we had not separated them. Rousseau left us in a rage which has not yet subsided. Diderot, Grimm and I, have vainly endeavoured to reconcile him, he always flies from us. Soon after, those misfortunes befel him, in which we had no share, except by the affliction they occasioned us. He considered this very affliction as a jest, and his misfortunes as our work. He imagined, that we had armed the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, and all Europe against him. It was necessary to renounce, not admiring and pitying him, but loving him, and telling him that we loved him.’

The character of Rousseau's extraordinary work, his *Confessions*, seems to be appreciated with the degree of good sense which we might expect, but with more good feeling than is always to be found, in these pages. It will recal to some of our readers the observations on the same production which are contained in a little work before referred to, and particularly noticed in one of the late numbers of this Review.

‘While we allow,’ says the writer of the article, ‘that these memoirs are full of inequalities, extravagancies, frivolous details, insipidities, and (if you please) of falsehoods, it would be difficult not to recognise in them the author's intention to shew himself to his readers such as he really was, or as he really believed himself to be; and with such an intention, there is necessarily combined a degree of interest which is essential to the very nature of the work; the account which a man like Rousseau renders to himself for his most secret sentiments, for the origin of all his thoughts and all his affections, however defective it may be, and whatever prejudices may mingle themselves with it, will always afford salutary instruction on the art of self-observation. How many interesting scenes, how many forgotten feelings of our infancy and of our early youth, does not the reading of these memoirs bring back to our recollection! And who is there so unhappy as not to feel the charm attached to the recovery of those obliterated traces?’

Jours

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,  
 Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,  
 Et mon cœur enchanté, sur la rive fleurie  
 Respire encor l'air pur du matin de la vie.'

The ingratitude, which he makes so constant and heavy a subject of self-reproach, is attributed rather to the circumstances in which he was placed, than to any natural defect of character; his zealous ardour in favour of savage life, to the love of paradox; his hatred of literary men partly to the same cause, and partly to imaginary slights and insults in early life. His discourse which received the prize from the academy of Dijon, was owing to the advice which Diderot gave, possibly in jest. The philosopher of Geneva had at first decided to write in favour of the influence of letters on society, but being questioned by the encyclopédiste, and announcing his intention, 'C'est le pont aux ânes,' replied his adviser, 'prenez le parti contraire, et vous verrez quel bruit vous ferez.' The suggestion was adopted; and Rousseau's disposition led him all the rest of his life to be a party in the cause on which he had entered only as an advocate. The success with which this essay was attended, first brought him forward in that world of letters which he affected so to despise. This event in his career is described with humour and perhaps with justice. 'Twenty years passed in being nothing, tormented his pride, and embittered the earliest enjoyments of his vanity. He recollected that, when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not admitted to his employer's table in the society of literary men; and he therefore entered the field of literature in the same spirit with which Marius returned to Rome, breathing vengeance, and remembering the marshes of Minturnæ.' As it is probable that we may not soon be again in the company of this extraordinary man, we would willingly take leave of him in good humour, and therefore transcribe the following original and characteristic letter to the good woman who had nursed him in childhood. It is dated Montmorency, 22d July, 1761.

'Votre lettre, ma chère Jacqueline, est venue réjouir mon cœur dans un moment où je n'étais guère en état d'y répondre; je saisis un temps de relâche pour vous remercier de votre souvenir et de votre amitié qui me sera toujours chère; pour moi, je n'ai point cessé de penser à vous et de vous aimer. Souvent je me suis dit dans mes souffrances, que, si ma bonne Jacqueline n'eut pas pris tant de peine à me conserver étant petit, je n'aurais pas souffert tant de maux étant grand. Soyez persuadée que je ne cesserai jamais de prendre le plus tendre intérêt à votre santé et à votre bonheur, et que ce sera toujours un vrai plaisir pour moi de recevoir de vos nouvelles. Adieu, ma chère et bonne Jacqueline; je ne vous parle pas de ma santé pour ne pas vous affliger; que

que le bon dieu conserve la vôtre, et vous comble de tous les biens que sous desirez.

‘Votre pauvre Jean Jacques qui vous embrasse de tout son cœur.’

The name of the Baron de Holbach is familiar to all who have heard any thing of Parisian society during the latter part of the 18th century, and yet he is absolutely unknown by his works, and most persons would find it difficult to say upon what his reputation for wit and genius was particularly founded. The last volume of this collection contains a sort of memoir of his literary life and character which, though evidently drawn up in the spirit of a panegyrist, may tend to dissipate our ignorance concerning them. ‘I have seldom,’ says the writer, ‘met with a man more universally learned, than M. de Holbach; I have never seen any whose learning was so unambitious or attended with so little desire to display it. His knowledge, like his fortune, was as much for others as for himself, but never for *opinion* . . . . nobody would have suspected that he possessed either, if he could have helped discovering them without injury to his own enjoyments and the welfare of his friends.’ By his labours he contributed essentially to the great progress made in the sciences of chemistry and natural philosophy during his life; but it was not till after he was no more that his friends publicly proclaimed him the author of a work which made a great deal more noise than it appears to have deserved, the ‘*fameux*’—(this word, we should recollect, may be taken in two senses)—*Système de la Nature*. Of the atheistical principles contained in this work, the writer, after entering his protest against them, adds that all who knew the author owe him the justice to confess that no personal consideration, no selfish view, attached him to this melancholy system. His two other works, the ‘*Système Social*,’ and ‘*Morale Universelle*,’ in which the author vainly endeavours to build up new fortifications in the room of those which his former efforts were designed to demolish, were never read by any body. The poison was eagerly swallowed, but no one would touch the antidote. The writer of this article draws from the circumstance very grave and sensible reflections, but of a nature too obvious to need repetition. We quit the memoir of the author, to contemplate the portrait of the man, which is very agreeably painted.

‘He had reason to believe in the empire of reason, for his passions (and the passions of each individual are always those by which he judges his fellow-creatures) were precisely such as they ought to be in order to give a just ascendancy to good principles. He loved women, he was very sensible to the pleasures of the table, but without being the slave of his inclinations in either respect. He was incapable of hating; yet it was not without effort that he dissembled his natural abhorrence of priests

—in speaking of them, his sweetness of disposition was soured in spite of himself, his goodnature often gave way to bitterness and the spirit of provocation. One of the most violent passions perhaps that occupied him during all his life, but above all in the latter years of it, was curiosity; he loved news as a child loves playthings, and with that sort of blindness so natural to all ardent habits, he had very little selection in his appetite; good or bad, false or true, there was nothing that had not some attraction for him, there was nothing even that he was not immediately disposed to believe. It really appeared as if he had reserved all his credulity for news gathered from the gazettes and in coffee-houses, after having refused it to intelligence from the other world. He took great pleasure in the most minute detail of circumstances, even when their falsehood was demonstrated. How often was he not displeased with M. de Grimm, who while they were at dinner, would with a single word, overthrow a whole history which he had amused himself with in the morning under the piazzas of the Palais royal! "Now that is so like you!" he would say, in a tone of good humoured anger; "you tell us nothing, and will never believe any thing we tell you."

M. d'Holbach reckoned among his friends MM. Helvetius, Diderot, d'Alembert, Condillac, Turgot, Buffon, Rousseau, and several foreigners worthy of being associated with them, Hume, Garrick, the Abbé Galiani, &c. If a society so distinguished was calculated to give additional strength to his mind, it was with equal truth remarked that among those illustrious men there was not one to whom he could not impart much useful and curious information. He had a fine library, and the extent of his memory enabled him to retain all the knowledge with which his studies had enriched it. He recollected without any effort of mind all that deserved, and much that did not deserve, to be remembered. "Whatever system my imagination enables me to invent," said Diderot to me more than once, "I am sure that my friend Holbach will find facts and authorities to justify."

We expected to have found some entertainment in a letter written by a friend of the Baron's who accompanied him to England in the year 1765, and professes to communicate the observations which were made by him during his tour—but if the Baron really made no other observations than those which his companion pleases to repeat, it must be confessed that he was a very unphilosophical traveller. A few common-places on our coal fires, our national melancholy, our gardens, Ranelagh, and Shakspeare, are all we can get from him. The concluding reflection of the retailer of these notable sayings is worth all of them. 'Après cela, voyez combien un voyageur et un voyageur se ressemblent peu. Helvétius est revenu de Londres, fou à lier des Anglais. Le baron en est revenu bien désabusé.' It seems then that France too had her Smellfuuguses.

For our disappointment in this instance, we are in some measure indemnified by some letters which appear to have been written by

by Grimm himself on a similar occasion, and are inserted in the last of these volumes; the date of his visit was 1790, and the admiration which he expresses of every thing English is perhaps a little heightened by his abhorrence of the revolutionary fashions of his own country. The temper of the French reformers towards England had by this time undergone a wonderful alteration since the year 1786, when he thus writes concerning it.

‘We remember the great revolution which M. Bertin meditated when he proposed in the most serious manner possible to Louis XV to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit. Without suspecting any of our present ministers of a similar project, might we not be tempted to believe that some genius equally enterprising with that of M. Bertin has been employing itself for these few years past about the means of inoculating us with the English spirit, and that it has even been tolerably successful?’

The picture, which follows this introduction, of the new state of manners which Paris at this time owed to the prevailing *anglomanie*, brings before us one of the most remarkable symptoms of that greater change which was now fast approaching. Its most striking feature is the general institution of clubs, and the consequent desertion of female society. ‘If our happy inconstancy,’ concludes this lively and sensible writer, ‘did not give room to hope that the fashion will not be everlasting, it might certainly be apprehended that the taste for clubs would lead insensibly to a very marked revolution both in the spirit and morals of the nation; but that disposition, which we possess by nature, of growing tired of every thing, affords some satisfaction in all our follies, while it ought to moderate the vanity with which our sublime projects are so apt to inspire us. In spite then *‘des clubs, des wiskis, des jockeys, des fracs noirs, et de tout ce que le magasin de Sykes offre de vases et de meubles charmans,* we may venture still to predict that we shall no more become English than we have already become Chinese, however ingenious may have been the measures taken by M. Bertin to work this admirable metamorphosis. *Ainsi soit-il!*’

The anecdote above alluded to is contained in an article on the *Memoirs of the Missionaries of Pekin*.

‘It has long been known,’ says the writer, ‘that the publication of this work was owing to the care of M. Bertin; but what we have hitherto been ignorant of is the motive which had engaged him to think of it; it is this—Louis XV, who, as M. Schomberg used to say, was the greatest philosopher in his kingdom, sometimes felt *que tout n’allait pas en France le mieux du monde*. Conversing with M. Bertin one day on the necessity of reforming so many abuses, he ended by observing to him that they should never succeed without completely new modelling the spirit of the nation, and begged him to consider by what means this object might  
be



be most surely attained. M. Bertin promised to think about it; and at the end of some days he came to the king and told him that he thought he had at last discovered the secret of satisfying his majesty's paternal wishes. And what is it?—*Sire, it is to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit.*—The king found this idea so bright, that he approved all that his minister took it into his head to suggest to him for the execution of it. Young literati were sent for at a great expense out of China; were carefully instructed in our language and in our sciences; and were afterwards sent back to Peking; and it is from the memoirs of these new missionaries that this collection was formed. It is true that the spirit of the nation does not appear as yet to exhibit any marks of the happy revolution which M. Bertin's ingenious idea was to suggest; but we may still remember that there was a moment when all our chimneys were covered with *Magots de la Chine*, and most of our furniture made after the Chinese fashion.

In September 1783, our correspondent thus writes to his illustrious employer:

'We are on the point of losing Messrs. d'Alembert and Diderot; the first of a marasma, joined to a disease in the bladder, the second of a dropsy. It is singular enough that two men who together have given the tone to the age in which they lived, who have together built up the edifice of a work which secures to them immortality, seem also to descend to the tomb hand in hand. M. le Marquis de Condorcet, who pays to M. d'Alembert all the duties that a father could expect from his son, is perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and at the present moment also director of the French Academy; M. d'Alembert, in entrusting him with his last dispositions, said to him laughing, in spite of his sufferings, *Mon ami, vous ferez mon éloge dans les deux Académies; vous n'avez pas de temps à perdre pour cette double besogne.* We take an interest,' adds the writer, 'mingled with respect, in collecting the last words of a dying philosopher; they become still more precious when they paint to us the tranquillity of his mind in these last moments.'

The philosopher died shortly after the date of this article. He was only sixty-six, and might probably have lengthened his life to a much longer period if he had had courage to submit to a surgical operation. The writer who communicates the account of his death mentions, by way of contrast to the weakness of this 'coryphæus of philosophers,' the example of an archbishop of eighty, who had just before undergone the operation with equal courage and success; and he adds this curious reflection—'*mais cette disposition tient moins sans doute au caractère de nos idées qu'à celui de nos sentimens; peut-être même un géomètre a-t-il l'esprit trop juste pour avoir du courage.*' The ecclesiastical authorities were more indulgent to him than to Voltaire: steering a middle course, they adopted the supposition that he might internally have become a true believer

believer at his last groan, and therefore admitted him into a corner of the churchyard; but, to punish his exterior nonconformity, shut the doors of the church itself against him. Perhaps it was as a means of purchasing this indulgence that his last will began, 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' which, as the writer observes, *de la part d'un philosophe*, has somewhat the air of an indecent pleasantry.

We have not room to transcribe any large portion of the *éloge* which follows the account of his death; but a few particulars relating to his person and character may not be unacceptable. It is said there are no portraits of d'Alembert which greatly resemble him, and that his face was difficult to be painted. There was something very common in the form of his features, and an air of indecision in his physiognomy; but a Lavater, it is added, might have discovered in the folds of his forehead, in the unquiet motion of his eyelids, in the lower part of a nose at the same time large and pointed, many traces of an expression sufficiently determinate. His eyes were small but lively, his mouth large, but in his smile there was an archness mingled with bitterness and 'something, I know not what, of imperious.' The habit of the most penetrating attention, and the native originality of a temper rather irascible and captious than perverse, were the features principally discernible in the general effect of his person.

'Les personnes qui ont vécu le plus intimement avec M. d'Alembert le trouvaient bon sans bonté, sensible sans sensibilité, vain sans orgueil, chagrin sans tristesse,—we cannot venture a translation of this passage,—but the writer goes on to say, that 'these strange contradictions were explained by that mixture of coldness, feebleness, and activity which so essentially characterised his mind and all his habits. He was accused of affecting very eagerly the glory of being chief of the encyclopedic party, and of having committed more than one act of injustice, more than one literary fraud, for the sake of attaining this glory. It would take a long while to discuss this imputation; but what cannot be denied is, that the passions which are inspired by party-spirit were precisely those of which he would be naturally the most susceptible; for there are none which so readily take hold on minds of frigid temperature; and it may accordingly be asserted with safety that as he performed many good actions without goodness, so the wrongs which the pretended victims of his tyranny lay to his charge, were committed by him without malice.'

The society to which M. d'Alembert addicted himself, and of which he was the chief, enjoyed for many years the most brilliant reputation of any in Paris.

'His own conversation offered at once all that can instruct and amuse the mind. He lent himself with equal facility and complaisance to whatever subject was capable of giving the most general satisfaction; he

he entered into it with sincerity and *naïveté*, and with an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas and anecdotes and curious recollections; there may be said to have been no subject, however dry or frivolous in itself, which he did not possess the art of rendering attractive. He spoke extremely well, told his stories with extreme neatness; and vented his sallies of humour with a grace and readiness which were peculiar to him.

In respect to women, although (if we are to credit report) nature had made him only a platonic admirer, '*il est bien plus vrai qu'il n'en fut pas moins soumis à leur empire; il fut le plus amoureux de tous les esclaves et le plus esclave de tous les amoureux.*'

'His reputation was already in its zenith when a woman, *aussi coquette que frivole*, took a fancy to conquer him. She gained such entire possession, that he soon neglected all his studies and all his affairs, and she might possibly have succeeded in ruining him altogether, if Madame Geoffrin, on being informed of it, had not taken upon herself the management of this little intrigue, with all the address and all the strength of character to be expected from her real friendship. She went to see the lady in question, though she had no acquaintance with her, represented strongly the irreparable mischief she was doing to her friend, and doing (to all appearance) without any hope of profit; she made her give up all the letters she had received from him, and obtained a solemn promise that she would see him no more. Nothing can be compared with the prodigious ascendancy that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had acquired over all his thoughts and actions. Though he now and then revolted against her tyranny, he did not the less support its yoke with a devotedness superior to every trial. There is no unhappy Savoyard throughout Paris who executes so many errands, so many fatiguing commissions, as the first geometrician of Europe, the chief of the sect of encyclopedists, the dictator of our academies, the philosopher who had the honour of refusing to undertake the education of a czar, underwent every morning in the service of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; and even this was not all that she ventured to exact from him. Reduced to be the confidant of her noble passion for a young Spaniard, M. de Mora, he was charged with all the arrangements essential to the carrying on this intrigue; and when his happy rival had quitted France, it was d'Alembert they fixed upon to wait at the post-office for the arrival of the messenger, that he might procure for the lady the pleasure of receiving her letters a quarter of an hour sooner.'

The conduct of d'Alembert (who is well known to have been the fruit of a licentious amour, and deserted at his birth by his noble but unnatural parents) towards the honest people who had brought him up, forms the best feature in his character. He continued to live with his nurse till the moment of his departure for Berlin. A short time before, his infamous mother expressed a desire to see him, with which he complied very repugnantly, and insisted on the  
interview

interview taking place in the presence of this good woman. Madame de Tencin, shocked at the coldness with which he received her advances, exclaimed, 'Mais, je suis votre mère.'—'*Vous ma mère! non, la voici; je n'en connais point d'autre. . . .*' So saying, he fell on his nurse's neck and bathed her with his tears. On his return from Berlin he came back to his truly maternal mansion. After the death of his foster-father, the poor woman was reduced to great distress by the unnatural conduct of her grandchildren: as soon as he heard of their proceedings, he ran to her, and exclaimed, *Laissez tout emporter par ces indignes, je ne vous abandonnerai point.* And he religiously kept the promise which he then made.

The death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, notwithstanding the iron rod of despotism with which she governed him, is stated to have been a loss equally irreparable to himself and to the society of which she formed one of the principal ornaments. After that event, the latter became more mixed, and less agreeable in consequence; and the ascendancy which the philosopher possessed, and which we find he did not always use in the most generous manner over the literary world, was observed to decline sensibly from the same period.

'Without fortune, birth, or beauty, she had succeeded in forming around her a very numerous, a various, and attentive society. Her circle met together every day from the hour of five to nine. In attending it, one was sure of finding the best company, chosen from all orders of the state, the church, and the court, the most distinguished military characters, foreigners, and literati. All the world allows that if the name of d'Alembert first attracted them, she only kept them together. Entirely devoted to the care of preserving this society, of which she was herself the soul and the ornament, she had rendered all her private tastes and connections subservient to it. She hardly ever went to the play or into the country, and whenever she made an exception to her rule, it was an event of which all Paris was forewarned.'

Such is the account here presented to us of this celebrated coterie, and of the extraordinary woman who presided at it. It is not to be presumed that either could escape the shafts of satire and ridicule. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was loudly censured for meddling with the philosophers, and for her intrigues to secure the supremacy of her geometrical friend, and we are told of a comedy by Dorat, which was never published, but much read and enjoyed in private circles, entitled '*Les Proneurs*,' in which 'the principal character is a young man who desires to be initiated in the mysteries of the modern philosophy, and whom they consequently instruct in the means by which he may attain most easily to a high celebrity. M. d'Alembert and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse play

the first parts among the instructors. One of their most zealous admirers is an old courtier hard of hearing, before whom they read the plan of a new tragedy, and who, seeing all the world in extasies, exclaims more loudly than anybody, *Là voilà la bonne comédie! &c.*

— ‘ Nobody ever possessed greater talents for society than Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse. She had acquired in a most eminent degree that art which is so difficult and so precious, of drawing out the powers of others, of interesting and bringing them into play, without any appearance of constraint or effort. She knew how to unite the most various, and sometimes the most opposite intellects, without appearing to take any pains; with a word adroitly thrown in, she supported conversation, reanimated it, and varied it at pleasure. There was nothing that did not appear within her reach, nothing that did not seem to please her, or that she did not know how to render agreeable to others; politics, religion, philosophy, tales, news—nothing was excluded from her conversations, and, thanks to her talents, the most trifling anecdote naturally found in it the precise place and degree of attention that it deserved to occupy. Every novelty was there exhibited in all its freshness. General conversation never languished, and without anything compulsory, people talked apart whenever they thought it convenient; but the genius of Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse was every where present, and one might have said that the charm of some invisible power incessantly recalled all private interests towards the common centre. To carry the art of conversation to such a point of perfection, it doubtless was not sufficient to have been born with great wit and an extraordinary suppleness of character, it was also necessary that these talents should have been early exercised and formed by the usage of the world; this is what Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse had been able to do with great success in the house of Madame du Defland, and it was, perhaps, this very success to which her unhappy quarrel with that lady was owing. *What might however lead one to suspect that other causes were added, is that, generally speaking, Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse is infinitely more regretted by her acquaintance than by her friends.* Can we expect to find all the talents and all the virtues united?’

We do not know where to find so complete a picture of this celebrated woman as these passages afford us. It was not discovered till after her death, adds the writer, that she had lived for many years on a pension of Madame de Geoffrin’s, which we imagine was bestowed in consequence of the singular interview before stated to have taken place between them, and that this was, all her fortune.

The praises of Diderot are dealt out with such unsparing profusion, and in such inflated language of panegyric, that we do not think them capable of affording much insight into the real character either of the man or the author. If we are to believe, in its full extent, the information conveyed in a note to this article, more than  
one

one of the most celebrated writers of the day are indebted to him for a very important share in the reputation they enjoy. Not to mention Helvetius and Buffon, a full third of the *Histoire philosophique et politique des deux Indes* is claimed for Diderot.

'We have seen him compose a great part of it,' adds the writer, 'under our own eyes. He was often alarmed, himself, at the boldness with which he made his friend speak out; but *who*, he used to say, *will dare to put his name to that?*—*Myself*, replied the Abbé Raynal.—*Proceed.*'

'I have seen,' the King of Prussia wrote to d'Alembert, 'I have seen the Abbé Raynal. By the manner in which he talked to me of the power, the resources, and the riches of all the nations on the face of the globe, I imagined that I was conversing with providence. I took good care not to call in doubt the exactness of any, his most minute, calculations; I was aware that he would not understand raillery, even to the value of a six livre piece.'

This character of perfect *bonne foi* and simplicity appears to be much more common in France, especially among the men of learning and science, than may be generally expected from the reputation of the French people for wit. It should always be remembered, therefore, that the species of wit approved and practised in the good societies of Paris, was ever remote from that which, under the name of *persiflage*, they used to hold in great contempt as unworthy the polish of courteous refinement to which they aspired. 'It is only since the pot boiled over, that the tribes of *mystificateurs* and practical jokers have been found floating in such numbers upon its surface.' The Abbé de St. Pierre was another literary character of the best Parisian stamp. His peculiarities seem to have been well painted in the Eloge pronounced upon him at the academy by d'Alembert, if we may judge from the slight notice of it here given.

'Although his works breathe in every page the spirit of beneficence and humanity, they are yet much less curious than his person and character. His views in politics are narrow and chimerical; but respecting his own nature they were large and just. Jean Jacques has described him by saying, *c'était la raison parlante, agissante, ambulante*. He feared much less the reproach of being ridiculous than the misfortune of partaking in the absurdities of his age. A strict observer of all that appeared to him invested with the character of reason and evidence, he even refused to do like the rest of the world in little things, that he might habituate himself not to be servile in great ones. Accordingly, he always wore his watch suspended from his button-hole. . . . He was so fully persuaded that all the arts of which he could not see the immediate utility would fall into oblivion, that after having heard a tragedy full of warmth and interest, but which did not present to his mind any essentially useful idea, he coldly said, *cela est encore fort beau.*'

Another Parisian portrait of the highest order is that of Delille, which, although painted by a friend, is nevertheless touched with a freedom and delicacy of pencil which render it very *piquant*.

‘ Nothing is comparable with the graces of his mind, with his fire, his gaiety, his sallies, even his inconsistencies. His very works do not possess the character, *the physiognomy* of his conversation. In reading him, one fancies that he is devoted to the most serious subjects; in seeing him, one would suppose that he was altogether incapable of thinking upon any; he is by turns the master and the scholar. He scarcely inquires about what occupies society in general; little events affect him little; he takes care of nothing, of nobody, not even of himself; often, having heard nothing and seen nothing, he is nevertheless *à propos*; he often utters good *naïvetés*; but he is always agreeable; his ideas follow each other in close succession, and he communicates them all; his speech is without jargon and without premeditation; his conversation a happy mixture of beauties and negligences, an amiable disorder which always charms and sometimes astonishes.

His figure . . . . . a little girl used to say that it was all of a zigzag. The women never remark what it is, but only what it expresses; it is really ugly, but much more curious than ugly, I would even say interesting. He has a wide mouth, but it opens to utter beautiful verses. His eyes are grey and sunk in his head; yet he is able to do with them whatever he pleases, and the mobility of his features communicates so instantaneously to his countenance an air of sentiment, of grandeur, or of playfulness, as not to leave it time to appear ugly; he pays attention to it, but only as he pays attention to everything that is droll and that can make him laugh; accordingly the care he takes of it is always in direct contrast to the occasion: he has been seen to present himself in a frock at a duchess's, and to ride through the woods in silk stockings.

‘ His mind is just fifteen years old, so easy to be known; it is soothing and affectionate, it has twenty springs in motion at once, and yet it is never uneasy; it never loses itself in the future, and concerns itself still less with the past. Sensible to excess, it is open to attack in every various mode, but it can never be conquered; its want of reason, or at least its gaiety, come to its relief and render him the happiest of beings: must we add, that this gaiety is sometimes careless to a degree of downright folly?

‘ His conduct, like his language, is *fort abandonnée*. The pleasures of the town are nothing for him; he knows not how to trouble himself about them. He abandons himself willingly to a single object; he is never tired; he has no need either of a large society or of a spacious theatre, and sometimes he forgets the promises of posterity; in sober truth, he suffers himself to be happy (*il se laisse être heureux*.) Do not be surprised therefore at the hours he affords you; no doubt he is well with you, but he is well every where, even with his *gouvernante*: *il joue à la peur lorsqu'il n'en fait pas une Andromaque ou une Zaïre*. Your conversation attaches him, I allow; but he is just as well satisfied when

when he passes two hours in combing his horse ; and yet he sometimes forgets him also, either losing himself in the woods, or (when he is not afraid) contemplating the moon, or a blade of grass, in other words, abandoning himself to his rêveries.

‘ But if he cannot be praised for the merit of an uniform life, at least he cannot be censured for the faults of a dissipated one ; if his conduct is not regulated with profound wisdom, it is nevertheless pure ; and if he is distinguished by no grand features of character, he supplies the want of them by engaging manners, simplicity, grace, and a gaiety so genuine, so fresh, so naïve, and withall so ingenious, that it draws as many constant admirers about his person as about that of a beautiful woman ; in short, by an inexpressible charm which inspires you at once with such emotions of curiosity, and of inclination, as are usually experienced for a charming child ; and that sort of unalterable attachment which seems to be reserved for souls of a yet lower order ; *c'est le poëte de Platon, un être sacré, léger, et volage.*’

No two personages in this great literary panorama are, perhaps, more strongly contrasted than Thomas and La Harpe, at least as they are represented to us on the canvass of this correspondence. It was of the former that Madame Necker used to say, ‘ he loved glory too ardently not to be sometimes agitated by the successes of others ; but I never detected this noble weakness of his soul, except by the excess of the praises with which he then loaded his fortunate rivals. It was the same with all his imperfections ; they always made him extol with exaggeration those good qualities that were directly opposed to them, in such a manner that you never got acquainted with his defects, except through the medium of his virtues.’ The following is the reverse ; but we must in candour to our own profession observe that it is the portrait of a critic drawn by an offended author. That author is Guibert.

‘ This man’ (La Harpe) ‘ continually sacrifices duration to *éclat* and truth to effect ; he is always bringing forth, because he will have the public be constantly thinking of him, and nothing ripens under his hands because he is devoured with impatience to gather. Ever restless, ever suspicious, he passes his life in listening for the noise which he fancies he has made ; he assigns rules, he distinguishes classes, he imposes limits, and he forgets that genius sometimes happily breaks through all these troublesome barriers. He grows pale at successful efforts, and he analyses, in order to reduce them to the level of his own. Poor man ! as if no merit could exist anywhere but at his own expense !’

We subjoin a little anecdote. La Harpe chose, with the licence which authors sometimes assume, to deny his tragedy of *Virginie*. One day, at the Academy, he had been supporting the denial with great emphasis. *Eh bien, said M. de Sedaine, je l'ai revue hier ; il y a, je vous assure, monsieur, des scènes que vous ne désavoueriez*



pas.—*Des!* . . . . . replied M. de la Harpe,—then recollecting himself, coloured and held his tongue.

Being on the subject of theatrical anecdotes, we shall mention one relating to another author, which though of older date is here brought forward. We will not take upon us to affirm that it is not well known already. On the first representation of Marmontel's *Cleopatra*, in which the unfortunate queen is made to die on the stage of the bite of the aspic, 'this reptile automate, contrived by the celebrated Vaucanson, darted forward, with a terrible hiss, on the bosom of the princess; at the same moment, a voice from the pit was heard to cry *Je suis de l'avis de l'aspic*; it was the voice of Piron.' The unlucky exclamation passed into a proverb, and when the tragedy was again brought forward, thirty-five years afterwards, it had not lost all its effect.

Lemierre was another dramatic author of very considerable powers, though exposed to the shafts of the epigrammatists on account of the excessive harshness of his verses. An instance of his naïveté is recorded on the rehearsal of his tragedy of *Ceramis*. The actors made several criticisms upon the conduct of the piece, and suggested so many alterations, that his *bonhomie* and his self-love were at length equally exhausted, and he exclaimed impatiently, '*Ma foi*, gentlemen, do you believe that you are always to have a *Guillaume Tell* or a *Veuve de Malabar* (the names of two of his most successful tragedies)? Take what is offered to you.' He was extremely proud of a certain verse of his composition,

*Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde,*

and used to call it, κατ' ἐξοχήν, *mon vers*. La Clos, the author of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, took advantage of this known partiality, to compose an epitaph, which he gave out as written by Lemierre for his own tombstone.

Passant, entre en cet antre, et pleure sur ce roc,  
Un rare et grand auteur qui passa la noire onde,  
Ravi d'avoir avant tiré de son estoc

*Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde.*

Barthe was another who had attained a certain degree of popularity in his day, and is the hero of an anecdote which we communicated in our Review of the former series of this correspondence. Some diverting instances are given of the peculiarity there alluded to, but which it is added has more the effect of habit, and existed rather in outward manner than in real disposition, which was humane and benevolent. He had been closely connected with Colardeau, but had seen little of him for a considerable time, when he was informed that he was on the point of death. Barthe instantly flew to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition

condition to listen, addressed him thus—‘My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favour to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my *Homme personnel*.’ ‘Consider,’ replied the dying man, ‘that I have only a few hours to live.’ ‘*Hélas, oui!* and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play.’ His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing. ‘Pray let me know it.’ ‘Yes,’ replied Colardeau, with a smile; ‘you must make him force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts.’

But his pestering a dying friend admits of some excuse, when we find that the subject of the drama formed the serious occupation of his own last moments. On the eve of his death, he said to the Marquis de Vieilleville, who paid him a visit, ‘My physicians tell me I am better, but I know too well from the excess of my sufferings that I cannot recover. However, I have other things to think of at this moment. Pray visit me again when you come from the opera.’ He did so; and the dying man talked to him of nothing but *Iphigénie* and the success of Mlle. Dozon, whose *début* in this part had greatly interested him.

To this instance of the ruling passion, we may add another which surpasses even Pope’s celebrated Example of Mrs. Oldfield. Madame de Charolais, being in the same circumstances with the dying actress, was with extreme difficulty prevailed upon to receive the sacrament without *rouge*. Being at last unable to resist the entreaties of her confessor, who, we suppose, insisted on the sin of face painting, she at last consented to wipe away the beloved ornament; ‘but in this case,’ she said to her women, ‘give me some other ribbons; you know how horribly ill yellow becomes my complexion.’

Several other stories are told of poor Barthe. But we suspect that he was one of those unfortunate beings respecting whom all the world is agreed that invention is no calumny. M. de Choisy had addressed to him some verses on his translation of the Art of Love, in which he styled him *Vainqueur de Bernard et d’Ovide*. ‘Ah! *Vainqueur!*’ exclaimed Barthe with great modesty, ‘that is too strong—much too strong—indeed—nay, I must insist upon your altering that expression.’ ‘Well, if it must be so, if you absolutely insist upon it, it shall be *rival*!’—they then talked of other matters, but just as they were about to part, M. Barthe paused a few moments, and then going up to his companion, in the most affectionate manner, said to him in a tone of great tenderness, ‘*Vainqueur* is more harmonious.’

We find the following note on the character of Alfieri, who in the year 1787 was hardly yet known in France :

‘ This is a Piedmontese gentleman, who has given up to his sister the better half of a very ample fortune, in order to spend the remainder as he pleases. His ruling passions are verse and horses. If he is to be believed, we have hitherto been all in the wrong, both in France and Italy, with regard to the true conception of tragedy : we used to believe that it ought to be written with tears, but we are now taught that it should be with blood.’

We have a delightful letter to Grimm from the Prince de Ligne, accompanied by a slight sketch or statement of the condition of the Russian empire. We have no room for the latter, though it is not an uninteresting document, but we shall make no apology for copying the former. It is dated from Moscow, 15th July, 1787.

‘ On vous aime beaucoup, M. le Baron, on parle souvent de vous, mais vous écrit-on ? *Catherine le Grand* (car elle fera faire une faute de français à la postérité) n’en a peut-être pas le tems. Peut être ces petits détails que je viens de dicter vous donneront-ils une idée, quoique bien faible, de ce que nous avons vu ; d’ailleurs, c’est *indignatio facit relation* ; car je suis outré de la basse jalousie qu’en Europe l’on a conçue contre la Russie. Je voudrais apprendre à vivre à cette partie de l’Europe qui cherche à déshonorer la plus grande ; si elle se donnait la peine de voyager, elle verrait où il y a le plus de barbarie. Il est extraordinaire, par exemple, que les Grâces aient sauté notre saint Empire à pieds joints pour venir de Paris s’établir à Moscou, et deux cents werstes encore plus loin, où nous avons trouvé des femmes charmantes, mises à merveille, dansantes, chantantes, et aimantes peut-être comme des anges.

‘ L’Empereur a été extrêmement aimable les trois semaines qu’il a passées avec nous. Les conversations de deux personnes qui ont soixante millions d’habitans et huit cent mille soldats ne pouvait être qu’interessante en voiture, où j’en profitais bien, les interrompant souvent par quelque bêtise qui me faisait rire en attendant qu’elle fit rire les autres, car nous avons toujours joui de la liberté, qui seule fait le charme de la société ; et vous connaissez le genre simple de celle de l’impératrice, qu’un rien divertit, et qui ne monte à l’élévation du sublime que lorsqu’il est question de grands objets.

‘ Il faut absolument, M. le Baron, que nous revenions ici ensemble ; ce sera le moyen que je sois encore mieux reçu. Ce n’est pas que vous ayez besoin de rappeler à l’impératrice tout ce que vous avez d’aimable ; car, absent, elle vous voit, mais elle sera fort aise de dire : Présent, je le trouve. Vous ferez de charmantes connaissances ; M. de Mamorow, par exemple, est un sujet de grande espérance ; il est plein d’esprit, d’agrément et de connaissances. Vous vous doutez bien de l’agrément que le Comte de Ségur a répandu dans tout le voyage. Je suis désolé qu’il soit presque fini.

‘ J’ai fait bâtir un temple dédié à l’impératrice par une inscription, près d’un rocher où était celui d’Iphigénie, et un autel à l’amitié pour  
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le Prince Potemkin, au milieu des plus beaux et gros arbres à fruits que j'aie vus, et au bord de la mer, où se réunissent tous les torrens des montagnes. Cette petite terre, que m'a donnée l'impératrice, s'appelle *Parthenizza*, ou le cap Vierge, et est habitée par cinquante-six familles tartares, qui ne le sont pas autant que les déesses et les rois qui exigeaient de durs sacrifices, comme tout le monde sait. Je ne connais pas de site plus délicieux ; je pourrais dire :

Sur les bords fortunés de l'antique Idalie,  
Lieux où finit l'Europe et commence l'Asie,

car on découvre les montagnes de la Natolie. Ce qu'il y a d'assez singulier, c'est que c'est sur les bords de la Mer Noire, que, tranquille, et vivant au milieu des infidèles, j'ai appris que les fidèles sujets de la maison d'Autriche se révoltaient sur les bords de l'Océan. Je ne m'attendais pas qu'il y eût plus de sûreté pour moi dans mes terres du Pont-Euxin que dans celles de la Flandre.'

We should not easily conjecture either that the lively and intelligent Austrian was speaking of the same country and the same people that appeared in such different colours to the eyes of a late English traveller; or that the prejudices of which the Prince de Ligne complains in 1787, have continued to exist and still operate in full force, more than twenty years afterwards, in an age of inquiry and illumination.

It is so pleasant to dwell upon the better days of French society that, in abandoning ourselves to the subjects which they present to us, we have lost sight of the dismal scene of approaching anarchy and confusion, by which the glittering picture was so soon to be reversed, and of which the gradual symptoms occupy no small portion of this series of the *Correspondence*, particularly the two latter volumes. The Baron de Grimm (at least if the principal articles relating to the French Revolution were written by him) appears to have early seen and deeply dreaded the dangers to which the very foundations of society were exposed, although at times he partakes in the prevailing enthusiasm, especially at the period when his friend Necker was the national idol, and when perhaps it may be admitted that the hopes and confidence of the wiser and better part of the nation (however misplaced they may have since appeared to be) were fixed upon him. Many of the later articles in these volumes, however, will be read with a great deal of curiosity and satisfaction, by those to whom it is a laudable object of attention to ascertain in what manner the minds of moderate and thinking persons were affected by the first shocks of that fearful convulsion which has since desolated so large and fair a portion of the inheritance of mankind. The reflections on the *Assemblée des Notables* and of the *Etats Généraux*, and those on the causes and probable effects of the Revolution, then commencing, which are interspersed

interspersed in various parts of the *Correspondence*, from the year 1788 to the conclusion, are marked by deep thought and very sound and just views of general politics. It is impossible for us, however, to do more than barely refer to them at present, and to lament that the *Correspondence* necessarily closes just at the period when, could it have continued, it would (at least in a political sense,) have become most interesting and valuable.

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ART. V. 1. *History of Dissenters, from the Revolution in 1688, to the year 1808.* By David Bogue and James Bennett. 4 vols. 8vo. London; Ogle, Duncan and Co. 1812.

2. *Wilson's History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches.* 4 vols. 8vo. London.

3. *Neal's History of the Puritans.* Abridged in Two Volumes by Edward Parsons. 8vo. London and Leeds. 1812.

**E**CCLESIASTICAL history has rarely been written in an enlightened spirit; rarely, indeed, in a good one. We too often find in it whatever is most monstrous in romance, whatever is most impudent in falsehood; perverse ingenuity, microscopic dullness, bigotry, envy, and uncharitableness. The falsehood belongs more peculiarly to the Romanists, the latter ingredients have been plentifully used by writers of almost every communion. Few studies are so mournful: but to him who reads with understanding and with the mind of a Christian philosopher, perhaps none can be more instructive.

The two new works before us are perhaps as free from the vices which usually pervade books of this description, as is compatible with the spirit of sectarianism. An antiquary indeed, as well as a Roman Catholic, would wonder at the title of Mr. Wilson's volumes, and smile at the *Antiquities* of the Dissenting Churches! The book, however, is praiseworthy in its kind; it is of the nature of our topographical histories; and, though uninviting and unimportant to the general reader, must be interesting to those for whom it is peculiarly designed. The other work is of higher pretensions. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett are indeed any thing rather than impartial writers; nor is it enough to say that their history is somewhat the more attractive on this account, since what is gained in life and character is more than balanced by the loss of candour. We willingly take the opportunity which these writers afford us, of offering some remarks upon the subject of their labours, bringing to the task opinions which are avowedly as decided as their own, and feelings which we trust are not less charitable.

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‘The history of the Church, during the reign of Elizabeth, presents a melancholy picture of discord, bigotry and intolerance.’ So says Mr. Wilson, though it will hardly be expected that his readers of every description will agree with him. ‘The Reformation,’ he adds, ‘as then established in England, was materially defective and came far short of what was designed by those who had the chief hand in promoting it; for the bishops and the Queen were infinitely more concerned to preserve a few unprofitable rites and ceremonies, than to promote the instruction of the people.’ That Elizabeth and her bishops acted sometimes erroneously, and sometimes culpably, will be admitted by those who are most grateful to them for the general tenor of their conduct: but this same writer explains, and in no slight degree justifies, the conduct which he condemns, when he relates how the earliest dissenters held ‘that the constitution of the hierarchy was too bad to be mended; that the very pillars of it were rotten; that the structure ought to be raised anew, and that they were resolved to lay a new foundation, though it were at the hazard of all that was dear to them in the world.’ ‘Their chief error,’ he says, ‘seems to have been their uncharitableness in *unchurching* the whole Christian world except themselves.’ But the Queen and the bishops might not unreasonably think that an error of some magnitude in its consequences was included in the resolution of laying a new foundation for the church, inasmuch as the first business must have been to clear the ground by pulling down that which was already erected.

But it is not our purpose to enter upon an exposure of the fallacies into which these writers have fallen. To write history as it ought to be written, requires a power of intellectual transmigration with which few persons are gifted. The author, if he would deal justly toward those whose actions he professes to record, should go back to their times, and, standing where they stood, endeavour, as far as is possible, to see things as they appeared within their scope of vision, in the same light, and from the same point of view, and through the same medium. It is commonly remarked of private disputes, that both parties are in the wrong, but it is not less true that both may be, to a certain degree, right: and by him who is capable of thus entering into the life of others, it will be found that individuals, sects, and factions who, in ages of political or religious discord, have taken the most opposite parts and acted with the most inveterate hostility to each other, may yet have been equally sincere, equally conscientious, and therefore equally self-justified. This conclusion does not lead to that miserable state of Pyrrhonism which in these days assumes the name of liberality, and is in its consequences scarcely less pernicious than the fiercest bigotry.

gotry. It carries with it comfort as well as humiliation; for when it shews how much of error has been mingled with the virtues of good men, it shews also how many virtues have coexisted with errors of conduct as well as of opinion; and that, mournful as human history is, there has always been more goodness among mankind, than historians have given it credit for.

Uncharitableness is the general fault of history, and of ecclesiastical history most of all. In Bernino's *Historia di Tutte l' Heresie*, there is as regular a machinery as the most approved receipts enjoin for an epic poem; Satan raises a heresy for him just as he raises a storm for Sir Richard Blackmore; and no doubt Bernino wrote as he believed, without the slightest intention of deceiving the reader. Even in authors who abstain from the language of metaphor and mythology, it is amusing to observe how the founder of a sect is usually described as a monster of iniquity. This want of sense as well as of charity has extended almost to our own days. Count Zinzendorf and Wesley did not escape such charges, and Cowper's *Leuconomus* will be recollected by every one. It is a fact that when Priestley was in his worst odour of heresy, a barber, who was shaving him at an inn, happened, during the operation, to discover who the personage was upon whom he was employed, on which he threw down his razor, and ran out of the room, declaring that he had seen a cloven foot! Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, when they speak of the death of Priestley, are not less bigotted than the barber, and far less excusable. They say of him, 'when he bids his family good night, and speaks of death as a *good long sleep*, we almost fancy ourselves transported to Paris at the era of the infidel and revolutionary fury; for alas! Priestley speaks only of sleeping in the grave, and not, like Paul, of sleeping in Jesus!' Whatever Priestley might have been, this is a wicked misrepresentation of him: these writers know that when he spoke of a long sleep, he alluded to his belief in the sleep of the soul till the resurrection, a notion not peculiar to him; and they know that his belief in the resurrection was as sincere as their own, founded upon the same premises, and producing the same consolations. Bigotry makes as dismal an effect upon the understanding as upon the heart.

We must take in this world the evil with the good, and happy are they who perceive how greatly the good preponderates. Of all the blessings which have been vouchsafed to England, abundantly as England has been blessed, the Reformation is the greatest. It rid us of Catholic idolatry, Catholic polytheism, the celibacy of the clergy, and the abomination of auricular confession—an evil, compared with which the monstrous fables and other anti-christian institutions of the Romish church, shrink into insignificance. The price we paid for the deliverance was a religious struggle which,  
after

after more than a century, broke out into a civil war, which the termination of that war mitigated, but could not quell, and which has continued till the present day. In the barbarous kingdoms of Africa and the East, revolutions are like hurricanes; they come as suddenly, and subside as soon; and when the immediate havoc is repaired, things go on as before, till another storm brings with it a similar devastation. But in civilized states where these convulsions affect the minds of men, long series of melancholy causes must bring them on, and longer and more melancholy consequences follow in their train. The price which we have paid has not been too great for the benefit,—for it is to the Reformation that England is indebted for that moral and intellectual eminence which she has so long enjoyed. But woe be to us and our posterity, if the Church Establishment should again be overthrown; if the principles and feelings of men should again be loosened; if the cables of their faith should be cut, and they should be left to drive about at the mercy of the winds and tides! A new age of moral and religious anarchy would ensue, the happiest termination of which would be that which should bring us nearest to our present state, and all the intermediate sum of misery would be only the bitter price which folly pays for repentance.

The Dissenting writers in their representations of Elizabeth seem always to forget that the question was, which church was to be established—theirs or hers. Never had any sovereign a more difficult task to perform: to frame a system which should comprehend all parties was manifestly impossible; that therefore was the best, which, without making any improper concession, should include the greatest number. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett find matter for reproach against the Church in her success. When the oath of supremacy was to be taken, they say that only two hundred and forty-three persons were found among the clergy who had sufficient regard for truth and conscience to give up their preferment. ‘As these,’ they add, ‘were in all probability the best of the party, what can we think of those who retained their livings, and of the establishment which contained so many thousand weathercocks, who after having been reconciled to the Holy See under Mary, now relapsed again to Protestantism at the beck of Elizabeth?’ For the men themselves, who are thus reproached for not having had courage enough to endure the flames, (this is the whole of the charge against them,) it will be sufficient to repeat what Fuller says upon a like occasion, ‘O there is more required to make a man valiant, than only to call another coward!’ And for the slur at the establishment, it must be left for these logicians to shew in what manner any establishment could be so devised as to exclude those who chose to conform to it. But in reality here it is that the wisdom of the founders of our Church appears most conspicuous. They  
purified



purified religion of all the gross corruptions with which Rome had polluted it, and retaining only that which, as they thought, could allowably be retained, offered so little violence to old feelings, that more outcry was raised against them by the zealots of the Reformation than by the Catholics themselves.

Even Milton has joined in this ill-deserved reproach. 'I persuade myself,' says he, 'if our zeal to true religion, and the brotherly usage of our truest friends were as notorious to the world as our *Prelatical schism*, and captivity to *Rochet apophthegms*, we had ere this seen our old conquerors, and afterwards liegemen, the Normans, together with the Britains, our proper colony, and all the Gascoins that are the rightful dowry of our ancient kings, come with cap and knee, desiring the shadow of the English sceptre to defend them from the hot persecutions and taxes of the French. But when they come hither and see a tympany of Spaniolized bishops swaggering in the foretop of the state, and meddling to turn and dandle the royal ball with unskilful and pedantic palms, no marvel though they think it as unsafe to commit religion and liberty to their arbitrating as to a synagogue of Jesuits.' But against the opinion of those who think that we ought to have departed as widely as possible from all the forms and institutions of the Romish church, and that the general cause of Protestantism was injured because the change was not sufficiently broad and striking, there is the weighty testimony of Sully. When that distinguished statesman came over to congratulate James upon his accession, and saw our church service, he remarked that if the French Protestants had retained the same advantages of order and decency, there would at that time have been many thousand more Protestants in France. In reality, the effect of the outward and visible forms which were retained was such, that during the first years of Elizabeth the Catholics very generally frequented the English service; and of what advantage this must have been to the new establishment will be apparent to all who know how much more we are the creatures of habit than of reason. Many of the clergy also, who were hostile to the Reformation, took the oath of supremacy and conformed, in order to keep the Protestants out of the churches, and retain them as strong holds from whence they might support their secret cause whenever opportunity should offer. That opportunity was never given them; and they served the church which it was their hope and desire to see subverted; for they performed its offices at a time when, small as the number of the ejected clergy was, qualified persons enough could not be found to succeed them. In this, in the commercement of the English reformation, and in the manner in which 'Popish lands made Protestant landlords,' we see how evil was made subservient to good.

A greater

A greater number of the clergy may well be supposed to have been in an unsettled state of mind, little curious or conversant in disputed points of faith, but attached to the forms in which they had been bred up. In the latter years of her reign, when the Pope made use of religion to excite rebellion and conspiracies against her, Elizabeth offered concessions to the Puritans, which, had they been accepted, would have driven many of these men out of the church: but it was then seen that concessions which would have materially diminished the number of converts from popery, would have done little towards reclaiming those who had imbibed the temper as well as the doctrines of the Genevan school. For when Walsingham offered, in the Queen's name, that if they would conform in other points, the three shocking ceremonies, as they accounted them, of kneeling at the communion, wearing the surplice, and the cross in baptism, should be abolished, they replied in the language of Moses, *Ne ungulam esse relinquendam*,—they would not leave even a hoof behind.

Osborne remarks that the Puritans derived no inconsiderable advantage from the name which was given them, 'since under that general term were comprehended not only those brainsick fools as did oppose the discipline and ceremonies of the church, and made religion an umbrella to impiety, but such as out of mere honesty refrained from the vices of the times were branded by this title; weaved of such a fashion as it became a covering to the wicked, and no better than a fool's coat to men truly conscientious.' 'Had they held them,' he says afterwards, 'to the name of hypocrites, known and abominated by all, they would have been buried in contempt, and not risen, as since they have done, to the perpetual detriment of church and state. But the breadth and newness of the name,\* together with the colour it hath, did not only delight and cover all that cheated under a pretence of sanctity, but stifled the seeds of

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\* A Puritan rampant, who calls himself J. S. Gent., who was evidently a man of learning, and might have been a man of genius if the disease of the times had not made him stark mad, gives, both in prose and verse, the feelings of his party respecting this appellation. 'Puritan,' he says, 'the invention of hell, the language of profaneness, the blasphemy of God, the exomition of a heart desperately wicked, a glorious defamation, an undermining of, an open thrust at, the very heart, life and power of religion; an evident preferring of pharisaical forms and Laodicean neutrality; a *match-devillian* device to kindle fire in church and state; a sly practice of the old serpent's old maxim, "divide and reign;" &c.

In his crazy rhymes, he says—

A Puritan? what's that? an hypocrite.  
Nay hold there man, for so thou dost but fit  
The noose for thine own neck.—I tell thee, man,  
Thou art an atheist, or a Puritan,  
Thou art a devil or a Puritan.—&c. &c.

*Soliloquies Theologicall.* 1641.

goodness;

goodness; so as probity was obstructed by deceit in the general commerce, and religion, the guard of propriety, rendered useless, if not destructive to human society.' This is refining too much; in our own later history, and still more remarkably in our own times, we have instances to shew that names the most contemptuous in their origin and reproachful in their import, have been readily appropriated by the parties to whom they were applied; because, in fact, a name soon becomes merely a name; and no party can exist without one. Our greatest statesmen have long divided themselves into Whigs and Tories, and the fortune which the appellation *Sans Culottes* found among a people who call themselves the most polished and the most amiable of nations, will be remembered as long as their history endures. The festivals in their new Calendar were called *Sans Culottides*, and if the fashion had lasted a little longer, we should have had a *Sans Culottes* among the constellations.

By whatever name the puritans might have been denominated, their history would have been the same; their rise was one of the inevitable consequences of a religious revolution, and the civil war was as inevitable an effect of their progress. This result they contemplated from the beginning. They taught that 'if princes hinder them who seek for the discipline, they are tyrants both to the church and ministers, and being so, may be deposed by their subjects.'—Thus completely did popery and puritanism meet in the political deductions from their presumed infallibility. It was Martin Mar-Prelate's advice 'to put down lord bishops, and bring in the Reformation which they looked for, whether her majesty would or not.' And Cartwright, in that part of the service where he should have prayed for the bishops, used to say, 'because that they which ought to be pillars in the church do bend themselves against Christ and his truth, therefore, O Lord! give us grace and power all as one man to set ourselves against them.' What could be done with men who prayed and preached to this tune, and issued libels in this spirit from their private presses? To say that if they had not been persecuted they would have been harmless, can only be the argument of ignorance; the people of that age entered into things of this kind with as much passion as is excited now by an O. P. war, or a factious political question; and the interest which they took did not pass away, like the passions of the present multitude, with the ephemeral folly that stirs them up; it was as deep and permanent as the principle of religion in the human mind. It is easy to talk of toleration, and say that the church should have tolerated these schismatics; they would not tolerate the church.—'If,' said Calamy, preaching before the House of Commons when they had gained the victory,—'if you do not labour according to your duty and power to suppress the errors and heresies that are spread

spread in the kingdom, all these errors are your errors, and these heresies are your heresies.' 'Doth Paul,' exclaims another preacher, 'wish, "I would they were cut off that trouble you,"—and is it such a heinous offence now, for the faithful servants of Christ to advise you to the same course? Oh, Heavens!' 'We intended not,' says Baxter, 'to dig down the banks, or to pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease. We must either tolerate all men to do what they will which they will make a matter of conscience or religion, and then some may offer their children in sacrifice to the devil, and some may think they do God service in killing his servants; or else you must tolerate no error or fault in religion, and then you must advise what measure of penalty you will inflict. My judgment I have always freely made known; I abhor unlimited liberty, or toleration of all.' The whole body of the London ministers in 1645 drew up their protest against what they called the great Diana of the Independents, and all the sectarians. 'We detest and abhor,' said they, 'the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could even drown ourselves in tears when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together to bring forth that blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now, at last, after all our pangs and dolours and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in the birth by a lawless toleration, that strives to be brought forth before it.' The ministers and elders of one provincial assembly lifted up their cries against toleration as a 'soul-poison.' Those of another said, 'it would be the putting a sword in a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hands of a child; a letting loose of madmen with firebrands, and appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to.' All this is moderate to the language of Edwards in his *Gangræna*, where he exhorts ministers to 'pray to God and call upon him night and day to give a miscarrying womb to the sectaries, that they may never bring forth that misshapen bastard monster of a toleration. Toleration,' says he, 'will make the kingdom a chaos, a Babel, another Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon. Toleration is the grand work of the devil, his masterpiece and chief engine to uphold his tottering kingdom: it is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil: it is a most transcendent, catholique and fundamental evil. As original sin is the fundamental sin, having the seed and spawn of all sins in it, so toleration hath all errors in it, and all evils.' This was the temper of the puritans; but to say that toleration would have contented men who laid claim to supremacy, and accounted intol-

rance in their own hands a christian duty of the first magnitude, is as absurd as it would be to attempt to reason a madman into sanity.

The excesses of one party must always be remembered to explain and in no little degree to excuse the excesses of the other. We shudder at the sentences of the Star Chamber; but when Laud nailed the ears of his libellers to the pillory, he well knew that they, and such as they, were labouring to bring his head to the block. There is a passage in his history of his own troubles and trial, shewing his foresight in a manner to which the event has given an affecting and almost a prophetic character. 'I cannot but observe,' says he, 'that at this time the parliament tendered two, and but two bills to the King to sign. This to cut off Strafford's head was one; and the other was that this parliament should neither be dissolved, nor adjourned, but by the consent of both houses; *in which what he cut off from himself, time will better shew than I can.* God bless the King and his royal issue.' We would as little vindicate the Star-Chamber, as the present race of dissenters would justify the death of Laud, and the brutal insults and aggravated injustice by which it was preceded. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett fail not to notice, with due indignation, 'the most infamous tragedy acted in the treatment of Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick,' and to describe the bloody manner in which the shocking sentence was executed; but they pass over the bloodier and deeper tragedy of Laud, by simply saying that he was 'brought to the block,' and repeating the old and oft confuted calumny, that, under his primacy, 'it was every day becoming more difficult and less important to distinguish between the church of England and that of Rome;' and they affirm that, 'though it is not proved that he wished to re-unite the two churches, it is evident that he was even more compliant than James, who wished to meet half-way.'

The insidious manner in which these authors thus endeavour to make that believed, which they say has not been proved, must not pass without reprehension. They may perhaps have read the trial of Laud without feeling the injustice and illegality of the proceedings, or the low malice and detestable artifices of his triumphant enemies; they may have been blind to these, because with the principles of their predecessors they have perhaps in too great a degree retained their passions also: Laud had persecuted them; and persecution, as Warburton says, 'though it may strengthen or improve our faith, doth not so easily enlarge our charity.' But it ought not utterly to extinguish charity; and is it possible that they, being christians themselves, and serious christians as they would style themselves, can disbelieve the last solemn declaration of Laud himself? 'I was born and baptized,' said he, 'in the bosom of the church

church of England established by law; in that profession I have ever since lived, and in that I come now to die. This is now no time to dissemble with God, least of all in matters of religion; and therefore I desire it may be remembered I have always lived in the Protestant religion established in England, and in that I come now to die. I can bring no witness of my heart and the intentions thereof; therefore I must come to my protestation not at the bar, but my protestation at the hour and instant of my death; in which I hope all men will be such charitable christians, as not to think I would die and dissemble, being instantly to give God an account for the truth of it. I do therefore here, in the presence of God and his holy angels, take it upon my death, that I never endeavoured the subversion of law or religion. But I have done. I forgive all the world, and all and every of these bitter enemies which have persecuted me; and humbly desire to be forgiven of God first, and then of every man, whether I have offended him or not, if he do but conceive that I have,—Lord, do thou forgive me, and I beg forgiveness of him!

Will this convince those persons who still asperse the intentions of Laud? will they believe him, that in the bosom of the church of England he lived and died? or was his hope deceived, and are they such uncharitable christians as to think that he would die and dissemble? Look then at the whole scene of his suffering! When the passing of the ordinance was signified to him, ‘he neither entertained the news with a stoical apathy, nor wailed his fate with weak and womanish lamentations; but heard it with so even and smooth a temper, as shewed he neither was ashamed to live, nor afraid to die.’ And when he was conducted to the scaffold, ‘he ascended with such a cheerful countenance, as if he had mounted rather to behold a triumph than be made a sacrifice, and came not there to die but to be translated. And though some rude and uncivil people reviled him as he passed along with opprobrious language, as loth to let him go to the grave in peace, yet it never discomposed his thoughts, nor disturbed his patience.

In Mr. Parsons’s new and condensed edition of Neal’s History of the Puritans, Laud’s dying declaration that he had never endeavoured the subversion of the laws of the realm, nor any change of the Protestant religion into popish superstition, is printed in large capital letters, obviously for the purpose of shewing that Mr. Neal considered it a falsehood. This author, whose coarse, bold, self-satisfied countenance at the beginning of his book may teach any one who can read the most legible characters of nature, what kind of feeling he is to expect in it, says that the archbishop declared himself upon the scaffold a Protestant according to the church of England, ‘but with more charity to the church of Rome than to the

the foreign Protestants.' There can be no mistake concerning what Laud said upon the scaffold, for, he chose to read what he had to say, and he delivered the paper himself to one of his chaplains, by whom it was faithfully preserved. There is not a sentence, not a word, not a syllable, which gives the slightest ground for this representation: not a hint or sentiment in it expressed, or by any sophistry to be implied, looking toward the foreign Protestants. If Laud did not die in charity with all men, in whom is charity to be found? When he mentioned his enemies, it was only to forgive them, and to entreat their forgiveness: and when he perceived, 'through the chinks of the boards, that some people were got under the scaffold about the very place where the block was seated, he called to the officer for some dust to stop the crevices, or to remove the people thence, saying it was no part of his desire that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people.' When indeed he spoke of the calamities of the times, it was with a manliness and frankness alone sufficient to have set the stamp of veracity upon whatever he had said which might be more conformable to the temper of the people. 'I know my God whom I serve is as able to deliver me from the sea of blood, as he was to deliver the three children from the furnace; and (I humbly thank my Saviour for it) my resolution is now as theirs was then; they *would not worship the image the king had set up*, nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up; nor will I forsake the temple and truth of God, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel. And as for this people, they are at this day miserably misled; God of his mercy open their eyes that they may see the right way, for at this day the blind lead the blind, and if they go on, both will certainly fall into the ditch.' And again, when he spoke of 'the church of England,' 'it hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them; but, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God only knows whether, or how, it shall get out. And, which is worse than the storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every cleft profaneness and irreligion are entering in, while men that introduce profaneness are cloaked over with the name of imaginary religion.' Lastly, at the close of his prayer, in a higher strain, 'that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom, (I shall desire that I may pray for the people too as well as for myself,) O Lord, I beseech thee, give grace of repentance to all blood-thirsty people; but if they will not repent, O Lord, confound all their devices, defeat and frustrate all their designs and endeavours upon them, which are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of

of religion, the establishment of the King and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of parliament in their just power, the preservation of this poor church in her truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws, and in their native liberty. And when thou hast done all this, in mere mercy to them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness, and with religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. Amen, Lord Jesu, Amen.' Surely the sincerity of one who prayed thus for the just power of parliament, and the ancient laws and native liberty of the people, should be admitted, even by those who may be incapable of admiring the magnanimity with which it was accompanied.

'This done, (says Heylyn,) he next applied himself to the fatal block, as to the haven of his rest. But finding the way full of people, who had placed themselves upon the theatre to behold the tragedy, he desired he might have room to die, beseeching them to let him have an end of his miseries, which he had endured very long; all which he did with so serene and calm a mind, as if he rather had been taking order for a nobleman's funeral, than making way for his own. Being come near the block, he put off his doublet, and used some words to this effect: "God's will be done. I am willing to go out of the world—none can be more willing to send me. Never did man put off mortality with a better courage nor look upon his bloody and malicious enemies with more Christian charity."

His head was severed at a blow, and 'instantly (says Fuller) his face, ruddy in the last moment, turned pale as ashes, confuting their falsehoods, who gave it out that he had purposely painted it, to fortify his cheeks against discovery of fear in the paleness of his complexion.' Such were the circumstances of that tragedy, which the historians of the Dissenters pass over in their Introduction in one short pithy sentence, without a hint of disapprobation or even of compassion: '*Laud was brought to the block.*' Six monosyllables are all that they vouchsafe for it; and Mr. Neal, omitting every thing that is peculiar, every thing that is pathetic, every thing that is sublime in the scene, tells us that the friends of Laud 'have really lessened him by writing his life!'

We are not the apologists of Laud; in some things he was erroneous, in some imprudent, in others culpable. Evil, which upon the great scale is ever made conducive to good, produces evil to those by whom it comes. The bloody sentences of the Star Chamber brought down upon him a more tragic catastrophe than he attempted to avert by them; a milder primate could not have saved the church from her enemies, but he would not have perished by their hands. And in return, it cannot be doubted that when the clergy



regained their ascendancy, the severity with which they treated the Dissenters was in no slight degree exasperated by the remembrance of his execution. For though, as Fuller says, 'the beholders on that day were so divided between bemoaners and insulters, it was hard to decide which of them made up the major part of the company;' the feeling of the country was not thus balanced: his love of letters, and the munificence of his bounty were remembered, and as the drama of life is usually judged of by the catastrophe, so that men are accounted good or ill, fortunate or unhappy, according to their end, it was from his death that the popular and general impression of his character derived its colour. Most peculiarly is it the duty of the historian to exercise the high office which he has assumed, with charity as well as justice. He injures his own cause if he forbear to expose the errors of the party whose general principles and conduct he may conscientiously approve; still more does he injure it if he attempt to conceal or gloss over their crimes; but if he go beyond this, and dare to apologize for them, he appropriates to himself no light portion of the guilt which he sanctions, and makes himself responsible for the consequences to which that sanction may tend. That which has happened may happen again; the passions of men remain the same; progressive as we are, we have often to go through the same lessons as the ages before us; and therefore it especially behoves the historian to inculcate charity, and take part with the oppressed, whoever may have been the oppressors. Of all beasts, the many-headed one is the most ferocious; and it is fearful to think how soon and how surely the taste of blood creates the appetite for it!

When men after long habits of blind obedience in religion, began to search the Scriptures and to frame articles of belief for themselves, it was impossible that they should not differ; and as they were all agreed that any error upon these points was damnable, they all became in some measure intolerant; and the dominant party persecuted both in duty and in self-defence. Here it was that both parties erred, but thus it was that both felt, and thus in justice both ought to be represented. To write history in the true spirit of general goodwill no suppression is needed, no falsification, no affectation of candour; it is but to represent men in their actions as they have appeared to themselves, and, God be praised, there are few characters so unredeemed, that we should then regard their sufferings without compassion, or their errors without excuse.

There is another cause for the multiplicity of sects in reformed countries, which has not perhaps been generally considered, and which will always operate. The papal establishment, which, in its whole and perfect system, was the greatest work of human art as well as of human audacity, provided ample employment for

for all those spirits that disturb the peace of the Protestant churches. The Wesley of a Catholic country founded a new order; the Whitefield reformed one; the James Naylor was encouraged in his delirium, received the *stigmata*, and became a saint. The minor dealers in schism, who among us divide a meeting-house, altered the cut or the colour of a habit; the subtle controversialist was set to work upon the Sentences; the bilious polemic spent his gall upon the question of the immaculate conception, ranging himself either with the Scotists or the Thomists; or he found, in the antiquity of his rule and the counter-claims of a rival community, as fertile a subject for folios as the question of episcopal government, or pædo-baptism, or irreversible decrees. If it cannot strictly be affirmed that under the papal establishment no man became a heretic but he who distinctly perceived the errors of the Romish church, and was willing to seal his testimony against it with his blood, certain it is that no one ever expressed his dissent except under the strongest impulses of conscience and zeal. The mountebank and the impostor need not set up for themselves, they find their place; and even for honest and intemperate enthusiasm, so many channels are opened, that there is scarcely a possibility of its running wild. The fanatic who, in this country, would drive the nervous part of his hearers mad by railing at the sins of his neighbours, was taught by the wise policy of the Romish church to expend his fervour upon his own; he was furnished with knotted scourges, hair shirts, and drawers composed of wire and bristles; if this did not content him, he might add a nutmeg-grater waistcoat, and then he had put on the whole papistical armour of righteousness. Were his abilities of a higher order, or his desires of a higher aim, he was sent to direct the concerns of a mission, or to serve in the ranks and receive the crown of martyrdom. Fatuity itself could be converted to some profitable purpose, as the blessed Juniper may prove; and madness found a more commodious cell in the monastery than we provide for it in Bedlam.

Protestantism had none of these means of prevention, and this was one chief reason why the blood of the beast with seven heads proved as prolific of monsters as that of its prototype in Grecian fable. The more troubled the time, the faster did sects multiply. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett have given a summary description of the two great divisions. 'In order,' say they, 'to be, or to seem to be a puritan, there must be the appearance of superior sanctity; and a peculiar purity and even severity of manners; but these are by no means necessary to constitute a high-church champion. Let there be a loud cry that "the church is in danger," and abundance of heat and fury against sectaries and fanatics, and nothing more is needful. In life and conversation he need not be a whit better than

his neighbours; two or three of the ordinary vices of human nature will by no means injure him in the esteem of his constituents. A little more thought, with the help of a little more charity, might have shewn these writers that all the virtues are not on one side, and all the vices on the other. Hooker and Travers divided the opinions of their contemporaries for the palm of ability and learning; for that of piety and humility and all christian virtues, none on earth is worthy to judge between them. Among the puritan sufferers there is not a fairer name than that of Udal; even among churchmen in his own times many, says Fuller, conceived the proceedings against him '*rigorous in the greatest, (which, at best, is cruel in the least degree,) considering the worth of his person, and the weakness of the proof against him.*' And when he died in prison, 'for an higher judge had formerly past another sentence on Udal's death, that his soul and body should not by shameful violence be forced asunder, but that they should take a fair farewell each of other; right glad were his friends that his death prevented his death; and the wisest of his foes were well contented therewith, esteeming it better that his candle should go than be *put out.*' This man's son, inheriting his father's piety and fearless spirit, but not his opinions, held the living of St. Augustine in London during the civil wars, and was as\* active against the Puritans as his father had been in their behalf. At a time when he was 'aged, of very weak and infirm body, his strength exhausted with continual labour in preaching the word of God, visiting the sick, and in execution of other ministerial functions,' he was not merely ejected from his living, but compelled to hide himself lest he should be committed to close prison; while his house was plundered, and his wife, a bed-ridden cripple, forcibly taken out and left in the streets. Here were father and son, both of known and exemplary virtue and unimpeachable sincerity, the one the martyr the other the victim of puritanism. Who shall say that one of these men was justified rather than the other? Among the many dreadful scenes in Smithfield, there is one which in these more tolerant days holds out a memorable lesson. Three Protestants suffered under the Six Articles, and three Papists for denying the king's supremacy, at the same time and place: 'the which spectacle,' says Fox, 'so happening upon one day, on two so contrary parts or factions, brought the people into a marvellous admiration and doubt of their religion, which part to follow or take; as might so well happen among ignorant and simple people, seeing two contrary parts so to suffer, the one for popery—the other against popery, both at one time. In-

\* 'You desire truth and peace,' said he, in a sermon at Mercers chapel; 'leave your lying, and you may have truth; lay down your undutiful arms, and you may have peace.'

so much that a certain stranger being there present, and seeing three on one side and three on the other side to suffer, said in these words, "*Deus bone! quomodo hic vivunt gentes! hic suspenduntur Papista, illic comburuntur Antipapista.*"—"They were dragged on hurdles," says Fuller, 'coupled two and two, a papist and a protestant; cattle of different kinds yoked to draw, or rather to be drawn together; insomuch that a Romanist professeth that to the three papists this their unequal matching was to them *ipsâ morte gravior et intolerabilius*, more heavy and intolerable than death itself. But the protestants expressed no such distaste thereat, not angry out of principles of pride for the joining of their bodies together, but grieved out of the grounds of charity, that their souls soon after should so far be parted asunder.' This is one of those cases in which faith may well be believed to cover the want of charity. How must these martyrs of both persuasions have been surprised when they met that day in Paradise! 'Though good men,' says Warburton, 'will not be persuaded to go all one road to heaven, yet it is to be hoped, when no human impediment is laid across the road, that good men of all parties may get thither at last, though some with more and others with less difficulty.' The Romanists in their auto-de-fé sermons told their victims that the fire to which they were condemned here was but a faint foretaste of that which was to be their everlasting portion; unquestionably error has had its martyrs as well as truth, but we may well acknowledge that the faith of him who gives his body to be burnt will atone for all the errors of his frail and fallible understanding.

Men of good principles take different sides, according as they see the black or white side of the shield; men of bad ones, or of none, chuse that by which they think they can gain the most: the far greater part of every community believe as they are taught. The pious and humble spirit follows in the way of his fathers, and goes with the stream; his reason is not perplexed, and his heart is at rest. In the powerful language of Michel Angelo,

'E'l Dubbio, e'l Forse, e'l Come, e'l Perche, rio  
Nol posson far.'

—But when opinions are up in arms, and old establishments are shaken and subverted, then it is that the *doubt* and the *perhaps*, and the *how* and the *why* assail him; the very ground of his religious hope trembles under his feet, and the staff of authority upon which he would lean becomes a broken reed. This state of mind is no where more curiously exemplified than in the history of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, the most remarkable man for the effect which he produced, of all who appeared in those perturbed times. The people generally believed that the civil war was for religion's

gion's sake, and he, a young and solitary enthusiast, who had fostered his melancholy imagination in the lonely employment of keeping sheep, knew not which of the contending churches to chuse, and yet believed that his eternal welfare depended upon the choice.

In this state 'he fell into a strong temptation, almost to despair, and was in mighty trouble, sometimes keeping himself retired in his chamber, and often walking solitarily to wait upon the Lord.' His relations would have had him marry, but he told them he was but a lad and must get wisdom: others urged him to enter in the auxiliary band among the Parliament's forces, but this was a calling to which he had no inclination. His trouble of mind increased upon him, he past whole nights in walking, 'and went to many a priest,' as the historian of the Quakers says, 'to look for comfort.' The result of one of these consultations he relates himself. 'I went to another ancient priest at Mansetter in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations, but he was ignorant of my condition, and he bid me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in an estate to sing. I could not sing.' Another minister, 'of high account,' was for giving him physic and bleeding him. He was right enough in his judgment of the kind of disease, but not of the species; for 'they could not get one drop of blood from him, either in the arms or the head, his whole body being as it were dried up with sorrow, grief, and trouble.'

George Fox was as confused in his writings as Cromwell in his speeches. Yet there is one passage in his journal which describes the state of his mind in one part of its progress more beautifully than the ablest psychologist could have done. 'One morning,' says he, 'as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, all things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it; but in as much as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, there is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.'

Among George Fox's converts were two men conspicuous in their day. Lilburne was one; 'a man (to borrow the expressive phrase of Capt. Beaver) fit to draw a lion's tooth.' Sewel has preserved two curious letters, written after his conversion, and dated 'from my innocent and every way causeless captivity, in Dover Castle, the place of my soul's delightful and contentful abode.'

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This restless spirit had now taken a harmless direction; protesting that he was 'already dead, or crucified, to the very occasions and real grounds of all outward wars, and carnal sword-fightings, and fleshly bustlings and contests, and should never thereafter be an user of a temporal sword more, nor a partner with those that do so.—I now (said he) can contentedly feed savourily upon bread and cheese and small beer alone, for saving of money; and for my liberty, I am ready really with Peter to say it is good being here; for even in Dover Castle, through the loving kindness of God, I have met with a more clear, plain, and evident knowledge of God and myself, and his gracious outgoings to my soul, than ever I had in all my life-time, not excepting my glorying and rejoicing condition under the bishops.' Such was John Lilburne after he had joined 'the savouriest of people called Quakers.'

James Naylor was the other. All our historians relate how this poor fanatic entered Bristol with a set of crazy people before him, singing, Holy, holy, holy, Hosannah in the highest! Cromwell would have remitted the barbarous punishment to which he was condemned, but the public preachers Caryl, Manton, Nye, Griffith, and Reynolds, were as inexorable as so many Dominican friars, and like all punishments in those days, it was inflicted with the utmost rigour of inhumanity. He recovered both from his madness and his sufferings, and his after-life was a reproach to those who, in the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their understandings, had treated insanity like guilt. What he said an hour or two before his death, has a peculiar and individual character not often to be found among the 'last words' with which the magazines and memorials of the Dissenters are filled. 'There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it; it is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression.'

The number of persons in these unhappy days who found themselves astray like sheep when the fold has been broken down, was so great, that they formed a sort of religious society of their own, if that can be called so in which the members agree only in professing that they were seeking for the truth and had not found it. They were called Seekers, and according to Baxter, were first made a separate denomination by Roger Williams, a man whom Cotton Mather stigmatizes for what he calls the crime of *Korahism*, or a litigious and levelling spirit of separation. His history belongs to America rather than England, but we must not even thus casually mention

mention his name, without an expression of respect and reverence, for he was one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world—a man of genius and of virtue, in whom enthusiasm took the happiest direction, and produced the best fruits. The Seekers were a sort of preparatory sect, from whom the Quakers derived many of their converts; the Ranters, on the contrary, were those who outwent them in extravagance, and were supposed by them to be under a delusion. It was one of their common practices to ‘speak in the Steeple House against the priest:’ the stocks would have been the sufficient and appropriate punishment for disturbing public worship, but it was too often punished by brutal violence and confinement in prisons which were a disgrace to the country. One of them was moved to exhort Cromwell’s parliament at its first sitting; he prayed to be excused, he says, ‘as thinking that a more unworthy messenger than himself could not be singled out. But whatever he did, he could not be rid of it, and though he spent a whole week with fasting, tears, and supplication, yet during the time of that abstinence he felt a daily supply and refreshment to his spirits.’ So he made his way into the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and having heard the Protector’s speech, declared that he had a word to speak from the Lord, and began to deliver ‘the burden of the word of the Lord God of heaven and earth, as it came unto him on the 22d day of the month;’ saying to the parliament, ‘I charge you all, in the name of the living God, that without interruption or opposition, whether you like it or like it not, you stand still and hear it.’ The self-elected prophet was not allowed to proceed, but he was suffered to depart without any chastisement for his intrusion, and ‘published his speech in print, so as he intended to have delivered it, though not one syllable of it was written before.’ Cromwell indeed was frequently favoured with their admonitions, and the old Quakers were firmly persuaded that the overthrow of his family was a judgment upon him for not interfering more authoritatively to stop the proceedings against them. Two of their society went through all the jails in England to get copies of the Quakers commitments, ‘to lay the weight of their sufferings upon Oliver;’ and when he could not be prevailed upon to offend his own party by giving a general order for their release, one of them took his cap from off his head, and tearing it to pieces said, ‘so shall thy government be rent from thee and from thy house.’ George Fox also warned the Protector, and declared that when he saw him the last time, ‘he perceived a waft of death go forth against him.’

Sometimes their imitation of the prophets took a wilder form. One poor fellow at Chester, ‘judging both priest and people to be exceedingly darkened, to shew them by a sign that they wanted

to be enlightened, came in the day time with a lantern and burning candle into the Steeple House during the sermon.' For this offence he was put into a dungeon called by the significant name of Little Ease, and died in consequence of ill treatment. Another walked into the Steeple House at Brough, with a white sheet about him and a halter round his neck; the former was to shew the Presbyterians and Independents that the surplice would be introduced again, the latter was a broad hint of the consequences which they might expect. A woman walked through the streets of Bristol in a sackcloth coat, with her hair loose and filled with dust, to testify against pride. Another went into the Huguenot church at Dieppe, and seated herself opposite the preacher in the most conspicuous place: before the service was finished she stood up, and her maid, who was with her, taking off her mantle and hood, she appeared in sackcloth and ashes. This testimony against pride was not always given in so decent a costume. But the oddest performer of this class was Solomon Eccles, who, as a musician, had been used to get about 150*l.* a year, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having all been professors of the same art. Solomon had gone through a long course of experiments in religion: first he was a churchman, secondly a presbyterian, thirdly an independent, fourthly a baptist, and at last he became a quaker. The two first changes cost him nothing; the third only a dipping; but for the fourth he sacrificed 'his Babylonish trade of music,' and sold his musical books and instruments. Still he had no peace in his conscience; for to transfer these 'instruments of vanity' was only transferring the sin from himself to another; so he bought them again, and carrying books, fiddles, virginals, &c. to Tower Hill, made a burnt offering of them in public, and then he says he had peace.

Solomon Eccles played stranger pranks than this. He walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during mass, naked above the waist, with a chafing-dish of coals and burning brimstone upon his head, and exclaimed, 'Woe to these idolatrous worshippers! God hath sent me this day to warn you and to shew you what will be your portion except you repent.' He escaped with a short imprisonment; more cheaply than from a somewhat similar performance in Bartholomew fair, in full undress, when the coachmen requited him by practising with their whips upon so lawful a mark, 'yet could not allay his fervent zeal.' Having given up 'the art which he once entirely loved, and in the use of which he was educated,' he turned taylor for his support; the spirit moved him to go into the Steeple House at Aldermanbury and work in the pulpit during the singing time, and accordingly he 'resolved in the power of the Lord to carry with him a pocket to sew.' By a well timed and judicious movement



movement he got possession of the pulpit; 'I sate myself down on the cushion,' says he, 'and my feet on the seat where the priest, when he hath told out his lies, doth sit down; and having my work ready, I pulled one or two stitches. The people lost their song, and some cried, pull him down; some, break his neck, and a lusty fellow came up and wrung my neck as if he would have wrung it in two, but the Lord preserved me, and I felt no hurt; and having done that which the spirit required me to do, I was full of peace.\*

Amid all this wildness, the early Quakers seem in one respect to have followed the policy of the apostles of the northern nations, by aiming at high converts. The Princess Palatine Elizabeth appears to have been converted. George Fox addressed an epistle to the King of Poland; and William Penn made a bold attempt upon the Czar Peter. Mary Fisher, having escaped from the bloody hands of the Independents in New England, found her way to Adrianople, and paid a visit to the Great Turk at the head of his army. The Turks have a religious respect for all persons whose intellects are deranged; whether Mahomet IV. believed this to be her case, or whether the vague common-places which she delivered somewhat resembled the empty wordiness of the Koran, he listened with great gravity while her discourse was interpreted, said that what she had spoken was truth, and offered her a guard to Constantinople. The Pope was favoured with frequent visits. George Fox addressed some questions to him, which Sewel translated into Latin, and sent by the post. Having waited three months for an answer, they dispatched a second letter, in which they say, 'being uncertain whether it was delivered into thy hands or no, we thought good to write the questions over again, and send them to thee, that it might not be long of us that thou dost not read them.' Odd and uncereemonious as this mode of addressing the Pope was, and simple as their grave remark is, that they 'never received or heard any answer to them,' George Fox appears in none of his writings to such advantage as in these questions. None of them are out of date, and the first may profitably be repeated at the present time: 'How comes it to pass that the Pope and cardinals grant not to the Protestants living in Spain, Italy, and at Rome, that liberty of meeting together for the right performing of divine worship which

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\* Solomon Eccles is still remembered as a musician by a composition which is preserved in the Beggar's Opera. He had three sons, who all inherited the family faculty of music. Of John Eccles, Dr. Burney says, he never remembers to have seen the slightest composition that was not stamped with some mark of genius. Henry was a performer on the violin in the King of France's band; and Thomas, 'who was more fond of drinking than either of good company or clean linen, was one of the last vagrant musicians who used to enquire at taverns if there were any gentlemen in the house who wished to hear music.'

ye yourselves enjoy in England, Holland, and other places, where the Protestants have the chief power ?

The extravagancies of the early quakers exasperated all sects against them. What they so coolly called speaking in the steeple-house against the priest, and which they persisted in for many years, would now be admitted by themselves to be as insufferable as it was then held to be by the magistrates and the people. Their peculiarities exposed them to ridicule : one who had gone over from the society, drew out from the writings of their founder what he called George Fox's Commandments.—Thou shalt not pay tythes. Thou shalt not marry with a priest. Thou shalt not put off thy hat in respect to thy superiors. Thou shalt not shut up thy shop on the world's holy-days. Thou shalt not pay toward the repair of parish churches, nor toward the trained-bands. Thou shalt not carry guns in thy ship. Thou shalt not wear lace, nor ribbons; nor skimming-dish hats, nor short aprons, nor shits on the waistcoat, nor long scarfs like flying colours, nor unnecessary buttons. Thou shalt call the days of the week first day, second day, third day ; and the months first month, second month, third month.—Their vague and rambling language exposed them to severer attacks. The principle upon which they preached was that they should take no thought as to what they should say, but deliver what the spirit prompted; in plain English—whatever came uppermost. Their preachers are consequently to this day infinitely more nonsensical than those of any other community, and in their first ages their writings were mostly in the same style. Their great historian (and never had any people a more full or faithful one) says of George Fox, that 'his words were not always linked together by a neat grammatical connection, and that his speech sometimes seemed abrupt, as with a kind of gap.' But it was easy for controversial malice to give any meaning to that which in reality had none.

They themselves, though they perfectly observed their principle of non-resistance, could rail to admiration: 'O thou filthy beast,' says George Fox to one of his opponents, 'no prayers can we send to thee but for thy destruction. Thou man of sin and enemy of Christ. O thou impudent and brazenfaced, thou hypocrite and Pharisee, thou art damned openly. Thou art in the sorcery, in the witchcraft, and in the adultery, and in the corrupt seed whose blessings are cursed. Thou child of the devil ; the plagues of God are due to thee, and that is thy portion, thou blind sot, thou dark sot ; thy torment is but beginning, and so fare thee well.' Another of their champions calls Owen and Baxter, moles, tinkers, cow-dung, gin-cracks and whirlygigs; viper-grinning dogs, and ragged torn threadbare tatterdemallions ; and this William Penn calls, 'allowing himself the freedom of the prophet Elijah against the prophets  
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of Baal.' The writer who annoyed them most was Francis Bugg, who had been four-and-twenty years of their persuasion. When friend Bugg forsook the society, the savouriest of people discovered that he had not the savouriest of names, and so they addressed him thus. 'Francis Bugg, such as is thy name, such thy nature, the dirtiest of the creeping things in the whole earth, they love the night, feeding upon filth and dung. Night is thy habitation. Woe and alas poor night-Bugg!'—This person was a coarse, uncharitable writer; one of his blows, however, is well aimed. He copies a list of quaker sufferings from 1668 to 1675. One had suffered in having a chair, table and four joint stools taken; another in three yards and a quarter of Scotch cloth; a third in two pails, a pair of andirons and a pewter pot; a fourth in a bullock's hide and some beef, &c. And then he enumerates some of the sufferings in the old persecutions; one broken in a mortar; one fried in a pan; some burned at stakes; some hewn in pieces.

The quakers continue to this day faithfully to catalogue their sufferings in saucepans and spoons; and they retain their hatred of the Steeple House; but their extravagances have ceased, their peculiarities are softened down, and from being the Ishmaelites of the land, they now, in a far greater degree than any other body of separatists, enjoy the good word of all. The green apron and the broad beaver of their women have disappeared; and their men have accommodated themselves a little to the manners, and almost entirely to the spirit of the world. Their enthusiasm has burnt out; but their institutions still preserve them a separate, though probably a decreasing people, more generally prosperous than any other sect, and more active and zealous in their beneficence. In information, and especially in literature, they have been miserably deficient; this they are endeavouring to remedy; but as they have only one liberal profession, and follow none of those pursuits which rouse and quicken the intellectual faculties, they are likely to remain inferior in this important point.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett touch scantily and insufficiently upon the Quakers, and they are not within the scope of Mr. Wilson's work; which was intended to comprize only the Three Denominations. Concerning these great divisions of the Dissenters, we may glean some amusing and interesting facts. Let us begin with the Independents. They carried with them to New England the principle that their government was to be considered as a theocracy. The gospel of Christ, they said, hath a right paramount to all rights in the world. This right carries liberty along with it for all such as profess the gospel 'to walk according to the faith and order of the gospel. That which is contrary to the gospel hath no right, and therefore should have no liberty.' 'My heart,' says the simple

simple cobbler of Agawam, (Ward of Ipswich,) 'hath naturally detested four things—the standing of the Apocrypha in the bible; foreigners dwelling in my country to crowd out native subjects into the corners of the east; alchymized coins; and toleration of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes. Polypietty is the greatest impiety in the world. To authorize an untruth by toleration of the state, is to build a sconce against the walls of heaven to batter God out of his chair. He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may be tolerated though never so sound, will for a need hang God's bible at the Devil's girdle. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it; I can rather stand amazed than reply to this; it is an astonishment that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance.'

If ever a Welsh Fuller should write the Worthies of Wales, Roger Williams will deserve if not the first place, a place among the first, for he began the first civil government upon earth that gave equal liberty of conscience. This man whose name, if all men had their due, would stand as high as William Penn's, for that upon which Penn's fame is founded, wrote a book against what he called *The bloody tenet of persecution*; and the elder Cotton answered it by another, with this dreadful title, *The bloody tenet washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!* His grandson Cotton Mather's *History of New England* is one of the most singular books in this or in any other language. Its puns and its poems, its sermons and its anagrams, render it unique in its kind. The author not unfrequently reminds us of our own church historian Fuller; but circumstances counteracted the resemblance of their natural disposition. Fuller belonged to a mature establishment, and his opinions, perhaps, were still farther softened because he had been on the suffering side; in Mather there is the hardness and asperity of the sectarian spirit, and Fuller had the richer genius of the two; indeed with all his quaintness, there is a certain kind of excellence in which he stands alone.

In England the Independents have less reason to blush for their ancestors; though, if we would think of them with charity, we must not take their character from the Quakers. Cromwell curbed their zeal, and the most eminent of their preachers in Cromwell's time were men of distinguished liberality as well as learning. Among them John Howe stands in the highest rank. 'For the last three-score years,' says the *History of the Dissenters*, 'no books in divinity have uniformly sold for so large a sum as his two folio volumes. Not a bishop nor archbishop's writings, though there be a charm in titles, have been marked in catalogues at so high a price. Perhaps it may be considered as no unfair test of intellectual and spir-

ritual excellence, that a person can relish the writings of John Howe; if he does not, he may have reason to suspect that something in the head or heart is wrong. A young minister who wishes to attain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, and can procure them in no other way, should sell his coat and buy them; and if that will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor; and if he spend his days in reading them, he will not complain that he lies hard at night.'

We will make no comment upon the wit or liberality displayed upon the bishops in this passage, nor upon the obvious inaccuracy of supposing that the dearest book must therefore be the book most in request. Howe was an excellent man. At Cambridge he was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. Having left the university, he settled after a while at Great Torrington in Devonshire, and performed with exemplary zeal the hard duty of the times. Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour; preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour. Robinson of Cambridge said to a demure minister, who told him that the ministry was the hardest work in the world, that ditching was much harder; but ditching is nothing to such ministry as this. It is marvellous that any minister could find breath, or any congregation patience for such duty.

He owed his preferment under the Protector to his physiognomy; for Cromwell, seeing him among the congregation at Whitehall, saw that his countenance was not that of an ordinary man, and ordered him to preach on the following Sunday; and after a second and third trial made him, not without reluctance, remove his family to Whitehall and reside there as his domestic chaplain. In that situation he made use of his influence to befriend all whom he thought deserving of it, but never to enrich himself, or his family. Many of the royalists and of the established clergy in their distress were indebted to his good offices; and how innocent he was of all unworthy means either for gaining or keeping the favour which he enjoyed, appeared by his preaching against the notion of a particular faith in prayer, a notion which Cromwell patronized, more probably for political purposes, than that he really entertained it. During the sermon the Protector listened with deep attention, frowning at times, and discovering great uneasiness, so that one who observed him told the preacher it would be difficult for him ever to make his peace. Mr. Howe answered that he had discharged his conscience,

conscience, and left the event with God. But Cromwell never manifested any displeasure, except that he seemed cooler towards him ever afterwards. Mr. Howe continued after his death to reside as chaplain with Richard, and when Richard was set aside, returned to his Devonshire living, from which he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He lived to a good old age, and suffered less than most of his nonconforming brethren, because he submitted to be silent, and because in those days of bitter animosity, he had made many men his friends and none his enemies. Sherlock and Tillotson knew and loved him. In his last illness Richard Cromwell, then an old man himself, and like him also beloved and respected wherever he was known, came to make him a visit, and take leave of him before he died. Tears, as may well be supposed, were freely shed on both sides, for they had not seen each other since Richard was Protector, and they were not to meet again till it should be in a better world, a world to which both might look on with as calm an expectation as any who ever put off mortality in faith, after a life well spent.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say a little too much when they affirm that Cromwell's chaplains were 'the most able and faithful men that England, or any other country, has ever known.' Such men are rare in any age or in any church; but no church and no age is without such. Of Owen, they say in allusion to their former recommendation of Howe's writings, 'if the theological student should part with his coat or his bed to procure the works of Howe, he that would not sell his shirt to procure those of John Owen, and especially his Exposition, of which every sentence is precious, shews too much regard to his body and too little for his immortal mind.' The name of Owen, they say in another place, has been 'raised to imperial dignity in the theological world.'

Thomas Vincent, an ejected minister of the same persuasion as Owen, and like him of Christ Church, resumed during the plague those duties from which the act of conformity had suspended him; served in some of the forsaken churches every sabbath day, where multitudes followed him, crowding to receive religious comfort when there were few to give it, and visited without fear all that sent for him. It is but justice to the joint historians to give their own comment upon this fact.

'The world has its heroes, whom it holds up to universal admiration in the page of history. Here the church of Christ presents to us one of hers. The world calls us particularly to admire them as they advance to some arduous enterprize, where perils and death stare them in the face, but advancing with tranquillity of mind, with firmness of step, and determined either to conquer or to die. But which of them can be compared to this man! He sees the inhabitants of a city, from which he

had been cast out as unworthy of the name of a minister of Christ, dying by the pestilence which was augmenting its destructive fury from day to day; and he cannot be restrained from rushing into the midst of them to rescue their immortal souls from miseries infinitely greater. He hastens into churches from which he was driven out, and proclaims to listening thousands the glad tidings of salvation, in pulpits, for entering which the law of the land dooms him to a dungeon; but a stronger law, the law of love to God and man, constrains him to publish the mercy of the Gospel to souls on the very brink of eternity. He goes into the house of pestilence, and the chambers of mortal disease, wherever the voice of misery invites him. His exhortations, his counsels, and his prayers, are ever at their call; and they ever flow from a compassionate heart, tenderly sympathising in their distress, and burning with zeal for their salvation. Great was the success of his labours; and during the plague a harvest of souls was reaped, exceeding what results from the painful exertions of many a faithful minister during the course of a long life of zeal.

‘Facts like these are the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history. While the man of taste selects his beautiful passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, and reads them with transport, the admirer of spiritual beauty will mark down this page of moral heroism, and read it, and read it again with admiration and delight. One leaf of such writing is worth more than scores of volumes of the disputes of ambitious prelates which glare forth in every century, and the bitter controversies of angry doctors. As long as Christ has a church on earth, and disciples animated with zeal for the glory of his name, Thomas Vincent will live, and let him have a distinguished niche in the temple of God. His writings all breathe forth the most affectionate ardour for the salvation of immortal souls; they savour of the minister who, for months, preached to congregations infected with the plague: they display the man of God: his conduct in the time of the pestilence proclaims him to be still more, if a more exalted name can possibly be given.’\*—pp. 55, 56.

This is one of the evils of the sectarian spirit, that even from a circumstance like this, which ought to excite no feelings but those of admiration, it extracts food for splenetic remark and party virulence. Facts like these are, indeed, as these writers say, the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history; but they are found in all ecclesiastical history, and it is to the honour of human nature that they are not, and they cannot be, confined to that of any church or country. The clergy of the establishment who at that time remained at their post,—the Bishop of Marseilles, and this Thomas Vincent, with those of his non-conforming brethren who followed his example, were brethren in Christ;—but there is as little wisdom as there

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\* His example was followed by his non-conforming brethren Messrs. Chester, Jane-way, Turner, Grimes, Franklin, and some others. Drs. Walker, Horton, and Meriton, and a few others of the conforming clergy remained at their post, but the generality fled.’

is decorum in railing against the church establishment, because it could not include them all. The plague of 1665 was distinguished by an example of civic heroism, which has never been exceeded: the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, not only, as his duty required, remained at his post, to enforce and see to the execution of the wisest regulations which were then known, but expended his own fortune in supporting above forty thousand servants, who, in that season of distress, had been dismissed and turned into the streets to perish. Sir John Lawrence supported them all, as well as the needy who were sick, at his own means and risk, till subscriptions could be gathered in from all parts of the kingdom. It is a disgrace to the city of London that no public monument should have been erected to the memory of such a magistrate. His virtues perhaps would have been more fully recorded if he had gone to meeting instead of to church.

Of John Flavel we are told that 'one of those auspicious omens which are frequently supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest close to the window of the chamber where his mother lay-in, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which give songs in the night.' Something more extraordinary is related of this writer. 'His treatise on the Soul of Man, contains a remarkable anecdote of a minister, which is usually supposed to be a modest imitation of the apostle Paul, who related his own exalted honour and delights in the third person. From this relation, it appears that Mr. Flavel spent a day in such intercourse with heaven, as overwhelmed the powers of nature, and seemed for a time to bring him to the verge of the grave. Many years after he used to call that one of the days of heaven, and declared he learned from it more of the heavenly life than from any books or discourses.'

The state which Flavel describes in 'modest imitation of the apostle Paul,' as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett express themselves, might be supposed to be one of those pious day-dreams which, in the language of the mystics, are called rapt or ecstasies, according to their degree, for the scale of devotion is curiously graduated. But in the Nonconformists' Memorial, the material circumstance appears which explains the miracle.

'His intimate and delightful intercourse with heaven,' says Dr. Calamy, 'is manifest from a remarkable story which he relates in his Pneumatologia, though with great modesty, using the third person as the apostle Paul did when speaking of his extraordinary Revelations. The following is the substance of the narrative. Being on a journey he set himself to improve the time by meditation, when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such



full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that for hours he knew not where he was. At last perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse and sat down at a spring, where he washed and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring if it were the will of God, that he might then leave the world. His spirits recovering he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed all that night without a wink of sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. After this a heavenly serenity and sweet peace long continued with him; and for many years he called that day one of the days of heaven, and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the discourses he had heard, or the books he ever read.

This is one of those facts, common in Romish biography, and not unfrequent in that of our own enthusiasts, which clearly belong to nosology. That Flavel himself should not have perceived how wonderfully he recovered from a fit of apoplexy is not extraordinary; but it is remarkable that Calamy, and his modern editor, should relate the case without suspecting its real nature, and that the joint historians should entirely omit so very material a part of the relation. Flavel appears in his portrait to have been a short-necked plethoric subject, and he died suddenly.

Flavel was very anxious to effect a union between the Independents and Presbyterians; Joseph Jacob on the contrary, chusing to be independent even of independency, made a church of his own at Turners Hall, Philpot-lane, of which he himself was pope or patriarch. All periwigs were discarded from this double-refined church,—no slight stretch of authority in a time which the wig-makers may look back upon as their golden age. Mr. Jacob issued an order for the regulation of the women's garb; and set the men an example of wearing mustachios. The members of his congregation were not allowed to attend public worship at any other place, not even when their business led them to a distance, and the alternative was not to attend it at all; nor were they suffered to intermarry with other churches; the relations of life could be filled up only from their own perfect society, and no person but Joseph Jacob himself could be safely employed to tie the marriage knot. This crazy congregation was dispersed at the death of its crazy founder, who so completely monopolized all authority to himself, that it necessarily died with him.

Daniel Burgess, well known in his day, was an oddity of a different description; he was one of those men whose grotesque humour shows itself on every occasion, and who are not the less serious because they express themselves in a jest. That is the best key, he used to say, which fits the lock and opens the door, though it be not a silver or gold one. There is a portrait of him

him in Dr. Williams's\* library in Redcross-street, and in spite of his gown and band, and wig in full buckle, the old gentleman looks as if a joke were on the tip of his tongue ready to be let fly as soon as his lips were unscrewed. In one of his sermons he told the congregation 'that if they wanted a suit for a year they might go to Mr. Doyley; if they wanted a suit for life they might go into Chancery; but if they would have one to last for ever, they must go to Christ and get the robe of righteousness to clothe them.' Truths divine did not to be sure come mended from Daniel Burgess's tongue, but no doubt many of his arrows went home to the mark, which would neither have gone so true nor pierced so deep, if it had not been for the goose-feather which winged them. He was a good old man, composed of better materials, both moral and intellectual, than some of those who affected to despise him and held him up to ridicule. In his last illness he said that if he must work no more he would rather be idle under ground than idle above ground. Burgess was one of those Dissenters who were staunch friends of the revolution. He gave it as a reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites, that it was because God did not chuse his people should be called Jacobites.

Of all their preachers Thomas Bradbury was the most conspicuous for the ardour with which he engaged in politics: and Mr. Wilson ventures to say, that few persons had a greater share in promoting the succession of the House of Hanover. He had wrought himself up to a belief that a new age of intolerance was at hand. Bishop Burnett, passing one day in his carriage through Smithfield, observed him walking pensively along, called to him, and inquired the reason of his great thoughtfulness. 'I am thinking,' replied Bradbury, 'whether I shall have the constancy of that noble company of martyrs who suffered in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see times of similar violence and persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause.' Queen Anne happened at that time to be upon her death-bed: Burnett told him that every hour was expected to be her last, that he himself was then going to Court, and would send him the earliest intelligence of her death, and that if he should chance to be performing divine service, the messenger should drop a handkerchief from the gallery. He happened to be in the pulpit, and the handkerchief was dropt. Bradbury restrained his feelings during the sermon, but in

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\* No public library in England is so liberally conducted as this. Books are lent from it at the discretion of the trustees to any part of the country. The Advocates Library at Edinburgh, and many upon the Continent, offer the same accommodation to men of literary research; but in England this example of the Dissenters has not yet been followed.

his concluding prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of this kingdom from the evil counsels and designs of their enemies, and implored the divine blessing upon his Majesty King George and the House of Hanover. Queen Anne did not call him bold Bradbury without reason. He is said soon afterwards to have preached upon this text, 'Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.' The fact is as likely from the temper of the times as the man. Bradbury always preached on the 5th of November, then dined with some friends at a tavern, and after dinner sang the roast beef of old England. Mr. Wilson says that he has seen some curious letters which passed between him and Whitfield on this subject; that reformer having seriously remonstrated with him upon his conduct in this particular.

A remarkable instance of the feeling of at least a large part of the community, upon Queen Anne's death, is related by Crosby. A number of old English gentlemen obtained an order from the lords of the regency for their admission into the grand cavalcade at the king's public entry. They proposed to ride on white horses, in their own grey hair, and in white camlet cloaks, 'with a nosegay in their right hands, composed of an orange inclosed with laurel; the orange in remembrance of the great Nassau, who left us this thrice happy legacy; the laurel in commemoration of the always victorious John Duke of Marlborough, who, by his sword, rather obtained than preserved for us the possession of this entail which is the bulwark of the Protestant religion.' They meant to have marched in twelve companies of twenty-four gentlemen, with a captain to each; their servants in liveries following on foot, with music in the front, centre, and rear; but they were slow in their preparations, and George I. arrived before they were ready.

There is in the Somers Tracts a congratulatory speech delivered in 1667, by Dr. Bates to Charles II. in the name of the dissenting ministers in and about London, which, for baseness of adulation, far exceeds the language of James the First's parliament, when they declared that they did, 'on the knees of their hearts, agnize his royal goodness.' 'We live,' said the orator, 'in an age of degenerate wickedness, wherein are numberless numbers of resolved looseness, who, by their bold impieties, defy the supreme majesty of heaven. These, we hope, by your authority and influence, may be restrained, if not truly reformed: for whereas other princes assume an infamous prerogative to live as they list, to satisfy their vicious appetites without controul, your majesty exhibits such excellent virtues in your practice, as may be a persuasive pattern and commandingly exemplary to your subjects.' The immediate object of this address was to request that Ariana and Socinians

minians might not be allowed to make their opinions public through the press, and the style of the petition was worthy of the object. The Stuarts were ready enough to persecute any person whose religious notions were opposite to their policy; they cared nothing for disputes concerning the Creed, but they mortally hated non-conformity. For this hatred, it must be acknowledged, they had some reason; but it prevailed over honour, gratitude, justice, and even common humanity. Jenkyn, the Presbyterian, was one of those London ministers who signed the remonstrance against bringing Charles I. to trial; he had been suspended from his living for refusing to observe the form of thanksgiving appointed by the parliament after the event of that trial; and he had been imprisoned in the Tower for his share in Love's plot for restoring the prince. These things gave him a claim, at least for indulgence upon the house of Stuart. At the age of seventy-two, he was apprehended at a private meeting in Moorfields, and committed to Newgate under the Oxford act. He presented a petition, backed by the statement of his physician, that the air of the prison would infallibly kill him: the only answer which James vouchsafed was this, 'Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives.' The physician's opinion was verified in about four months, and one of the last things which the sufferer said was, that a man might be as effectually put to death in Newgate as at Tyburn. His daughter, a high spirited woman, gave mourning rings at the funeral, inscribed 'Mr. William Jenkyn murdered in Newgate.'

James was emphatically a hard-hearted man. Kiffin, a wealthy Baptist, who used to say that he had saved £30,000 by making Charles II. a present of ten when he wanted to borrow forty, had two grandsons, the one in the twentieth, the other in his twenty-first year, condemned for joining Monmouth. Their sister presented a petition in their behalf: when she was waiting to present it, Marlborough, then Lord Churchill, said to her that he heartily wished she might succeed, but dared not flatter her with hopes, 'for this marble,' said he, touching the chimney-piece 'is as capable of feeling compassion as the king's breast.' The youths were of course put to death, for James was never known to shew mercy. A little while afterwards, when he was tempting the non-conformists to join him against the church, he sent for Kiffin, and told him that he had put him down for an alderman in his new charter. Sire, replied Mr. Kiffin, I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your Majesty, or to the city. Besides, Sire, he continued, and the tears streamed down his cheeks while he spake, the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart, which is still bleeding, and never will close but in

in the grave. James is said to have shewn some emotion at this—a foretaste of what he was soon to feel when he applied to the father of Lord Russell in his distress. The history of the Baptists affords another instance of James's cruelty in the execution of Mrs. Gaunt, which, all circumstances considered, is the foulest murder that was ever perpetrated under the forms of law. A man who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, and who was a stranger to her, went to her for shelter, knowing that her life was spent in works of charity; she took him in, and waited for an opportunity of sending him out of the kingdom. This fellow, hearing the king had declared he would sooner pardon the rebels than those who harboured them, relying upon the declaration, went and accused her of high treason for having sheltered him: there was no witness to prove that she knew he was a rebel but himself; her maid could only give in evidence that he was entertained at her house; and on this evidence, and for this crime, James signed the sentence for burning her alive! 'She died,' says Burnet, 'with a constancy even to a cheerfulness that struck all who saw it. She said charity was a part of her religion as well as faith; this, at worst, was the feeding of an enemy; so she hoped she had her reward with him for whose sake she did this service, how unworthy soever the person was that made so ill a return for it. She rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love. Penn the Quaker told me he saw her die: she laid the straw about her for burning her speedily, and behaved herself in such a manner that all the spectators melted in tears.'

The sufferer naturally enough wished to consider her fate as a martyrdom, and the historian of her communion is willing to give it something of that colouring; but it was a political, not a religious, murder. The Baptists were indeed a peculiarly obnoxious sect for the sake of John of Leyden, with whose frenzies they had as little to do as the modern Jews with the spoiling of the Egyptians, for which some of the Turkish governors are said to have sometimes exacted an account. It is amusing to see the language which was used, and the ridiculous charges which were brought against them, for a peculiarity which, if not very wise, is certainly very harmless. Wall, speaking of their origin in England, says that 'having framed so many devices to deny infant baptism, they were confounded in themselves how to begin baptizing adult persons in their own way, till at length one John Smith, *being more desperately wicked than others*, baptized himself, and then he baptized others.' Baxter, a man rather remarkable for a native gentleness, which even Presbyterianism could not sour, than for any indulgence of asperity in polemical disputes, inveighed against their practice of dipping as  
breaking

breaking both the sixth and seventh commandments: to prove the first charge, he gave a long list of the mortal diseases which dipping in cold water would produce; and to prove the second, he charged them with dipping naked, 'or next to naked,' which a little inquiry, or even reflection, might have shewn him was a gross calumny. On the other hand the old Baptist historian prides himself not a little upon the opinion of Sir John Floyer the physician, who, waving the theological question, declared that 'they who first introduced the alteration of the truly ancient ceremony of immersion, did great injury to their own children and all posterity, and were the occasion of a degenerate, sickly, tender race ever since. A man of eighty, he said, whose father well remembered when immersion was the ordinary practice, told him that parents used always, at the baptism of their children, to desire the priest to dip that part very well in which any disease used to afflict themselves, to prevent its being hereditary. And it had long been a proverbial saying among old people, if any one complained of a pain in his limbs, "surely that limb had never been dipped in the font." Crosby seems well disposed to believe this himself; and to this day the Baptists affirm, with great seriousness, that no person was ever known to receive injury from their mode of baptism, though it sometimes happens that women chuse to undergo it in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

The silliest superstitions may lead to evil consequences. The Baptist historian records miracles wrought against the Quakers in favour of his own sect; and relates how one Anne Clemens, a baker's wife at Chipping Norton, for being an enemy to the Dissenters, fell under a grievous judgment of having an appetite to eat as much as would satisfy two or three people. This sort of spirit hardens the heart beyond all others: a better instance cannot be adduced than the account how 'it pleased God to shew his displeasure against apostacy, by pouring forth the vials of his wrath upon one Mr. John Child, a preacher of long standing among the Baptists.' This poor man had conformed, and then wrote 'a cursed book.' The book, which is distinguished by this gentle epithet, and which 'did afterwards fill him with so great horror of soul,' was called 'A second Argument for a more full and firm Union amongst all good Protestants,' and the chief crime of which he is accused, seems to be that of making it an argument against the Baptists, that some of their ministers were uneducated and ignorant men. 'Quickly after this,' says Benjamin Keach, 'he fell under fearful desperation. I was one of the first men that he sent for, and I found him in a dismal state and condition, being filled with horror, saying he was damned, and crying out against himself for writing that book, saying he had touched the apple of God's eye.'

eye. His poor wife intimated to me 'that the very ends of the hairs of his head in the night season, did stand in drops, through the anguish of his soul. Thus he continued for several months under most fearful horror and desperation, until, to put an end to his miserable life, he hanged himself.' Keach, who relates this dreadful case of religious madness in this temper, concludes one of his books with the trial of Peccatum; Fiery Zeal of the town of Knowledge, Vehement Desire, Spiritual Indignation and Holy Revenge, appear among the gentlemen of the jury. Among other *aliases* Peccatum is indicted by the names of Heresy, Idolatry, and Unbelief: if Mr. Keach himself had been impannelled upon a trial for heresy, he would have brought with him the same dispositions as his own jurymen. The trial is the only amusing passage to be found in his two allegories. The first witness who is called is Adam, late of Paradise; after him, Mrs. Soul, and Mr. Body, both of Manshire, are called, and Madam Grace and all her daughters. Some of these daughters, as it appeared in evidence, had met with vile usage. Mrs. Patience had been turned out of doors—Mrs. Sobriety and Mrs. Temperance had both been knocked down, and Mrs. Chastity had been in such imminent danger, that the Judge was obliged to order her a cordial before she could be examined.

Keach was but a poor imitator of John Bunyan, the pride of the Baptists, a man indeed of whom every communion might boast. In his unregenerate days John was, by his own testimony, a 'town-sinner'; but nature had gifted him with strong feelings and a powerful imagination. He married a woman whose whole property consisted in 'the Practice of Piety,' and the 'Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.' The latter of these books did not belie its title: he and his wife read them together, and John got into the way; but it was not the king's high-way—not what old Latimer calls the plain Danstable road; he chose a bye-path, and joined the Baptists, the first pious persons with whom he fell in happening to be of that persuasion. He was soon invited to the ministry, tinker as he was, and under the cruel laws of that age was thrown into prison for non-conformity: the bill against him affirming 'that he did devilishly and perniciously abstain from coming to church to hear divine service, &c.' After twelve years confinement he was released by the interposition of Barlow, bishop of Lincoln.

Bedford jail was that den wherein Bunyan 'dreamed his dream': the Pilgrim's Progress, a book which the child and his grandmother read with equal delight, and which, more almost than any other work, may be said to be

'Meet for all hours and every mood of man,'

was written in prison, where Bunyan preached to his fellow prisoners,

soners, supported his family by making tagged laces, and filled up his leisure by writing a considerable part of two folio volumes. The work by which he immortalized himself grew from a sudden thought which occurred while he was writing in a different strain. Its progress he relates oddly enough in his rhyming apology, but more curiously in some verses prefixed to the Holy War, which are unparadonably omitted in the latest and newest edition.

‘ It came from mine own heart, so to my head,  
And thence into my fingers trickled;  
So to my pen, from whence immediately  
On paper I did dribble it daintily.’

These curious verses conclude with an anagram, made in noble contempt of orthography.

‘ Witness my name; if anagram’d it be,  
The letters make *Nu kony in a B.*’

Perhaps the most characteristic passage in his numerous writings is his defence against some charges of gallantry and incontinence. ‘ My foes,’ he says, ‘ have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man: I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the face of heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife. And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear in witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of women I abhor. It is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman’s hand; for I think these things not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked why they made baulks; why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill favoured go? Kisses, how laudable soever such things may have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseetnly in my sight.’

The Baptists were the first sectarians who devised that system of finance, which is at this time carried to such an extent by the Methodists. At a general assembly in the year 1689, they recommended that a fund for the relief and rearing of the ministry should be



be raised by weekly subscriptions of from one halfpenny to sixpence each person in every congregation. Most of their ministers in former times carried on some trade or secular employment; of this there is a curious instance in their historian Crosby: in the midst of his history you come unexpectedly upon a notice that he was the preparer and vender of Dr. Roberts' tincture for the flux, and sugar plums for the worms, having inherited the receipts which his father-in-law Benjamin Keach had purchased of the original inventor. Some of their ministers are still engaged in trade; but they can no longer be reproached with the want of learning; they have among them men of distinguished talents; and their missionaries in the East, if it were only for their literary labours, are entitled to the grateful admiration of all literary men.

The late Sir John Danvers was one day asked what was the difference between a baptist and an anabaptist, and he replied, much the same as between a whiskey and a tim-whiskey. There is a more efficient distinction among those persons who are agreed upon the point of adult baptism by immersion; the strict Calvinists have separated themselves from the others under the title of Particular Baptists, and regard the General Baptists as very little better than other men. These latter indeed are few in number, and must daily become less; for it is scarcely possible that men who allow themselves any latitude of opinion should long continue to attach much importance to the mode of baptism. The more numerous body consider this as an essential point, and it occasioned last year a schism in the Evangelical Magazine. One of their most distinguished members said some years ago of the dissenters, that he feared the more they associated the more they would quarrel. Sectarianism, indeed, contains in itself the seeds of schism in infinite series, but the peculiar distinction of the baptists interposes an insuperable barrier between them and the other sects which call themselves orthodox. This was so well understood, that when after the revolution great efforts were made to bring about a union between the other two denominations, it seems that no attempt was made to include the anti-pædobaptists. The contracting parties upon this occasion gave themselves by implication the modest title of visible saints.

The Baptists and Independents have undergone little other alteration than that they have partaken of the character of the age. The Presbyterians have almost disappeared. At the end of Queen Anne's reign they were at least two-thirds of the whole dissenting body, at present they scarcely form a twentieth part of it. Arianism, which, according to Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, is an invention of the devil, found its way among them. Their view of its progress may best be given in their own words.

‘ During

‘ During this period, error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations. Instances might be adduced in which a preacher of superior talents has attracted or retained a numerous congregation in the metropolis or other populous cities, though his sentiments have been far from the orthodox creed. But in the ordinary course of things, in proportion as dissenting ministers have departed from those religious principles which were held by the men ejected from the establishment for nonconformity, they have reduced the number of their audience. Whenever they have departed from what is called calvinism, the congregation has evidently felt the change; it has been arrested in its growth, and, after a time, visibly decayed.

‘ In whatever communions arminianism may have crowded places of worship, it never had this effect among dissenters; but almost without an exception, was the first stage of the congregational decline. Arianism may be called the second stage of the disease, and where it filled the pulpit, invariably emptied the pews. This was the case not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society; but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances, the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though, at last, his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay began, and gradually consumed the growth, the strength, and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. Where socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the arian creed, and more effectual; flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the modes of worship to which, from education or use, they were attached. In many places, socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer and of the assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.’—pp. 318, 319.

Of Scotland, to which the presbyterians may triumphantly appeal for the effect of their discipline upon a nation, though in reality the main cause is to be found in the parochial schools with which they have so wisely fenced their establishment, the joint historians speak in a manner which we may leave the Scotch to battle with them. Particular countries, say they, have their endemical diseases; and a malady of the soul, like the goitre of the Alpine nations, seems to be the curse of Scotland. ‘ An excessive zeal for little things, like an enormous wen, has, with but perhaps one exception, disfigured every sect that has arisen in that country. To ascertain the cause would be important, as it might operate as a preventive in future; but it is certainly a striking peculiarity in the Scotch character, and if it could be purged by hellebore, the whole

whole produce of Anticyra could not be purchased at a price too high.' Mr. Wilson relates a curious anecdote of the founders of the seceders, which shows, that with respect to them at least this censure is not undeserved. When Whitfield went to Scotland in 1741, his first exhibition was in the Meeting-house of the Messrs. Erskine's at Dumferline. Great persuasions were used to detain him there, and to prevent him from visiting and preaching for a Mr. Wardlaw, who had been colleague to Ralph Erskine for more than twenty years, but was considered as perjured for not adhering to the solemn league and covenant. As this was not very intelligible to Whitfield, the members of the associate presbytery were convened to instruct him upon the subject. Whitfield, a little surprised at seeing them assembled in synod, inquired the cause of the meeting, and was told that they were assembled to set him right about church government and the solemn league and covenant. He replied they might save themselves the trouble, for he had no scruples about either the one or the other; settling the church government and preaching about the solemn league and covenant were not his office, and he had never made the subject his study, being too busy about matters of greater importance. Upon this he was gravely reminded that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. He replied, that in every building there must be both outside and inside workmen employed: he was one of the inside workmen, and if they thought themselves called to work on the outside, they might proceed in their own way, and he would proceed in his; and he then asked them solemnly what they would have him do. The answer was, that he was not desired to subscribe immediately to the solemn league and covenant, but to preach only for them till he had further light. And why only for them? Ralph Erskine said, because they were the Lord's people. Whitfield then asked, were there no other Lord's people but themselves? if not, they who were the devil's people had more need to be preached to; for his part all places were alike to him, and if the Pope himself would lend him his pulpit, he would gladly proclaim in it the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From the scanty materials which relate to Scotland in these various works we will glean one anecdote more for its striking singularity. The Sandemanians derive their name from Robert Sandeman, but his father-in-law John Glas was their founder. Their distinguishing opinion is well expressed in Sandeman's epitaph, where 'the ancient faith,' for which he 'long and boldly contended,' is said to be 'that the bare work of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners:' faith, according to them, being neither more nor less than a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning the Redeemer:

George

George Glas, who wrote the *History of the Canary Islands*, a very interesting book, which has not attained the estimation that it deserves, was the son of this sectarian. The son was an extraordinary man: his great object was to open a trade from this country to the interior of Africa, and government encouraged him to form a settlement on the coast for that purpose; but going to the Canaries to procure corn for his little colony, the Spaniards threw him and his wife and daughter into prison, and the settlement was ruined. It was a wicked act, originating in the blundering information of the Spanish minister in London, and the cruel policy of the Spanish court. After some years imprisonment he found means, by inclosing a bit of paper in a loaf of bread, to inform the British Consul of his situation; our government of course interfered and he was set at liberty. He took his passage with his family in a vessel bound to London: unhappily there was much treasure on board; some of the crew conspired to seize her, and in the massacre which they committed, Glas was run through the body and his wife and daughter thrown overboard. The murderers got to shore in Ireland, buried their treasure in the sand, went to an ale-house, and conducted themselves so as soon to bring upon themselves their deserved fate. Meantime the newspapers had announced the arrival of the ship in the Irish Channel, and old Glas was daily expecting to see his son. When the news of the murder arrived, his friends knew not how to communicate it to him; at last one of them took the paper, and pointed to the paragraph in silence. The old man bore the shock with a firmness which Epicætetus himself might have admired: to the astonishment of all, he attended the church assembly the same evening; and when intelligence came that the assassins had been executed, he remarked, that it would be a glorious instance of divine mercy if George Glas and his murderers should meet together in heaven. This was not insensibility; but thus to have subdued the natural feeling, requires a longer and severer moral discipline than that which enables a martyr to stand unflinching in the flames.

The Sandemanians are reproached for the common arrogance of all young sects in unchurching the whole world except themselves, an intolerance of feeling which seems strangely inconsistent with a doctrine so remote from all enthusiasm as that by which they are distinguished. They have drawn over several ministers from the Independents. In dissenting congregations, indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the preacher to change his opinions, an event which always disturbs and frequently divides the meeting. The dissenting 'church' at Cambridge split into four parts in the course of six years; a fact which even so able a man as Robert Robinson, whom the dissenters may boast of as one of their brightest ornaments, contrasts, in ridiculous triumph, with 'the dull unifor-

imity of the establishment! It is not long since a man who had preached for some years in a large provincial town, told his congregation he had discovered that he had been all that time under a delusion: now that his eyes were opened he must preach a doctrine widely differing from what he had before entertained; and all who would be saved must change with him.' The population of this town consists of between seven and eight thousand persons, and the leaven of schism has been so actively at work there among the sectarians that it contains at this time no fewer than seventeen sects.

This evil grows out of the principle of dissent. The minister of an establishment has no temptation from vanity, or the love of singularity, or any more worldly motive, to labour, as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, in the mine of insignificant distinctions: but among Dissenters the right of private judgment is so injudiciously inculcated that the men who are trained among them learn not unfrequently to despise all judgment except their own. Many of their students seem almost to have considered it a proof of weakness if they should believe as they were taught; as if theology, like chemistry, were a science in which every generation ought to make some discovery beyond its predecessor. Thus the Presbyterian seminaries produced Arians; the Arian school brought forth Socinian pupils, and when the Socinian college was established, they who had sat at Gamaliel's feet came away unbelievers, and throwing chart and compass overboard, youth at the prow and presumption at the helm, set sail upon the sea of error. The consequence of this has been that the English Presbyterians are rapidly disappearing, and Arianism is so nearly extinguished, that we believe at this time a minister cannot be found for the last congregation in which it lingers. It is not a little remarkable that a mode of belief which was once the dominant doctrine, and which long divided the Christian world, should in our own days be the only heresy which finds no followers.

Meantime the orthodox Dissenters have received a great increase of numbers by the accession of the Calvinistic Methodists, who have fallen imperceptibly into the discipline of the Independents, and assimilated to them so nearly, that there is little distinction but in name. Of that mightier body the Wesleyan Methodists, Messrs. Bogue and Bennett give a full and fair account. Upon this subject we need not touch. What little space can farther be afforded must be allotted to a brief view of the effects which non-conformity produces upon the mind and manners of the dissenting body; and for this the work of the joint historians might alone suffice to furnish materials.

There is a spirit of dissent, as well as a spirit of christianity. The points of difference become the life of the non-conformist's theology.

ology. When those points relate to doctrine, men are too prone to forget what Warburton has remarked concerning obscurities in Scripture, that 'the very obscurities are a sufficient evidence that the subject of them can never be matter of faith necessary to salvation:' and when they relate to discipline, the strictest disciplinarian may well doubt whether any difference is of sufficient moment to counterbalance the inconveniences of separation, which if there be not sufficient reason for it, even the writers before us pronounce to be a heinous crime. Between the Romish and Reformed Churches the difference is wide as east and west: they are far as the poles asunder; the points of discrepancy are vital; a re-union is as impossible as it would be to unite with the synagogue or the mosque; and the benefits of the Reformation are so great, that great as is the price which it cost us, we are abundantly overpaid. But it is humiliating to recollect what has been suffered for no weightier ground of dispute in the beginning, than the surplice and the sign of the cross in baptism! Schism which originated in no better cause could have no good effect.

When the poet coupled with 'the Quaker sly, the Presbyterian sour,' in describing the latter he applied that epithet which he thought most characteristic of the generic Dissenter. Many causes rendered it so. Men who laid claim collectively to the title of Visible Saints were likely, in no little degree, to partake as individuals of the spiritual pride of the community. In our days they continue to call themselves Professors; but they who profess to be better than their neighbours cannot be said to excel them in the Christian virtue of humility. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say the term has gained admittance into the language of a considerable part of the religious world, and that they themselves adopt it for its brevity. By a Professor, they add, is meant one who has the worship of God in his family, who sanctifies the Lord's Day, and who is persuaded of the necessity of conversion in order to the salvation of the soul; and they modestly observe, 'some consideration at least is due to the assertion which has been made that there are more professors of religion out of the established church than within its pale.' Upon this it will suffice to hint to these historians that some consideration is also due to the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.'

This spirit of profession necessarily produces a system of gloomy and ungracious manners. Some instances of the temper of the Professors have been noticed on a former occasion. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett also afford us a rich example: these joint-historians, taking a novel course in history, introduce into the body of their work a dialogue between 'a Dissenter of the primitive stock'

and 'a decent old Lady.'—'Pray, sir,' says the decent old Lady, 'what harm can there be in cards, or an assembly, or in the theatre? I keep to my church, and the sacrament, and prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays; and if I spend two or three hours in an evening at the card-table, and carry my nephew and niece with me to our monthly assembly, and eight or ten times a-year we go together to the play—you are a rigid man if you blame our conduct. Shew me where such things are forbidden in the word of God!' To this the Professor makes a long reply, in the course of which the following curious passage occurs. 'What would be your sensations, if on taking up a morning newspaper you were to read the following paragraph—Last night the Apostle Paul and the Evangelist Timothy were at the assembly. St. Paul played all the evening with two old matrons and a middle-aged gentleman at cards. Timothy danced with the young ladies, and charmed them all with his elegance, his wit and his mirth. Would you not be shocked at the intelligence as containing something abhorrent to the ideas which you had formed of these holy men? But is there more than one rule for the disciples of Christ? Is there a strict formulary and a lax one designed for different classes of mankind? No, there is but one, and all should observe it in all its precepts; and you and I, and every person professing Christianity, should be as good and holy as the apostles and evangelists, as Paul and Timothy were.' The Hutchinsonians, who would have no physical philosophy but what is found in the Bible, are reasonable when compared with these men who would have us do nothing in private life which might not be written in the Acts of the Apostles! 'Would you like,' the Professor proceeds, 'to die at the card-table, in the midst of a dance, or in a box at the theatre? You would not: the idea shocks you. But why? There must be something wrong that excites such emotions in your breast. If you shudder at the thoughts of dying in your beloved amusements, it must be more than improper to live in them.' What a pity that these writers should not have read *Tristram Shandy*!

The spirit of dissent is as little favourable to literature as to manners; the Muses as well as the Graces are heathenish, and therefore an abomination to the Professors. George Fox was an enemy to human learning; and a choice piece of his logic against it is preserved by Sewel. Entering into discourse with the person whom Cromwell had appointed to establish his intended college at Durham, George told him 'that to teach men Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the seven arts, was not the way to make them ministers of Christ; for the languages began at Babel; and to the Greeks that spake Greek as their mother tongue, the preaching of the cross of Christ was foolishness; and to the Jews that spake Hebrew as their

their mother tongue, Christ was a stumbling-block. And as for the Romans who spake Latin, they persecuted the Christians; and Pilate set Hebrew, Greek and Latin a-top of Christ when he crucified him. Thus the languages which began at Babel, had been set above Christ, the Word: and John the Divine, who preached the Word that was in the beginning, said that the beast and the whore had power over tongues and languages, and they were as waters, and in this mystery, Babylon. Dost thou then think,' he continued, 'to make ministers of Christ by these natural confused languages, which sprang from Babel, are admired in Babylon, and set a-top of Christ, the life, by a persecutor?' Sewel is simple enough to say that the man was puzzled by this, 'which had such effect upon him, that he became very loving, and having considered the matter farther never set up his intended college.' But it was the Restoration, and not Quaker-logic, which prevented Durham from being the University of the north.

South has remarked, in his pointed manner, 'that God has no need of any man's parts or learning, but certainly he has much less need of his ignorance and ill behaviour.' Some of the wilder Professors still object to human learning, and say that those who are educated in dissenting seminaries are *man-made* ministers,—to which Messrs. Bogue and Bennett properly reply, by asking whether self-made ministers are a whit better? Concerning these seminaries, they tell us that Homerton, 'which is the dissenting Oxford, is considered to be now in a more flourishing state than it has been for many years. It contains near twenty students, and an eminent professor of elocution gives lectures.' Very like Oxford indeed!

Their academies, they tell us, being formed for 'theological studies rather than for classical or philosophical learning, have supplied the churches with some such pastors as will shine among those, who have turned many to righteousness, while many a scholar has proved a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.' Gilbert Wakefield, having been bred in a better school, regretted the want of classical knowledge among those whom he had joined. This, they thought, was like sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For, say they, 'a want of classical knowledge is not to be attributed to the defects of the seminaries, but to the system which demands a previous Christian character, and therefore forbids to educate boys for the ministry at grammar schools. In the regret which Gilbert Wakefield expressed at the inferior attention paid to this object in dissenting academies, those who take a more serious and enlarged view will not participate. Unless the time devoted to education for the ministry were enormously extended, the delicacies of classical literature could not be acquired, but by



the sacrifice of more important objects. But the Greek Testament and the Septuagint may be well understood by those who are unequal to Pindar or the Greek tragedians.' They tell us also, that 'instead of being youths from school, as formerly, a great part of the students have been engaged in secular callings till their own change of heart, and consequent desire for the ministry, induced them to seek emancipation from business, in order to enter the study and the pulpit. Unfavourable as this in many instances certainly is to the hope of literary eminence, it affords the best prospect of sacred decision of character. Instead of the prepossessions of friends, or the caprice of children, the choice of God now supplies the churches with pastors.' No better proof can be required than these passages afford that the dissenting seminaries have little pretension to sound, whatever they may have to orthodox, learning.

In another age, perhaps, the *literæ humaniores* may find favour among them. Their present temper upon this point may be estimated by the following tirade of the joint-historians.

'The worship of talent was the prevailing idolatry of this period, of which Shakspeare and Pope were *dui majorum gentium*. Literary clubs were formed, where nightly sacrifices of conviviality were offered to the vanity of prostituted intellect. When Johnson became the hierophant to these literary heathens, they may almost be said to have been evangelised; for though he spent his evenings among them, in such a way as made him blush, and would have made an enlightened Christian shudder, yet it may be reckoned a felicity that he became their saint, to supply the salt of grace to the wits, among whose productions his periodical papers are pre-eminent, as well for purity of morals as for dignity of thought and expression. In prose he has happily taken the precedence of Addison, whose Spectator has much to pollute as well as to divert and instruct; but in poetry he has not eclipsed the fatal glory of the Cato, where suicide becomes a splendid sin, and thus is likely to be preferred to a *sombre* virtue. The poetic fame of Pope, however, has been the bane of religion; for independent of the seductive lustre which he has given to the demonology of Homer, and the unblushing deism of his Essay on Man, pure heathenism, in spite of a few solitary truths introduced for the sake of the rhyme, ever feeds his lamp and scents his works, which paganise the taste of thousands.

'Garrick, the Roscius of this age, infected it with a dramatic mania, which, in proportion as it transported men into the visionary scenes of the theatre, rendered the sober realities of eternity gloomy or disgusting. While the play-house was crowded to the neglect of the church, and Shakspeare, edited by the first scholars, was studied more than the Bible, need it be asked what was the state of the public mind?'—p. 40.

After this it is not a little amusing to observe the complacency with which these gentlemen say 'it may indeed be safely affirmed that all the most popular productions of the British press were written

ten by Dissenters!' And to prove this they instance the *Paradise Lost*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the works of Dr. Watts! Blind reasoners, who do not see that it is to their intellect, not to their principles of dissent, that Milton, and Bunyan, and De Foe, owe their immortality; strange company, we confess, but each incomparable in his way. With some of their other worthies the world is not so well acquainted, and many of our readers will confess their ignorance of such luminaries as 'the famous Mr. Wm. Benn of Dorchester; that celebrated Professor Dr. Ebenezer Latham, who presided over a respectable seminary at Findern in Derbyshire: the equally celebrated Mr. Timothy Jollie, who had an academy at Attercliffe in Yorkshire, and the no less celebrated Mr. John Woodhouse, under whose care were educated, among other eminent persons, Mr. Benjamin Bennet, of Newcastle upon Tyne, author of the *Christian Oratory*; Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe; Mr. Matthew Clarke of Miles's Lane; Mr. Benjamin Robinson of Little St. Helen's; and Mr. John Newman of Salters Hall;—each of them celebrated,'—'So are they all,—all celebrated men!'

Their silly animadversions upon the Liturgy may be past over in silence. We only admire the modesty of the assertion that 'there is no place of worship in England in which extemporary prayer is used, though the minister should have the poorest abilities, where there are so many repetitions as in the morning service of the Church of England,—and we know who has said, when ye pray, use not vain repetitions.'

Their chapter upon the state of religious liberty is of greater importance. The American war may now be spoken of without asperity on either side; the generation which entered into its feelings is almost gone by; the actors have almost all disappeared from the stage; and the tragedy may be dispassionately considered in the closet. These writers observe well, as one of the unhappy effects of that war, that it completely destroyed the national harmony which had till then for many years subsisted between all denominations in England. The Jacobites had died a natural death, the church was perfectly tolerant, the Dissenters were contented with complete toleration, and the Roman Catholics were then not heard of. But the American war introduced a dangerous change of feeling in this country. It placed a portion of the English people in mental alliance with the enemies of England. 'The Dissenters in general adopted the cause of the Americans, and reprobated the measures of the ministry as impolitic and unjust.' 'They were attached to the Americans,' say these writers, 'by the peculiar ties of religious union. Many of the colonists in almost every state maintained the same doctrines of faith, and the same system

of government as themselves; and in the northern states they formed almost the mass of the people. A constant and extensive intercourse was kept up between them; mutual assistance was given in whatever related to the advancement of the cause of religion; and they considered themselves as members of the same body.' How greatly this and the temper with which the opposition to the measures of government was carried on, tended first to occasion an appeal to arms, and finally to produce that result which America has as much reason as England to regret, is indicated in the American Life of Washington, and will one day, perhaps, be known more fully. In that Life we are told that very many persons would have reluctantly engaged in the measures which were adopted if they had really believed that those measures would have terminated in war; that a great portion of the popular leaders expected, by persisting in their resistance, to make the mother country recede from her pretensions, and thus to restore that harmony and free intercourse between the two countries, which they sincerely believed to be advantageous to both; that 'this opinion derived strength from the communications made to them by many of their zealous friends in England. The divisions and discontents of that country had been represented as much greater than the fact would justify, and the exhortations transmitted to them to persevere in the honourable course which had been commenced with so much glory, had generally been accompanied with assurances that success must yet crown their patriotic labours.' These are the words of Chief Justice Marshall, and he, it must be remembered, was writing from Washington's papers. In the same work it appears that during the war there was a secret committee in America, who had agents abroad to procure military stores, and who were 'empowered to correspond with their friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world.' And among the grounds of hope by which Washington was encouraged to bear up against difficulties and discouragements which else, perhaps, might have dismayed him, he enumerates 'Irish claims and English disturbances.'

Upon later times the historians of the Dissenters are more explicit. The only mode, they say, of accounting for Mr. Burke's latter writings, without blasting his character for ever as a man of integrity, is by supposing that he was insane *quoad* the French revolution. Their audacious falsehood in asserting that Burke stood forward as 'the panegyrist of arbitrary rule,' may be forgiven them for the sincerity with which they speak of that revolution in its effect upon themselves.

'It was no ordinary season of the exertion of the human faculties. The vigour, with which they fixed on objects, was uncommon, and there had

had been nothing like it since the era of the reformation. There was an enthusiasm of ardour for the cause of liberty which exalted the mind far above its ordinary level, and gave that sublimity of feeling which those only who entered into it can conceive. In such a temper they spurned at the idea of being dragooned into the renunciation of principles which they believed to be good, and pregnant with happiness to the human race. Hearing the cause of liberty spoken of as evil, and seeing Britain leagued with foreign powers to re-establish despotism in France, they felt themselves impelled to conclude that there was a conspiracy against the liberties of mankind; and that the ministry, by the harsh measures which they pursued, were seeking the destruction of that which was England's glory and its strength.

'As the spirit of philanthropy had been imbibed in conjunction with a zeal for liberty, the horrors of the general war in Europe, the rivers of blood which were shed, and the miseries which were extended far and wide through the world, excited unutterable anguish in their breasts, and increased their aversion to the measures which were pursued. Those among the friends of liberty who were Christians, were more deeply affected than the rest with the state of things both at home and abroad, and with the gloomy prospect before them. Their minds took a wider range, and they viewed liberty in its connection with religion, and its influence on the propagation of the Gospel. When, therefore, they looked around, and saw a combination against the cause of liberty, they viewed it with unutterable horror, as a conspiracy against the Lord and his anointed, to spread the triumphs of superstition and priestcraft, to bind the consciences of mankind in adamantine fetters, to prevent the propagation of divine truth, and, in short,—to put the great clock of Europe back five hundred years.'—p. 200.

They proceed to trace the effects of the French revolution in Great Britain as connected with religious liberty and the cause of dissent.

'In this point of view there are two which merit particular notice; they have continued to the present time, they promise to be durable, and they have been attended with benefit.

'One of these effects is the decay, and in many instances the entire removal of the undue influence of titles and office on the mind. Before the French revolution, if a person was decorated with the names and ensigns of nobility, whatever his character and conduct might be, he was looked up to as a being of a superior order. An office of dignity had a similar charm; and however destitute of talents and virtue the man might be who filled it, the splendid robes concealed every defect, and he was supposed to be both wise and upright. Ecclesiastical vestments had a talisman of equal potency wrought into their woof. Though gifts and graces might be sought for under them in vain, the highest honours were given to the wearer because he was a priest.

'But the French revolution taught tens of thousands to reason who never reasoned before; and though, in many things, like young beginners,

ners, they argued falsely, in others they judged rightly: and one instance of this was in their concluding that unless a man was wise and good, though the order of society required that he should be treated with external respect, he was not entitled to the esteem and veneration of the heart. In consequence of this, stars, garters, and coronets lost considerably of their value. Ermine could no longer conceal from view a defect of talents and virtue, or procure the homage of the soul without them. The clergyman's gown and cassock, the presbyterian minister's Geneva cloak, and the methodist preacher's unpowdered head and lank hair lost more than nine-tenths of their former worth: the episcopal mitre, apron, and lawn sleeves suffered an equal depreciation. But this furnishes no cause for regret; for to seek to procure respect to a defect of excellence, by external ornaments, is an imposition on mankind.'—p. 202.

'The other effect of the French revolution on the minds of vast multitudes of the people of England, is the diminution or extinction of bigotry to a sect. In the mass of the population of Europe, the strength of attachment to the established religion of the country was only equalled by the violence of their prejudices against every party which was separated from its communion. Of this spirit, the people of this land could boast almost an equal share with any of their neighbours. The effects of this bigotry were felt by the dissenters and methodists, when they opened a house for worship in a town or village where there had been none before. In many places few comparatively would attend; and of those who did, a part was disposed to excite disturbance and insult the preacher. But the French revolution has performed wonders in this respect. The partialities and prejudices especially of the inferior classes in society have dwindled almost to nothing. It is now a more common idea among them, that it is reasonable every one should judge for himself in matters of religion. Where no prohibition is issued by the nobleman or the squire, they now more readily go to hear a minister of a different denomination from their own; they are sensible of the impropriety of behaving amiss; they hear with greater candour; and if they approve of the preacher and his doctrine, they feel less reluctance to become dissenters or methodists.'—p. 204.

Of all the effects of non-conformity the most baneful is that sort of moral expatriation which it produces. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett deliver it as their opinion that the French revolution has produced good in England, because they think it has lessened the attachment of the people to the civil and religious institutions of their fathers! Their book represents but too well the general temper of those to whom it is addressed; but this is more peculiarly the feeling of the dissenting clergy, and it results from the unfavourable and cheerless circumstances in which they are placed. Had the Dissenters been as liberal as they are opulent, their colleges would have vied with ours; their endowments would have been (comparatively to their numbers) as rich; their education as complete; their

their degrees as honourable; the rivalry arising out of such a state of things would have been beneficial to all parties; they would have excited us while they softened themselves. But the spirit of sectarianism is narrow and sullen; it starves its own cause; and the dissenting clergy are now, as they ever have been, soured by their situation, like plants which grow in the shade.

While we make these allowances, and feel this compassion for men thus situated, and thus suffering from the very nature of their situation, it is not in the spirit of ungenerous triumph over them, but in that of humble thankfulness and acknowledgment for the blessings which we ourselves enjoy, that we exclaim—Happy are they who grow up in the institutions of their country, and share like brethren in the feelings of the great body of their countrymen! The village spire is that point amid the landscape to which their eye reverts oftenest and upon which it reposes longest and with most delight. They love the music of the Sabbath bells, and walk in cheerfulness along the church path which their fathers trod before them. They are not soured by the sight of flourishing institutions which they think evil, and therefore wish to overthrow; neither are they tempted to seek in the sullen consolations of spiritual pride a recompense, for the advantages from which their own error excludes them. Their ways are in light and in sunshine, their paths are pleasantness and peace!

ART. VI. *Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece.* By the Rev. R. Bland, and others. 8vo. pp. 525. London, Murray. 1813.

THE greater part of those small poems, which, though often arbitrarily abridged and mutilated by the taste or whim of their editors, have on the whole been transmitted from the hands of Polemo and Meleager to those of Brunck and Jacobs, with tolerable fidelity, seem hitherto to have met with no counterpart in the literature of any country. The word epigram (properly an inscription) has been almost exclusively applied in the Latin, as well as in the living languages, to that species of trifle, generally compressed within the space of a few distichs, the beauty of which consisted in some happy play of words, or conceit of thought. Very different was the epigram of the Greeks: without any of the aids by which the greater poets of antiquity embellished their works, with no development of character, no condensation of descriptive images, no agreeable fictions recommended to the imagination by what is at least the most poetical of all the systems of theology, they have

have contrived to infuse into their brief compositions a charm at once sober and pleasing. Most of the common-places of poetry may be traced to the anthology, and as the acknowledgment of obligations is rarely punctual in the world of letters, public estimation has not unfrequently been very disproportioned to the real pretensions of the literary borrower.

Whoever wishes to see the tenderness of real passion expressed forcibly, and in words which, being most natural, come most home to the heart, should seek it among the Greek epigrammatists. They seem to have had the art of the Dervise, who could throw his soul into the body of another man, and at once possess himself of his sentiments, adopt his passions, and assume all the functions and feelings of his situation. We are the more sensible of this excellence, because it has so rarely been our fate to meet with that delicate tenderness which is the highest beauty of amatory poetry. Perhaps Guarini and Metastasio alone, among the moderns, have found this secret path to the heart, and even their approach is by a rather more dressed and ornamented road, than that adopted by the epigrammatists. We still remember our pleasure at finding, on the first perusal of *Pastor Fido*, many of those elegant pieces of poetry which had so often delighted us as detached songs; and our gratification was augmented by the associations which the charms of music had connected with them;—of music in the perfection of its best powers, simple, expressive, unaffected. The merit of the similes scattered throughout the scenes of *Metastasio*, has been justly appreciated, and too much cannot be said in praise of their variety and exactness, or of the fertility of that genius which could furnish endless novelty of ornament to so many dramas so nearly similar in character and situation. At the same time we know not whether the whole range of Italian poetry, so eminently fitted by its polish and softness for the language of love, can furnish anything more beautiful, than the following six words of *Theocritus*, quoted by the present translators. No passage shews more forcibly the advantage which the Greek language possesses over every other, by its conciseness.—Οἱ δὲ ποδευντὲς ἐν ἡματι γράσκουσιν.

‘Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s’invecchia,’

as *Salvini* has accurately, but somewhat diffusely, rendered it.

But the chief merit of the Italian writers is, that their embellishments are seldom out of place, their imagery is natural and appropriate; and if this is an excellence, surely the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists, which rendered them independent of ornamental aids, is a virtue of a much higher order. With the latter the argument is not considered as a mere niche, in which the

the picture may be conveniently placed, but the image is made an auxiliary, and illustrates the subject; nor need we wonder if the distinct and well arranged thought, the appropriate epithet, and the familiar expression of the Greek epigram, have a more pleasing effect than the florid and melodious delicacy of the Italian canzonet, or the more vivacious trifling of the French madrigal. The virtue of simplicity has never been sufficiently studied by the poets of our own country; and those of the present day, whose pretensions to it are most ostentatious, have given us an imitation which differs as much from the original, as Cowper's languid version from the majesty and spirit of Homer; or the vulgar travesties of the *Æneid* from the unequalled delicacy of the Mantuan poet.

Conciseness is another pre-eminent beauty of the anthology. The affectation of it which is created by the desire of expressing a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity, is of a very different nature from that nicety of judgment, which prunes away every word that interrupts or encumbers the sentence, yet removes none of the links which formed the original chain of connection in the mind, and suffers every thing to remain distinct, intelligible, and well defined. There is no kind of writing less understood than this: the imitation of Montesquieu has been fatal to many who could not perceive that his genius enabled him to make his way through chaos without being much encumbered or retarded in his progress; or that conciseness can never atone for obscurity, and is only pleasing when it leaves nothing to be misunderstood. It was an aim at conciseness which occasioned so many perplexing inversions of language, and such a want of lucid arrangement in Mr. Campbell's last exquisite poem; and we cannot refrain from once more expressing our regret, that the author should have ever forgotten that his readers were not possessed of the same train of ideas which filled his own mind, and that his conceptions must be distinctly embodied in language, before their character and value could be duly appreciated. Fortunately, however, good sense is of all countries and ages; so that, even in the most tasteless times, it may not be too late to recollect that the homage due to our literary predecessors is paid as properly by avoiding their errors, as by imitating their beauties. Genius is a raw material too precious to be worked up into articles of a slight and perishable nature; and we shall best consult the extension and perpetuity of our own fame, by conforming to acknowledged excellence, and by using the models of antiquity not servilely, but freely, and with discrimination.

It must not be overlooked that the conciseness for which we have commended the poets of the anthology, is usually the product of a state which has not yet seen its Augustan age. We are told that the simplicity and purity which the chaste manners of elder

Rome



Rome presented, are not to be expected among the dregs of Romulus: but the greater part of the poems in this volume, were composed either immediately before, or during the worst days of that calamitous period in the history of literature, so emphatically termed its dark age. It is impossible to make a proper estimate of the efforts which produced these compositions, without considering the difficulty of substituting strength for softness, and legitimate ornament for conceit, at a time when true taste was nearly extinct, and talent chilled by the repulsive indifference of ignorant barbarians.

Nor is there less matter for surprise in the favorite subjects of this collection. The writers of a country on the decline are apt to overlook the common-places of poetry, and to seek a more distant field for ideas than is presented by the brief existence allotted to beauty and virtue, by remembrances of the accidents of human life, 'the ills of age, sickness or poverty, neglected love, or forsaken friendship.' Yet whoever expects to meet with amusement in this volume, must be contented to derive it from the representation of unlaboured and obvious sentiments; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of taste to feel that it is to such a representation the best beauties of poetry belong, he must be ignorant of its greatest charm.

With such claims on the attention of every literary man, it may be a reasonable cause of wonder that, while most of the other classics have been presented to us again and again in an English dress, scarcely a single scholar should have hitherto called upon us to admire these smaller relics of antiquity. The success of Cowley, Prior, and Cumberland in whatever they have chosen to translate, is well known, and their full share of merit is allowed to them in this volume. Many of their versions are admitted into it, and the air of originality which pervades them, leaves us only to regret, that they who could do so well, should have done so little, and that their success should not have sooner excited others to similar efforts. Before we proceed to Mr. Bland, we will say a few words on each of these writers, and our readers will then be better able to judge what pretensions the present translators have to rank with those whose praise, for as much as they have undertaken, is already so universal.

The ruling passion of Cowley, as far as it is to be collected from his writings, was the love of retirement. He spent the most active part of his life in a fatiguing attendance on the formalities of a court, and, as commonly happens to men familiar with greatness, he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartlessness of what is truly called public life. His essays in prose and verse are full of the pleasures of retirement, and the country; it was this predilection  
which

which led him to Virgil's 'O fortunati nimium,'—Horace's 'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,' and the fable of the country mouse,—Claudian's 'Old man of Verona,'—Martial's 'Vitam quæ faciant beatiorem,' and 'Vis fieri liber.' It is the same feeling which pervades the 'Epitaphium vivi auctoris,' so well known by its own classical beauty of sentiment and expression, and by Addison's admirable translation. The air of stiffness and restraint more or less perceivable in all Cowley's writings, is partly owing to the unsettled state of the language, and partly to a style which not unfrequently has more of the Latin, than of the English idiom. But the characteristic merit of his translations, which leads Mr. Bland to place him at the head of all the imitators of Anacreon, is their original spirit. Sir John Denham alludes to this excellence in some very beautiful lines 'on the death of Cowley.'

'To him no author was unknown,  
Yet what he wrote, was all his own, &c.  
—Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,  
He did not steal, but emulate:  
And when like them he would appear,  
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.'

Prior's mind was of a very different cast. Born in the days of the gayest court which England ever saw, and at a time when language was cultivated only as a mode of elegance, he easily accommodated himself to the levity of his age, and was fortunate enough to be enabled, like Camilla in the *Æneid*, to skim along the surface without sinking. The bigotry and superstition which had degraded religion in the preceding times, had driven the gay courtiers of Charles II. with a libertine monarch at their head, into the opposite extremes of atheism and sensuality. Courage was their only virtue, liveliness their only merit. It was with them, as with the French at a later period, always jour de fête; they were bred up in the school of affliction, and when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave a loose to pleasure. But fortunately for the world, this is the artificial, not the natural state of society; the disorder was not incurable, and not very contagious; for it soon appeared that immorality had its cant, as well as enthusiasm, and that the airy gaiety and carelessness of scepticism, though adapted to the light heartedness of youth, were not qualities calculated to animate the decline of life, and sooth the dimness and infirmities of our later years. This is the fiend that 'expects its evening prey,' and exacts a terrible recompense for the moments of ease and merriment bestowed under the form of pleasure. Such was the character of this period—a few words yet remain to be said concerning its productions. The French early acquired a tone of refinement and elegance which was long neglected by other nations; their

their writers of course adopted a style suitable to the high cultivation which prevailed, and the delicacy and correctness of their productions were well calculated at once to gratify the nicety of a refined taste, and to atone for a certain deficiency of genius and energy. On the contrary the licentiousness of the court of Charles was fatal to purity and elegance; and the rich vein of genius, which, however obscured by the false taste, or corrupted by the profligacy of the times, still perhaps remains unequalled, gives full scope to the imagination to conceive what might have been produced by the same talent, under happier auspices, and in a better age. Point and wit were the chief objects of attention in every branch of literature, and that labour which the writers would have expended profitably in correcting the looseness and extravagance of their productions, was consumed in an endless search after low conceits, and artificial prettinesses. With all these faults,—faults for which scarcely any vigor of conception or execution can atone,—there is a raciness and spirit, a richness and variety of expression pervading the writings of the age, which must delight every reader. Prior had the good sense to avoid many of the grosser faults, and to make many of the beauties of his age more peculiarly his own. He has not been less happy in catching the manner of Fontaine, than Fontaine himself in embellishing the tales of Boccace, Poggio, and Ariosto, with natural strokes and archness of humour. His translations are chiefly of such poems as relate to love and gallantry, and no one has surpassed him in ease, and vivacious, though not always strictly delicate, point. Nearly all his versions might be classed under the title of epigram, as the word is used by Martial, and every English writer; nor has he, so far as we recollect, attempted a translation of any of those moral and serious poems which are the chief ornaments of the Greek anthology.

Prior has detained our attention, so long, that our remarks on Cumberland must be very brief. It is well known that the latter author grew at once into notice as a scholar, and established his claim to the title, by the admirable essays on the fragments of the Greek drama published in the *Observer*. The excellence of these observations subjected Cumberland to a singular suspicion: when they first came out, he was better known by his relationship to Bentley, than by his learning, and it was hinted that he might have taken the substance of the essays, or the essays themselves, from manuscripts of his grandfather which had fallen into his possession. This is a charge of which the character of Bentley himself does not stand quite clear, and we have many anecdotes to prove that literary honesty is not always the accompaniment of learning; but Cumberland was a man of no common talent or cultivation of mind, who, if he had written less hastily, would have been inimitable.

ble. Several of his versions from the dramatic authors are admitted into the volume before us, and we have been greatly struck with the mixed force and feeling which they display. There is a rare combination of sententiousness and poetical ornament in the following couplets, which leaves nothing for regret, except the smallness of their number. We have not compared them with the originals, but they are exactly in the spirit and manner of those gnomic lines which so frequently occur in the ancient drama, and though condemned by some judges as unseasonable, are generally to be ranked among the most valuable relics which time has left us.

CRATES.

*Old Age.*

- These shrivelled sinews and this bending frame,  
The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim ;  
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,  
And make that crooked which they fashion straight :  
Hard choice for man, to die — or else to be  
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.  
Age then we all prefer ; for age we pray,  
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day ;  
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,  
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.

PHERECRATES.

*The same Subject.*

- Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,  
Compound of disappointment, pain and care ;  
For when the mind's experience comes at length,  
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength ;  
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,  
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays :  
One ray of light the closing eye receives,  
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.—p. 226.

We now turn to the book which has given rise to the preceding remarks, and which we scarcely know whether we are to call a new edition, or a new work. It has not altogether a right to this latter title, for a volume was published five or six years ago, on the same plan, the materials of which were furnished, we believe, by the same authors. We do not know how much of its predecessor has been incorporated into the new volume, and it is not noticed in the title-page or the preface, but if our memory is correct, the relationship between them, is nearly what the foundation of a building bears to its superstructure. The name of Mr. Bland appears singly on the title-page, but there are various signatures affixed to the translations, and in the preface the following passage occurs :

‘ It will doubtless appear strange, that, of the two principal authors, he who has contributed the least portion of the body of the work,

should be most prominent to the public. While he regrets the necessity, he has been compelled to yield to the instances of his associate; and has, at the same time, been induced, by the representations of their publisher, who objected to the plan of a book entirely anonymous, to suffer his own name to appear in a place to which it is entitled no otherwise than by participation.'

Mr. Bland's share of the work appears to be marked by the initial B, and we have heard names assigned to most of the other contributions; but as there has evidently been a wish for at least a partial concealment, we do not think it fair to withdraw the veil, whatever may be the motives, professional or domestic, which have led to its adoption.

We naturally expected in a miscellaneous collection like the present, to meet with great inequality in the closeness of the translations. This is a point of considerable delicacy; something of the expectations of the reader must be conceded to the difficulty of transfusing with fidelity the spirit of one language into the idioms of another; and much must be left to the taste of the translator—he will sometimes judge wisely in imitating as nearly as our language will permit, the unornamented simplicity of the original; sometimes will neglect or soften an image unsuited to modern associations; sometimes qualify or refine expressions which are too harsh and farfetched. Every one who is acquainted with the poems of the Greek anthology, knows that passages occasionally occur which are liable to the charge of extravagance. The contemporaneous taste of the times is more or less discoverable in the productions of every country, and a love of conceits was the prevailing fault, the most prominent feature of the ages in which the epigrammatists flourished. Besides, the more obvious and natural thoughts, always most pleasing to true taste, were pre-occupied, and if novelty was to be attempted, the choice lay among materials of a baser kind; if a new garland was to be entwined, it must have been of flowers which Virgil and Horace and Catullus had already rejected. The first poem in the collection, entitled 'the Lover's Message,' from Meleager, affords an instance of the fault of which we have been speaking. The passage is omitted in the translation, but is thus noticed in the Illustrations.

'The sixth line in the original has caused much dispute. Its literal interpretation is, "Expect me not as a sailor, but as one who travels on foot to behold you;" a hyperbolic expression, implying, (says Jacobs,) "The desire of seeing you will support me over the seas, even without the aid of a ship."—p. 41.

We must remark, however, that while the translator has avoided in one instance the fault of the original, he has in the very next couplet fallen into one equally great.

'Go,

'Go, heralds of my soul! to Phanion's ear,  
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear.'—p. 1.

What can be more affected than the expression, 'heralds of the soul,' applied to vessels passing and repassing the Hellespont? And it is the more inexcusable, since, on turning to the original, we find no trace of it whatever. The following stanzas have a tone of arch gallantry about them, which at first sight would lead us to attribute them to the romantic days of France, rather than to the sixth century: they have, however, the merit of being a very faithful translation.

PAULUS, 8. iii. 78. (73.)

*Love not extinguished by Age.* B.

'For me thy wrinkles have more charms,  
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face!  
I'd rather fold thee in my arms  
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace:

'To me thy autumn is more sweet,  
More precious than their vernal rose,  
Their summer warms not with a heat  
So potent as thy winter glows.'—p. 3.

The following effusion has all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy. The thoughts are borrowed with sufficient fidelity from the Greek, but the elegance and plaintiveness breathed over the whole, belong exclusively to the translator. To our taste the original is meagre and uninteresting.

AGATHIAS, 23. iii. 41.

*Maiden Passion.* M.

'Go, idle amorous boys,  
What are your cares and joys,  
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?  
A flame half hid in doubt,  
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,  
A blaze of momentary heat at best!

'Haply you well may find  
(Proud privilege of your kind)  
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;  
Or, if your inbred grief  
Admit of such relief,  
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

'Whilst we, poor hapless maids,  
Condemn'd to pine in shades,  
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,  
Can only sit and weep,  
While all around us sleep,  
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.'—p. 10.

We were much pleased with the translation of the well known stanza of Horace lamenting 'the decay of his old flame.'

'Quo fugit Venus? Heu, quove color decens?

Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

'Where is the bloom, the power to move,

And warm a frozen heart to love?

Oh where those earlier graces, fraught

With all that could a lover sway,

That waken'd every tender thought,

And stole me from myself away?' B.—p. 51.

Among those pieces to which the title of 'Moral' is prefixed, are four from Palladas on the trite subject of 'the shortness and evils of life.' We were obliged to turn to the original to understand the last.

PALLADAS, 129. ii. 434. M.

'O transitory joys of life! ye mourn

Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.

We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,

Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,

His hateful race against our wretched state,

And bears the unconquerable will of fate.'—p. 108.

There appears to be something defective in the third line, but how tame and spiritless is the whole, compared with the original, which furnishes a beautiful specimen of that simple and touching harmony of expression by which the ancients recommended the commonest thoughts.

ὦ τῆς βραχέιας ἡδονῆς τῆς τε βίῃ.

τὴν ὀξύτητα τῷ χρόνῳ πεινῆσαι.

ἡμεῖς καθιζομεσθα καὶ κοιμωμεθα,

μοχθῶντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρεῖσι,

τρεῖσι καὶ ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπωρῶν βροτῶν,

φέρειν ἕκαστῳ τῷ βίῃ καταστροφῇ.

Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the Rambler the beauties of a short Hymn to Health, by Ariphron of Sicyon; 'in which,' says he, 'the power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his breast, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture.' It loses nothing in its new poetical dress.

BY ARIPHRON OF SICYON, 23 Scol. i. 159.

*Address to Health.* B.

- ' Health, brightest visitant from heaven,  
Grant me with thee to rest !  
For the short time by nature given,  
Be thou my constant guest !  
For all the pride that wealth bestows,  
The pleasure that from children flows,  
Whate'er we court in regal state  
That makes men covet to be great ;
- ' Whatever sweet we hope to find  
In love's delightful snare,  
Whatever good by heaven assign'd,  
Whatever pause from care,  
All flourish at thy smile divine ;  
The spring of loveliness is thine,  
And every joy that warms our hearts  
With thee approaches and departs.'—p. 120.

When will the danger of quoting from memory be sufficiently known? We find the following observation, p. 153. "Suavius est tui meminisse, quam cum aliis versari," is, possibly, the very tenderest expression that ever heart conceived, or tongue uttered.' How much stronger is the sentiment in its genuine form ! 'Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !' It is correctly quoted by Lord Byron, and prefixed to some very beautiful stanzas nearly at the end of the volume which contains his *Childe Harold*. We wish we could make room for the three original pieces by a friend, 'To Estrella;' there is a force and spirit in them which is the best charm of lyric poetry: the first and third appear to us decidedly superior to the second, which has less beauty and tenderness, and is little less exceptionable than Moore's poem on the same subject. We are always concerned to see warmth and indelicacy confounded; they are feelings as distinct as the love of Adam, and the passion of the Giaour for Leila.

We have already observed, that the commonest subjects are usually the most pleasing, when they are judiciously treated. Nothing can be more natural and interesting than the following little poem, though the subject is one of the most hacknied on which verse is employed.

PAULUS, 83. iii. 102.

*On a Daughter who died young.* B.

- ' Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought  
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier ;
- But thou hast left a being fraught  
With wiles and toils and anxious fear.



For us remains a journey drear,  
 For thee a blest eternal prime,  
 Uniting in thy short career,  
 Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'—p. 286.

Bion and Shakespear have immortalised the loves of Venus and Adonis, and we were therefore rather surprised to find this acknowledged favourite of the goddess omitted in the following stanza, which in other respects may be placed in the same page with Prior's numerous *jeux d'esprit* on the same subject. In the Greek, the 'flint-hearted boy' takes his proper station with Anchises and Paris.

UNCERTAIN, 247. iii. 200.

*Exclamation of Venus on seeing her Statue by Praxiteles.* M.

'My naked charms! The Phrygian swain,  
 And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,  
 And only those, of mortal strain.  
 How should Praxiteles have known them?'—p. 372.

At p. 403 is a note on the god of sleep, where the age, under which this divinity has been usually represented by the ancients, is discussed. The distinction made between Somnus and Morpheus seems rather fanciful. It is supposed that Morpheus, always represented as an old man, 'is alone the proper image of the sleep of the living;' and that Somnus, figured under the character 'of a boy, or rather of a beautiful youth,' is 'le sommeil éternel, image du sommeil, ou de la mort.' We cannot reconcile this appropriation of the duties assigned to the two deities with the following passage in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, where Morpheus is sent by Somnus, at the suggestion of Juno, to inform Halcyone of the fate of Ceyx.

'Pater e populo *natorum* mille suorum  
 Excitat artificem simulatoremque figuræ  
 Morpheæ. Non illo jussos solertius alter  
 Exprimit incessus, vultumque modumque loquendi.  
 Adjicit et vestes, et consuetissima cuique  
 Verba, sed hic solos homines imitatur; &c.  
 — Præterit hos senior: cunctisque e *fratribus* unum  
 Morpheæ, qui peragat Theumantidos edita, Somnus  
 Eligit.'—Lib. ii. 633.

Here Morpheus is distinctly described as acting under Somnus, and assuming different appearances as the occasion required. However this may be, there is a mistake in the punctuation of a passage quoted to shew the youth of Somnus, of some importance, as it affects part of the proof adduced in support of the distinction, and entirely destroys the *parallelism* of the passage. After charging Addison with having fallen into 'an error from which his own reference

ference to Statius ought to have secured him,' the writer of the note thus quotes the lines alluded to.

'Crimine quo merui, *juvenis* placidissime Divum,  
Quove errore, miser, donis ut solus egerem,  
Somne, tuis?'

We have always read the passage thus ;

'Crimine quo merui juvenis, placidissime Divum,' &c.

By this punctuation *juvenis* acquires a very peculiar force, and the spirit of the passage is greatly improved.—'What have I done, that I, though still young, at that season of life when cares are least likely to obstruct repose, am denied the gifts of sleep?' The beauties of this exquisite little poem are fresh in the memory of every classical reader, and we agree with the remark in the Illustrations, that Mr. Hodgson 'has, if possible, added to the calm repose and sweetness of the original description.'

'Now every field, and every herd is thine,  
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine ;  
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,  
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.'—p. 408.

It is thus we should wish to express our feelings on viewing the tranquillity and softness of one of Claude's night-pieces.

The least interesting division of the volume is the last, entitled 'Satirical and Humorous.' A part at least of the pleasure which we derive from humour, arises from the unexpected manner in which incongruous thoughts are combined by some apparent similarity. It follows that our pleasure is lessened in proportion to our surprise, and that which appears good on the first reading, loses something of its beauty at every succeeding perusal. Besides, the subjects which afforded matter of ridicule to the ancients, are not altogether such as now strike us in the same light ; and in general every age has its own objects of entertainment, its peculiar cast of humour, which will not be readily exchanged for any other. But this is a point on which we touch with considerable tenderness for the feelings and opinions of others. We may, however, venture to observe, that true wit has no more connection with extravagant images, than the comedy of Terence, of Fontenelle, and occasionally of Molière, has with *plays of character*, in which simple avarice or extravagance are drawn, instead of the covetous, or the extravagant man ; or with Spanish plots, which deceive a man through his senses, not through his passions and affections. The emotion of pleasure must be retained, as well as excited ; the gratified feeling must be as inseparable from the idea which gave rise to it, when it is familiar, as when it was new. Notwithstanding

ing what we have said on this point, we will still venture to quote one specimen of this part of the work, in which a favourite subject of all epigrammatists is well displayed.

AGATHIAS, 67. iii. 56.

*On a Lawyer.* M.

' A plaintiff thus explained his cause  
To counsel learned in the laws :  
" My bond-maid lately ran away,  
And in her flight was met by A,  
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,  
Espous'd her to his servant B.  
The issue of this marriage, pray,  
Do they belong to me, or A ?"  
The lawyer, true to his vocation,  
Gave sign of deepest cogitation,  
Look'd at a score of books, or near,  
Then hemm'd, and said, " your case is clear.  
Those children, so begot by B  
Upon your handmaid must, you see,  
Be your's, or A's.—Now, this I say :  
They can't be your's, if they to A  
Belong—it follows then, of course,  
That if they are not his, they're your's.  
Therefore—by my advice—in short,  
You'll take the opinion of the court.'—p. 451.

We are not much dissatisfied with the following observations prefixed to some ' extracts from the Grecian drama.

' Notwithstanding the success with which Potter's faithful and animated translations of the great fathers of the Grecian drama, have deservedly been attended, it has always appeared to me that the true spirit of their poetry might be more nearly attained, by adopting the sonorous and majestic couplet, which Dryden wished to introduce on the English stage, in imitation of Corneille and Racine ; and which, however unsuitable to the purpose of representing violent and sudden emotions, is peculiarly well adapted as the vehicle both of declamatory passion, and of pathetic sweetness."

The extracts which follow are from the most touching and tender scenes of the Greek tragedy ; the thoughts such as are most in unison with those domestic feelings which come home to every heart, and the classical allusions so natural and intelligible as not to be displeasing even to the English reader who seeks only for beauty of poetry, and has no additional source of gratification in meeting with a spirited version of his favorite passages. yet we should say that the attempt had decidedly failed, if the truth of the doctrine depended on the detached specimens before us. We must, however, make two exceptions ; the first in favor of the translation

translation of a chorus in the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the other the address of a daughter to her father, conjuring him to spare her life; and both of singular beauty.

ADDRESS OF THE CHORUS TO ALCESTIS. M.

- ' Daughter of Pelias! peaceful sleep  
 In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,  
     Where the bright sun can enter never!  
 And may the gloomy monarch know,  
 And he, the steersman old and slow,  
 By whom the ghosts are wasted o'er,  
 To that uncomfortable shore,  
     No spirit half so lovely ever,  
 Nor half so pure, his boat did take  
 On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.  
 Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,  
 The sacred bards of future days  
 The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,  
 Waking its mountain-melody;  
 Or in harmonious notes shall sing,  
 What time the rosy-bosom'd spring  
     Bedews with April showers  
 Fair Sparta's walls, and all the night,  
 The full moon pours her silver light  
     On Athens' heav'n-loved towers.  
 ' Oh! could the power of verse recall  
 Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,  
     And dark Cocytus' spectred wave!  
 Oh! could it bid thy spirit stray  
 Back to the cheerful light of day,  
     And break the darkness of the grave!  
 ' Most lov'd, most honour'd shade, farewell!  
     We know not what the gods below  
     Will measure out of bliss or woe;  
 Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,  
 In those dark realms to which it fled,  
 Most blest among the peaceful dead!  
 ' Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn  
 That voyage whence is no return,  
     And which we all are doom'd to try:  
 The gods' great offspring, battle-slain,  
 'Mid common heroes press the plain,  
     And undistinguish'd die.  
 ' But she who nobly died, to save  
 A husband from the cheerless grave,  
 Though seen no more by mortal eye,  
 Shines, a bright power, above the sky.  
 Hail, lovely light of Phææ's vale!  
 Blest guardian of the wand'ring stranger, hail!—p. 243.

FROM

## FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS OF EURIPIDES.

*Iphigenia to Agamemnon.*

' Had I the voice of Orpheus, that my song  
 The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,  
 Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,  
 That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.  
 But now, ungifted as I am, untaught  
 To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,  
 Tears, the last refuge of a suppliant's prayer,  
 Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.  
 Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth  
 Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—  
 Have mercy on my youth! oh, think how sweet  
 To view the light, and glow with vital heat!  
 Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave  
 The dark uncertain horrors of the grave!

I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,  
 And straining to your bosom, called, ' My child!'  
 Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,  
 And lisp'd, ' My father!' with an infant tongue?  
 How 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,  
 The child's caresses, and the parent's kiss,  
 ' And shall I see my daughter,' wouldst thou say,  
 ' Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?  
 Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,  
 The beauty of his palace and the pride?  
 ' Perhaps, I answer'd with a playful air,  
 ' And dares my father hope admittance there,  
 Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay  
 His cares, and wipe the tears of age away  
 Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet  
 I bathe in tears—I never can forget;  
 —But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—  
 'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

Oh! slay me not! respect a mother's throes,  
 And spare her age unutterable woes!  
 Oh, slay me not!—or—if it be decreed—  
 (Great God avert it!) if thy child must bleed,  
 At least look on her, kiss her, let her have  
 Some record of her father in the grave!  
 Oh come, my brother! join with me in prayer!  
 Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare!  
 Thou wouldst not lose thy sister! e'en in thee,  
 Poor child, exists some sense of misery—  
 —Look, father, look! his silence pleads for me.  
 We both intreat thee—I, with virgin fears,  
 He, with the eloquence of infant tears.

Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die!  
 To leave the freshness of this upper sky,

For

For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,  
 The land of ghosts, and everlasting night!  
 Oh, slay me not! the weariest life that pain,  
 The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain  
 Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,  
 Is real bliss "to what we fear of death."—p. 264.

Frequent use has been made of the stores of French literature lately opened to us. We suspect that Mr. Bland has a great predilection for the French wits. He seems to be familiar with the productions of Du Fresnoy, and Baraton, and Chardon, and Moncrif, and does not hesitate to avail himself of the miscellaneous nature of the illustrations, by introducing them in an English dress, as often as any similitude of thought or subject allows. Two valuable recent publications have contributed whatever was wanting to make us thoroughly acquainted with the taste in writing and conversation which prevailed among the Parisian beaux esprits of the last century. The anonymous treatise *De la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle*, describes the result of their hours of seriousness and study; and Baron Grimm's more desultory work has supplied all that remained to be learned respecting their movements in private life, when no part was to be acted, no character to be kept up; in their jests and quarrels, in their parties and retirements.

' Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo  
 Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res.'

From this source Mr. Bland has gleaned two or three happily expressed trifles which are not above the level of what we expected from the heartlessness and frivolity which characterised what was called *la société* of the French metropolis. The following are favourable specimens of the peculiar character of French sprightliness. The original of the portrait in the first is to be seen in every circle of all societies.

' Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,  
 Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,  
 Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien;  
 C'est le naturel d' Isabelle,  
 Qui semble pour tout entretien,  
 Dire seulement—Je suis belle.'

' To have a talent base and low,  
 To live in state of vegetation,  
 To eat, drink, nothing learn, nor know,  
 Such is the genius of Miss Kitty,  
 Who seems, for all her conversation,  
 To say—Look at me, I am pretty.' B.—p. 174.

' Le premier jour du mois de Mai  
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie ;  
Le beau dessein que je formai  
Le premier jour du mois de Mai.  
Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.  
Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,  
Le premier jour du mois de Mai  
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.'

' The morning of the first of May  
To me was happier far than any ;  
I thought on that which made me gay,  
The morning of the first of May.  
I saw and loved thee on that day :  
If what I thought on pleased thee, Fanny,  
The morning of the first of May  
To me was happier far than any.'—B.—p. 376.

*On a Statue of Cupid.*

' D'aucun Dieu l'on n'a dit tant de mal et de bien.  
Le plus grand des malheurs est de n'en dire rien.'

' Of all the deities that shed  
On earth their influence from above,  
So much has never yet been said,  
Both good and evil, as of love.

' Yet, for whatever joy we bless,  
Or for whatever pain we flout him,  
His is the worst unhappiness  
Who knows not what to say about him.' M.—p. 401,

We have noticed several instances where, in our opinion, the sense of the original has been misconceived.

' And thou  
O lamp, bear'st witness to her alter'd vow,'—p. 7.  
conveys to the English reader no idea of the turn in the Greek.

' λυχνι, συ δ' ἐν κόλποις αὐτοῦ ὄρας ἱερῶν.'

The idea in the last line of the following stanza is very poetical, but in our conception very different from that conveyed by the original.

UNCERTAIN, 443, (444.) iii. 245.

*Death the universal Lot. B.*

' The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,  
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,  
Can but our hastening hours beguile,  
And slope the path that leads to death.

' Οἶνος καὶ τὰ λουτρά καὶ ἡ περὶ Κυψαρὶν ἡρώς,  
οἷς ὑπὸ τῇ σκιᾷ τὴν ὁδὸν εἰς Αἴδην.'

Allusion

Allusion has been made to the immortality of Cleombrotus the Ambraciot, from the time of Cicero to that of Milton. The force of the celebrated epigram of Callimachus on this subject, is quite lost in the paraphrastic translation of the concluding line.

‘ ——— αλλα Πλατωνος

ἐν το σφι ψυχης, γραμμ’ αναλιξαμενος.

But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,  
And fix'd his soul on immortality.’—p. 113.

The desultory and miscellaneous nature of the notes which form so large a part of this volume, opens a wide field for remark, but our extracts have been already so considerable that we cannot venture upon them. Briefly, however, we may observe, that amidst much ingenious and amusing criticism, there are to be found in them a laborious trifling which occasionally fatigues us, and an effort altogether disproportioned to the effect meant to be produced. Were this part of the work reduced to half its present bulk, (and we hope that opportunities will not be wanting,) we might then expect to receive a volume of which the Illustrations should not be unworthy of the text.

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ART. VII. *An Inquiry into the State of National Subsistence, as connected with the Progress of Wealth and Population.* By W. T. Comber. London: Cadell and Davies. 1808. 8vo. pp. 382.

IN calling the attention of our readers to a work which was published five years ago, we are aware that we deviate from our usual practice: but the deviation is, we hope, excusable; because that work has derived, from very recent circumstances, a degree of importance which it did not possess when it was first presented to the public. A select committee of the House of Commons, appointed at an early period of the last session, ‘to inquire into the Corn Trade of the united kingdom,’ have, in their report to the House, proposed the repeal of the existing system of laws for the control of the importation and exportation of corn, and in lieu of such system, the chairman of that committee has proposed to the House a series of resolutions, of which the object is to secure to this country a corn-trade unfettered by regulations, but subject to duties, so graduated, as to protect the British growers and consumers, against those great and sudden variations in the price of grain, which have hitherto been occasioned by correspondent fluctuations in the supply and demand. Thus far, the opinions of the chairman of the committee exactly coincide with those of Mr. Comber, whose inquiry we will now proceed to examine.

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The author designates himself, in his preface, as a 'practical writer,' and laments that his habits (commercial habits we presume) 'have been adverse to the cultivation of the higher attainments of literature;' yet he appears to have studied, with much attention, the best writers on political economy; and we think that the diligence with which he has collected a large stock of useful materials, and the candour and good sense with which he uses them, afford a full compensation for the few faults of his style; which, perhaps, is sometimes too diffuse, and rather too much laboured, but never so far as to become perplexed or unintelligible. His 'Inquiry,' indeed, is carried to a length which many of his readers may be inclined to think excessive; but he excuses himself by alleging the necessity of combating the many strange and contradictory theories which some modern writers have endeavoured to substitute for the wise and sober doctrines of Dr. Smith:—

'Writers, (says he,) from the bias of their own minds, have given a latitude and universality to principles, evidently secondary in their nature, and limited in their operation, which form the basis of particular theories. Some, with Mr. Malthus, deduce all the political and moral evils which exist in society, from an excess of population, inferring a deficiency of the means of subsistence, and the decay of our wealth and prosperity, from this cause; and, as a practical result, recommend discouragements to the further increase of the species. Others, viewing population as a means of increasing wealth, consider depopulation and decline as synonymous; they regard the actual production of subsistence as already superabundant, which, by enabling every order in the state to consume an increased quantity, generates luxury; and consider this as inevitably producing a decay of industry, which will be followed by depopulation and decline. While some trace all our riches to our commerce, and triumphantly produce the imports and exports as the barometer of national wealth, others as confidently deny that commerce is any means of increasing wealth, whatever it may be of distributing it. By some it has been contended, that the increase of taxes, by raising the price of our manufactures to the foreign consumer, has a tendency to occasion a decay of the employments of industry, and to increase the number of the poor; whilst others contend, that by prolonging the action of necessity, they stimulate to industry, and are one of the chief causes of national wealth.'

Instead of entangling himself in the labyrinth of theory, our author undertakes to trace, from the commencement of English history, the circumstances which have actually attended, in this country, the progress of wealth, population, and agriculture; occasionally commenting on the facts which he produces, and applying them to each of the conflicting systems above-mentioned; but particularly to that of Mr. Malthus, whom he justly considers as the most formidable of all the dissenters from the orthodox tenets of political

political economy. Such a task, it is obvious, could not be completed within very narrow limits; but as only a small portion of Mr. Comber's Inquiry is immediately suited to our purpose, we must confine ourselves to a very short and imperfect sketch of that part of his agricultural history, which is antecedent to the establishment of any regular code of laws, for the encouragement of tillage.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that no degree of industry can enable an historian to glean, from the early annals of this country, a certain knowledge of the number of its inhabitants, or of the quantity of subsistence afforded by agriculture, at different remote periods. The first document of this kind, which our author has quoted, occurs in the reign of Edward III, at which time (i. e. in 1377) the population of England and Wales appears to have amounted to no more than two and a half millions of souls. The next estimate of the population is in 1575, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the number of inhabitants was found to be 4,600,000; by which it appears, that the population of England and Wales had doubled itself during the two last centuries; and lastly, the returns made to the legislature under the population act in 1801, have shewn, that after an interval of 225 years, the population had been once more doubled. These documents, though perhaps not strictly accurate, are sufficient to prove, that though the progress of population, and of subsistence in this country, may have been occasionally interrupted during some short intervals, yet during the last four hundred years at least, a great augmentation has taken place in the produce of each succeeding century; an augmentation which has lately proceeded with a uniformly accelerated rapidity. This increase, indeed, has been viewed, by some philosophers, as a just subject of alarm. Mr. Malthus, to whom we owe our thanks for the boldness with which he has opposed some errors of modern philanthropists, and for the just and popular arguments by which he has demonstrated the impossibility of supplying, from the contributions of the rich and idle, those means of subsistence which can only be secured by the labour of the industrious, has been grievously scared by this new phantom. Because mankind have a tendency to propagate their species, and to devour the fruits of the earth; whilst that earth does not possess a reciprocal power of increasing its own surface, he thinks that the limited quantity of provender in the whole world must, ultimately, be insufficient for the growing number of mouths; and hence he concludes that our only chance of retarding that starvation, which will be our inevitable lot, is to practise celibacy, and to employ as many as possible of our manufacturers (who are far too numerous, and frightfully prolific) in raising corn for exportation.

Our author replies, that this opinion, like some others inculcated  
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by the ingenious essayist, is deduced, not from the simple and long established truth to which it is professedly a corollary, but from the mystical sense of the words in which he has enveloped his preliminary axiom. A man of plain sense, will probably be startled at being told that population and subsistence cannot possibly proceed at the same rate, the one always increasing in a geometrical, and the other in an arithmetical ratio. It would naturally occur to him, that the whole human race having been derived from two original parents, each generation must have found or created the means of subsistence; and he must, thence, be disposed to infer, that man and his food will continue their journey as amicably as heretofore; and he will not readily believe, that their nearer approach to their common goal, will be likely to disturb their harmony. It will, also, occur to him, that the power of reproduction implanted in all animated nature may be still left, without danger, under the control of the Author of nature, and that it is unnecessary to provide against its influence, by attempting to eradicate the natural propensities of our species, or to change the natural course of human industry.

If the project of Mr. Malthus were realized, such a change in the state of society would, in our author's opinion, produce effects exactly opposite to those so confidently anticipated. Supposing the class of manufacturers in this country to be in excess, it follows that these redundant members of the class must be fed, not from our home stock of provisions, but from that of some foreign nation which consumes the produce of their labour. The advantage of their residence here consists in their occasional supply of men for the exigencies of the state. Meanwhile, the remainder of their class, whom we suppose to be as numerous as the national produce can feed, being compelled to give for their food the largest equivalent that their powers of labour can afford, it seems clear that the agricultural class will acquire as great, and the manufacturing class as small a profit as possible, from their respective exertions.

But if, the population of the country remaining unaltered, the manufacturers now employed in working for the foreign demand, were suddenly transferred to tillage, it does not follow that a total change in the comparative comforts of the two classes, would be the only consequence. Those writers who, like Mr. Malthus, bestow great and extravagant eulogiums on the policy of exporting grain, seem to have forgotten that this is not necessarily practicable. Every trade is an exchange of equivalents: but if a superabundance of wheat were actually created in Great Britain, to what country could we send it, with the hope of exchanging it for an equivalent which should repay the expenses of the farmer?

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When all our neighbours have been desolated by a war expressly waged against commerce and manufactures, a war which has swept away the accumulated capital of ages, and has left to the conquered, nothing but the privilege of extorting from their soil the first necessities of life, can the wealthiest nation in the world rationally undertake the task of providing Europe with those necessities, and neglect its natural advantages in pursuit of a trade to be carried on in competition with America, and Poland, from whose abundant supply we have so often found relief in times of very distressing necessity? It is expedient,—it is necessary, to call out all the resources which can be derived from our own soil, as a security against those evils, to which a series of untoward seasons may sometimes expose our numerous and growing population; and the means of attaining this security, are certainly within our reach. But why propose to ourselves a new and unnecessary object, which is inconsistent with our own circumstances, and with the actual situation of all our neighbours?

The present state of the continent, indeed, very nearly resembles that of England, during the reigns of our Norman line of kings; because that feudal system, which is the system of all conquerors, still subsists, with slight differences of modification, in the whole Turkish empire; in that of Russia; in Poland; and must, if Buonaparte should ultimately succeed in his efforts, be shortly established in Germany, as well as in Italy and France.

Our ancestors were, during some centuries, a nation of vassals and serfs doomed, alternately, to fight and to labour for the lords of the soil, and to supply those task-masters with the articles of raw produce which were exchanged for the manufactures of Flanders, and the more costly products of the East. For grain, however, there was no foreign market; because the agriculture of the Flemings kept pace with their industry; the commercial republics of Italy were amply fed by their own fertile territories; and the rest of Europe, portioned out, like England, into baronial districts, afforded a very precarious supply, to a very scanty stock of inhabitants. A strong proof of this occurs in our history, during the period which immediately followed the termination of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster. We all know that the establishment of regal power on the ruins of feudal anarchy, was accompanied by the cession of numerous advantages to the people; whose industry, since this dawn of liberty, has been progressive. Yet all historians have agreed to point to this period, as remarkable for the sudden and general decline of tillage. This was not occasioned by the false policy of the government; on the contrary, the numerous enactments by Henry VII, Henry VIII,

Edward VI, Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth, (all of which are recited by Mr. Comber,) are obviously so many angry manifestos against the dangerous extension of pasturage. This extension was the spontaneous act of individuals, probably taking a very just view of their own interests. The population of the country was continually increasing; so that if any foreign demand for grain had existed, the demand for wool could not have occasioned any change in the object of our national agriculture. The Dutch, indeed, about this time, having shaken off the yoke of Spain, laid the foundations of their subsequent greatness; and gradually acquiring a population far beyond their own scanty means of subsistence, created a market for corn which tended to encourage a competition of supply amongst the agricultural nations. France, also, thought fit, for some time, to import large quantities of grain for the support of her numerous manufacturers; and Portugal, for the sake of encouraging her vineyards, has derived a great part of her subsistence from foreigners. In all these trades, England, from the time of the Stuarts, has attempted to share as largely as possible; insomuch that our usual exports of corn, a little before the middle of the last century, amounted to not less than one-tenth of our annual growth; but from the commencement of the war of 1756, they began to decline, and in 1767, ceased altogether. Since that period, the price of corn has been constantly higher in Great Britain than in France; in Holland; in the countries round the Baltic; or in America; and the consequence of this state of things has been a progressive importation, to an amount rather exceeding that of our former export.

It is evident that this great change in the state of our commercial relations, has been produced by a variety of conspiring causes. The peace of 1763, confirmed to Great Britain the possession of a vast empire in the East, of which the revenues, together with the profits of a most lucrative commerce, were annually poured into this country; it extended our dominion over the whole western coast of the Atlantic; it increased our possessions in the West Indies; and leaving us apparently without a rival, inspired the most perfect confidence in the power and stability of what now began to be called the British empire. But it is clear that, whatever might have been the previous disposition of the country, a vast and sudden influx of wealth could not fail of exciting, amongst that portion of the inhabitants to whom it was distributed, the habits of more profusion and expenditure; and the British being already a commercial and highly industrious nation, the distribution of this wealth was, therefore, most extensive. From this period wheat, which had formerly been considered in this, as it still is in almost every other country, to be a sort of luxury, began  
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to supplant the inferior kinds of grain as an article of food for the poorer classes. The power of consuming it was increased; and the number of consumers was augmented by the multitude of foreign workmen and navigators, who were attracted by the demand of our manufactures and commerce. Consequently, it was scarcely possible that the national agriculture should continue to afford a surplus of grain for export: nor did it. 'The average annual produce of wheat, (says Mr. Comber, p. 180.) at the beginning of the reign of his present Majesty, was about 3,800,000 quarters, of which about 300,000 had been sent out of the kingdom, leaving about three and a half millions for home consumption. In 1773, the produce of wheat was stated to the House of Commons to be four millions, of which the whole, and above 100,000 imported, were consumed in the kingdom.' It seems, then, that the increase of the annual consumption, at the end of thirteen years, (ten of which were subsequent to the peace,) was 600,000 quarters, and the augment of our annual growth 200,000. The rise of price also, as might be expected, was considerable; and the effect produced by the change in the market, on the interests of our corn growers was, that instead of selling to the exporter 300,000 quarters at 33s. 6d., they supplied their own countrymen with 500,000, at 45s. 6d., these being the average prices of the 10 years which preceded, and of the ten which followed 1764. Thus far, it is plain that British agriculture participated largely in the general prosperity:

This prosperity, however, was now suddenly interrupted by the revolution in America, which commenced with the seizure of the tea at Boston, in December 1773, and was followed by the appointment of a congress at Philadelphia in 1774, and in 1775 by a declaration of war. During the whole progress of that most disastrous conflict, the agricultural, as well as the commercial classes in Great Britain, could not fail to suffer most severely, although our cultivators were little injured by foreign competition. The annual excess of import, on an average of the ten years preceding the peace of 1783, did not amount to 70,000 quarters; but the general distress of the country kept down the price, and the capital which could be spared for the improvement of cultivation was so small, that land was frequently sold, towards the close of the war, at twenty-two, and even twenty years purchase.

The ten years of peace, which elapsed between the treaty of Paris, and the war into which we were driven by the French revolution, restored our finances, revived our commerce and manufactures, and almost obliterated the recollection of the losses so lately sustained. Never, probably, was the improvement of Great Britain in all the useful arts, so conspicuous as during this short and happy

happy interval. The annual consumption of wheat advanced, in consequence of our increasing wealth and population, to six millions of quarters, of which only 182,000 were imported; so that the annual produce of 1793 exceeded that of 1773 by not less than 1,820,000 quarters.

From 1793 to the present moment, with the exception of the short and feverish respite produced by the treaty of Amiens, every year has been passed in a repetition of efforts the most exhausting, and amidst dangers which immediately threatened our existence. Yet we have the consolation to know that the main sinews of our strength, the numbers of a free and brave people, and ample internal means of feeding them, have not yet begun to fail us. A comparison of the returns to the population acts in 1801 and 1811, indicates an increase of the inhabitants of Great Britain, during that interval, of more than 1,400,000; and although the progress of population in Ireland is supposed to have been still more rapid, we learn from the report of the late committee on corn, that

‘When the continental system put an end to all commercial intercourse with those countries from which corn is usually imported into Great Britain, except through the means of licences, and thus imposed great difficulties upon the importation of foreign corn; though the prices continued to advance, the quantity of corn grown in consequence of this advance in price, and of the steadiness of the price, particularly in Ireland, has been so much greater than it was before for many years, that the supply, in the last year, was equal to the consumption.’

From these facts it appears, that although the actual internal supply of corn has been uniformly inferior to the demand, and has consequently occasioned a regular excess of importation, yet the power of raising an increased quantity of produce, fully proportionate to the increasing population of the country, has never been deficient. It follows, that the expansion of that power which has now been so unexpectedly displayed, must have been hitherto counteracted by some powerful obstacle; and because the corn trade has long been subjected to a system of regulations, it may be presumed that, in this system, the obstacle will be found. The history of these laws may be comprised in a very few words; but the spirit in which they were enacted, and their practical tendency, have been the subject of much litigation.

Though the extension of tillage was an object of constant anxiety to the princes of the House of Tudor, and though the exportation of grain, as an encouragement to such extension, was promoted by them as far as possible, it was not till the accession of the Stuarts that the corn trade, in consequence of a foreign demand, began to acquire some importance; and that the laws for the

the regulation of it were matured into a system. Indeed, the domestic trade, in every article, must precede the foreign trade: and a free internal commerce of grain had been hitherto opposed, both by the jealousy of government and by popular prejudice. The dread of encouraging any intervention between the grower and consumer of corn had even survived the commonwealth, and the statute of the 15th Charles II. (1663) is cited as the first law which gave a permission to 'buy in an open market, and lay up and keep in granary, and sell again' such corn as shall have been bought under certain prices therein mentioned. The same statute permits the exportation of corn which by 12th Charles II. had been previously allowed at the price of 40s. whenever wheat shall not exceed 48s. the quarter; and even this limitation was taken off by 22d Charles II. in consideration of a small, and indeed merely a nominal tax, whilst, on the other hand, imported wheat is subjected to a duty of 16s. whenever the price of the home-market shall not exceed 53s. 4d.;—of 8s. when the price shall not exceed 80s.;—and of 5s. 4d. at all higher prices.

The 1st Will. s. 1. c. 12. gave a bounty of 5s. on every quarter of wheat exported, so long as the price was at or below 48s. the quarter. This statute continued in force till the year 1773; but exportation was suspended in 1699, 1709, 1741, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773, in which year a new law was passed, with a view to prevent the necessity of such frequent interference on the part of the legislature in contravention to a permanent statute.

By this law the bounty on export was confirmed, but restricted to prices below 44s. the quarter of wheat; from that price till it reached 48s. exportation was simply permitted; at 48s. exportation was prohibited; and an import for home consumption was permitted at the low duty of 6d. a quarter. If, from a fall of price, such foreign wheat should be debarred from consumption, it might be landed duty free, and lodged in the king's warehouses, from whence, on giving bond that it should not be relanded, it might be again exported; or if the price at home should again render it admissible at our market, might be delivered out for consumption on paying the duty.

In 1774, 1781, and 1789, acts were passed prescribing the mode of regulating the average prices on which the importation and exportation of corn, and a claim to bounty must depend; and these explanatory acts were consolidated, with some alterations, in the laws of 1791 and 1804. The general result is that England and Wales are divided into twelve, and Scotland into four districts; that in each district inspectors are appointed, who receive weekly returns of prices from all the principal market towns within their



limits, and transmit them to the receiver-general of corn returns, by whom an aggregate quarterly average must be calculated within seven days of the 15th of February, May, August, and November; and that these aggregate averages shall regulate the importation and exportation of corn into and from Great Britain. The bounty on exportation is extended to 48s. and exportation, without bounty, to 54s.; beyond which it is prohibited. Importation is not allowed at the low duty of 6d. until wheat arrives at 66s.; when the price is between that and 63s. the duty becomes 2s. 6d.; and when it falls below 63s. the duty rises to 24s. 3d.

From this review of the corn laws it is assumed, by most of our professional writers on agriculture, and the opinion is formally expressed in the report of the last Committee of the House of Commons, that the general code is composed of two opposite and conflicting systems; that the first of these systems was intended to promote and did promote exportation; that the second, which commenced in 1765, had a contrary object and tendency; that the former was accompanied by a plentiful supply, and by a steady and low price of corn, whilst the progress of the latter has been attended by scarcity, by prices generally high and often fluctuating, and by a ruinous expenditure in the purchase of foreign grain; and that this coincidence 'forcibly points out the expediency of recurring to the principles of those laws which were so beneficial in practice from the time of their commencement, in 1670, till their abandonment in 1765.'

On the other hand, it is contended by Mr. Comber, that no change of system has taken place; that every law in the whole code was either dictated or acquiesced in by the landholders, and evinces a wish of promoting their interests, at the expense of those of the consumer, in all cases where those interests are at variance; that the statutes of Charles II. were, indeed, beneficial, inasmuch as they permitted a trade which the surplus of grain raised by the improved industry of the nation, and a large demand from abroad had conspired to create; but that the bounty, first granted by William III. was a tax levied on the community for the exclusive benefit of the farmer, the amount of which, having sometimes exceeded £200,000, excited just complaint in the country, and in parliament; that the continuance of this bounty, at once oppressive and unnecessary, evinces the undeviating spirit of the system; that this spirit was only relaxed when the necessities of the country forced such a measure on the legislature, and that the frequency of these compulsory acts of grace sufficiently disproves the alleged lowness of price and steadiness of plenty. Lastly, that although the act of 1773 is certainly less objectionable than its predecessors, the

the most salutary provisions which it contained have been done away by the subsequent acts of 1781 and 1804.

Our readers are probably aware, that all these laws are, at present, virtually a dead letter, and have long been so; because the price of corn has far exceeded that which regulates the trade; but we have thought it right to notice this controversy, because it enabled us to state, in the shortest possible way, our author's opinions and feelings. These opposite views of the subject, equally lead to the inference, that the present state of the corn laws requires revision and alteration; and, as we have already observed, Mr. Comber ultimately proposes, as the necessary alteration, a practical measure which, with some modification, has been subsequently submitted to the House of Commons.

We will now briefly state our author's line of argument, and occasionally adopt his own words.

As the legislature cannot, consistently with the welfare of the community, attempt to fix, by law, the market price of corn, the only object which it can rationally propose to itself is to render that price as steady as possible. The quantity of grain annually raised in any country must depend on the state of the seasons, and may therefore vary between the extremes of scarcity and abundance; but since, on a mean of years, these extremes are found to compensate each other, it has been frequently attempted to collect, in public granaries, the superfluity of a plentiful crop, and, by distributing it in times of dearth, to secure an average supply, together with an average demand, and consequently a price almost unvarying. Whether the adoption of this resource is likely, as Mr. Comber seems to think, to become necessary in Great Britain, or whether, under any modifications, it is capable of being adapted to the present state of society, we will not here stop to inquire. The same purpose, however, has, in some instances, been effected by the simple expedient of abstaining from all interference with the individuals who carry on the trade of distributing, to the numerous classes of consumers, the grain which they purchase from the foreign or domestic grower. In Holland, where the whole population was fed by an imported supply, the stock of corn kept in store by the merchants always exceeded the annual consumption so far as to enable them to relieve the occasional deficiency of the neighbouring countries, and the price represented, pretty accurately, the average price of all Europe. In the same manner the freedom of our own internal commerce effectually protects every village in the kingdom from the evils of a partial scarcity, and distributes to each its portion of the natural stock of produce at prices as nearly equal as they can be, consistently with the state of the roads and other channels of communication. If, there-

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fore, a free trade in foreign corn were permitted, and a free access to all the European markets restored to our vessels, it may be presumed that a supply, sufficient to meet any probable deficiency in our home produce, might be procured; but an immediate and unqualified adoption of the policy successfully pursued by the Dutch might, perhaps, be accompanied by inconveniences not inferior to those which result from our actual system.

The principal objections to our existing corn laws are these. In the first place the price which regulates importation requires, in consequence of the changing value of money, a frequent revision and alteration; and however frequently it may be revised and altered it cannot, compatibly with the other regulations of the law, produce the intended effect of limiting the foreign competition:—it can only tend to cause an excessive fluctuation of prices, and to force the expenditure of the annual stock of grain. To prove this, let us suppose that the average of the quarter preceding the 15th of May is so high as to open the ports, which will then continue open till the 15th of August. These three months are the season of the greatest activity in the Baltic; and as the foreign growers or holders of wheat must be anxious to send their stocks to our market within the limited time, their shipment will probably be as great as the extent of freight and the utmost attainable quantity of corn will allow. This influx of grain may cause the ports to close either in August, or, perhaps, not till November, and this uncertainty will alternately raise and depress the markets both in England and in the ports of the Baltic. The holders of English corn will not venture to keep much stock in hand, because the import of foreign corn, though limited in point of time, is unlimited as to quantity; and because, when it arrives, it probably must, on account of the warehouse duty imposed in 1784, be brought at once into the market. Hence, through the operation of our laws, the very necessary trade of the corn dealer is, notoriously, a trade of constant hazard; and an alternation of sudden gluts, and critical suspensions of supply, accompanied by corresponding fluctuations of prices, is produced by a foreign importation, which scarcely bears a sensible proportion to the great extent of our general produce and consumption.

On the other hand, a law which should put an end to these inconveniences, by establishing a perfectly free trade in corn, would be open to two very formidable, and apparently, insurmountable objections.

‘The general diffusion of wealth,’ says Mr. Comber, pp. 193 and 194, ‘which was the consequence of that extension of industry which we have observed, was attended not only with an increased consumption, and almost general substitution of wheat and other grain, but by a  
more

more extended, and almost universal use of animal food. The improvements which were made in this branch of farming were attended with considerable profit, not merely from the natural consequences of these progressive improvements, but from the continually increasing demand and increased ability of the consumers. It naturally requires a larger extent of territory to support the same number of persons on animal food, than on vegetable food; and when the mode of raising and feeding cattle on rich and fertile lands became general, it occasioned a very serious competition in the employment of land for tillage. To these advantages in favour of grazing was to be added the greater certainty attending it than tillage, the fewer labourers required than were necessary in tillage, and the exemption from tithes.

From a combination of all these circumstances, we find that a very great proportion of the cultivated lands of England and Wales are employed in depasturing cattle and raising food for their support. (App. xxv.) That employed for pasture alone, has been estimated at seventeen millions and a half of acres, besides upwards of five millions employed in the growth of oats, beans, clover, artificial grasses, turnips, cabbages, &c. for feeding them. There is also six millions of common and waste land, which, if used at all, is employed for feeding cattle, and which have been considered equal to a million and a half of cultivated land, making a total of twenty-four millions of acres, for raising food for animals, for pleasure, labour and food. The quantity of land employed in the cultivation of wheat in England and Wales, is estimated at 3,160,000; and for raising every other vegetable food for man, 938,000, consequently not much exceeding four millions of acres, and about one sixth of that employed in raising food for animals.

Without examining what proportion of these animals are used for pleasure, labour, or food, it is very obvious that when the disproportion is so great, a very small additional encouragement to the raising of animals might occasion a very serious diminution of the lands employed in the cultivation of wheat.

The second objection arises out of the present comparative state of this country, and of the rest of Europe.

The French government having, from the beginning of their revolution, adopted the principle of considering a state of war as their natural state; of converting their own population, and that of every country subjugated by their arms, into instruments of future conquests; and having, hitherto, subsisted on plunder collected, almost indifferently, from their own industrious or wealthy subjects, or, from those of their vassal nations; have successively relinquished to us almost every branch of industrious labour, excepting that which is employed in agriculture. This conduct of our enemy, enabled us, so long as foreign commerce was unimpaired, to support, with less distress, the enormous expenditure required by our own exertions; but the constantly increasing load of taxes, which had, already, greatly enhanced the money-price of every article,

ticle, whether of luxurious, or of necessary consumption, has unfortunately survived that commerce, and produced (no matter whether with or without the concurrence of other causes) an unexampled depreciation of money. Never, certainly, was the immediate produce of human labour so dear, as it must be in Great Britain, on the return of peace; never so cheap, as it is likely to become on the continent. The effect of a free competition of the foreign grower of corn must, under such circumstances, be fatal to the British farmer, and, consequently, to the landholder. It must operate, exactly, as the free importation of colonial produce, from our conquests in the West Indies, has operated on our own colonists, until a continually glutted market shall occasion, as it has done in our colonies, a diminution of tillage. Meanwhile, the sovereigns of Europe would, probably, be induced to adopt the conduct of which the king of Prussia, in 1800, set them the example, by taxing, to any convenient amount, the export of a necessary article of which we should have rendered the cultivation, at home, utterly impracticable.

Since, therefore, it appears, on the one hand, that the present mode of limiting the competition of the foreign grower is most injurious; and, on the other, that a free trade, without which our subsistence would be insecure, cannot be unconditionally permitted, our author infers that,

‘The only object within the reach of regulation is, to counterbalance the difference between the expences of production in this country, and in the other growing countries. The obvious means of effecting this, would be by imposing duties, which should increase with the decline of the average below 66*s*.—(pp. 193 and 194.)

‘The average prices of the twelve maritime districts are now published weekly in the Gazette, and it would therefore be extremely practicable to determine the duties by this weekly average, and when it should be 66*s*. to subject foreign wheat sold in the country, as at present, to a duty of 6*d*.; when it declined to 65*s*. 1*s*.; 64*s*. 1*s*. 6*d*.; the duty increasing 6*d*. for every shilling which the average price declined below 66*s*. Should the average, therefore, decline to 54*s*. the rate mentioned in the former act, the foreigner, in selling at this price, would be obliged to pay 6*s*. 6*d*. duty, and would consequently receive for his wheat only 47*s*. 6*d*.; whereas, the English grower would receive for his 54*s*. This would operate as a sufficient check on the foreigner, to prevent him from precipitating the decline of the English prices. In the present system, no medium exists between an absolute prohibition, and an unlimited competition; and which competition extends not only to the reduction of our prices, when they are low, but to the enhancement of them when they are high.’—(pp. 247 and 248.)

To this project, however, it is easy to suggest one important objection,

objection, which is, that a designation of a fixed money price, as the point at which the scale of graduated duties shall commence, must be subject to the same inconvenience as the former attempts to fix an importation price. The progressive depreciation of money must, as we have already observed, necessitate a frequent alteration in the most essential enactment of a law, which was intended to be permanent and immutable.

This difficulty appears to have escaped the attention of the last Committee of the House of Commons; but it is obviated in the subsequent Resolutions brought forward by their chairman Sir John Parnell. The seventh of these Resolutions directs, that the importation of foreign corn shall always be permitted, though always subject to a duty, which, when at the minimum, shall be one shilling for each quarter of corn; and that this minimum shall take place whenever the gazette prices of corn throughout the united kingdom, shall exceed the medium price of the preceding *twenty years* in Great Britain and Wales, *augmented by one fifth*. It is apparently assumed that this rule, if it furnish an equitable assessment of the duty at the present moment, will always continue to do so, by accommodating itself to all the fluctuations of the market; and that it will consequently render unnecessary any future intervention of legislative authority; but we apprehend that the obscure and complicated mode of expressing the formula is likely to awaken distrust, and that the principle on which it is constructed will not be admitted without much opposition.

The intended operation of the rule, we are told is, that supposing the average market price of wheat, on the 15th of November of the present year, to be as high as 95s. wheat shall be imported at the low duty of one shilling; but that, below this, every diminution of price, shall be accompanied by an augmentation of duty, shilling for shilling, on importation. Now it is perfectly credible that 95s. may be, at the present moment, the lowest price at which the British farmer can, without loss, engage in a free competition with the foreign grower; and, it is matter of fact, that the medium price of wheat in our markets, on an average of the last twenty years, has fallen short of 95s. by about one fifth: but the natural inference from these premises seems to be, that the interval of twenty years is ill chosen.

The obvious advantage of recurring to some average is that, whereas the market price of any article, on any day, expresses the actual compromise agreed to by the buyers and sellers on that day, the mean of all the market prices during a year, or a term of years, is likely to afford a fair compromise between the same parties, during a similar term; supposing the circumstances which affect the

the demand and supply to continue also similar. This last consideration plainly requires, that the duration of the term should not be indefinitely extended; but, if it were asked what precise limits ought to be assigned to it, the most obvious answer would be a reference to usual custom. In leases of land, the term which has been generally supposed to reconcile, as nearly as possible, the interests of the landlord and tenant, has been seven years; and, as the rent of land depends on the estimated value and quantity of the corn which it produces, on an average of prices and seasons, the plain rule of analogy would lead to the adoption of the same term, for the purpose of deducing from it an average price intended to satisfy the conditions of the problem. This would be very nearly effected, by the average of the last seven years, as stated in the Report of the Committee.

To this mode of settling the price which shall determine at all times the minimum of duty, there is but one intelligible objection. It is notorious that during the last seven years, various causes have conspired to advance the price of grain; that the medium price of wheat on an average of 1810, 11, and 12, was 108s. 4d. whereas that of the four preceding years was only 81s. 6d.; and consequently that all the future averages, being affected by the properties of the first, must necessarily rise far beyond the limit originally intended by the legislature. The practical inconvenience of these successive augments would, indeed, become utterly intolerable in the course of the long period recommended in the Resolutions; and, though much diminished by the abridgment of the term, would still be too great to be overlooked. A very abundant harvest may, certainly, reduce the market price of wheat a good deal below the price of least duty; but in general, these two prices may be expected to coincide very nearly, because good and bad seasons will counterbalance each other; and the fluctuations hitherto occasioned by the unequal competition between the foreign and the home grower will be limited, in future, by the counteraction of the duty. Now, supposing this to take place, and the minimum duty to be first deduced from the average price of the seven years ending with 1812, viz. 93s. 3d.; the successive similar averages would be 95s. 3d.—98s. 5d.—101s. 2d.—102s.—101s. 4d.—102s. 4d. &c. after which the variations would be trifling. The simplest mode of remedying this inconvenience would be to enact that the price of least duty, being once settled from the medium market price of some preceding period, should continue unaltered till the expiration of a similar period; after which the mode of deriving it annually from successive terms of years might be finally established.

We have hitherto assumed that the point, at which it is proposed that

that the graduated scale of duties on imported foreign corn shall commence, has been chosen after an impartial consideration of the interests of the growers and consumers of corn at the present moment; or, at least, that this point cannot fail to be fairly settled during a parliamentary discussion of the Resolutions: and we therefore confine our objection to that single enactment, which must entail on us an indefinite augmentation of the low duty price, notwithstanding the probable return of peace at no distant period, and the consequent renewal of our commercial relations with every part of Europe. By the removal of this defect in a system which is in all other respects equally wise and liberal, every ground of opposition will, we think, be done away.

We are perfectly aware that the select committee on the corn trade have declared their opinion that 'if the regulating price for allowing importation be *made a very high one*, it is the best possible protection the grower can have; but to this opinion we cannot assent, because we conceive that the *protection* of the grower is derived solely from the duty, in consequence of which the foreigner cannot, in any state of the market, come into competition with him upon perfectly equal terms; and that the degree of protection will, consequently, be proportionate to the amount of the minimum duty. But the price at which this takes place will become the standard, the measure, of what may be called the natural price of corn; a standard annually corrected by a reference to the mean prices of some average of years. To *make this very high* would be, not to protect the grower, but to give him a very undue and short-lived profit, by depreciating all the articles in which he receives an equivalent for his produce. This advantage over the consumer having ceased, as it must shortly do, the farmer would find that the difficulty of exporting with profit, and the necessity of opposing further obstacles to importation, were not a little enhanced by the increased excess of our standard compared with that of other countries.

Leaving the further discussion of this topic to wiser heads than our own, we will now conclude our article with a few remarks on the general subject of subsistence and population.

It has been generally supposed that about one quarter of wheat, convertible into about 480lbs. of bread, is sufficient for the annual sustenance of an individual, on an average of all ages. If this were true, it would evidently be easy to ascertain, in any country of which the extent and population were accurately known, the average annual consumption and reproduction of food, to estimate the degree of comfort enjoyed by the inhabitants of such country, &c. But the number and variety of articles really employed for the purpose of food are so great as to throw considerable doubts on the truth of this approximation, and it is perhaps impossible to furnish any



any which shall be free from considerable error; yet it may be of some advantage to know the attempts which have been made elsewhere to solve this intricate problem, and we shall therefore here state the supposed proportion of animal and vegetable food consumed in the French metropolis about the time of the revolution, as tolerably applicable to Great Britain.

The data for such a calculation were very numerous in France, where every province has been accurately surveyed, the population of every district regularly registered, and the consumption of the towns minutely ascertained, by means of the entrance duty collected at the gates. The calculators, amongst whom were Lavoisier and La Grange, were men of undoubted science, and the result of their labours is, that the annual food of each inhabitant, as deduced from the population of Paris, amounts to 642 French pounds, (693 English,) of which the vegetable food, including corn, potatoes, fruit, and garden esculents of all sorts, forms 435lbs. (469 English,) and the animal food, comprehending meat, fish, butter, eggs, cheese, &c. 207lbs. (224 English.) Now, if it be considered that the extent of pasture land in Great Britain is, at least, ten times as great as that of wheat land; that this pasture is, from the moisture of our climate, remarkably fertile, and that our insular situation must supply us with a much larger portion of fish than our French neighbours can easily attain, it may reasonably be presumed that the estimate which allots a quarter of wheat to the subsistence of each person, probably exaggerates, by about one-third, the real consumption of grain in this country, and reduces, in the same degree, the amount of our whole annual sustenance.

This proportion will, of course, vary in different districts, in different classes, and in different seasons; but, in general, there is reason to hope and believe that the ratio of the more nutritious to the less valuable species of food, is still increasing in the general consumption; that wheat continues to supplant the inferior sorts of grain, and that the comforts of the poor are more widely diffused. Of wheat, indeed, it is impossible to state with accuracy the annual produce, but the inference may be indirectly proved by the augmented consumption of the food afforded to us by our colonial agriculture. On an average of ten years, ending in 1801, the mean annual consumption of sugar was between 177 and 178 millions of pounds, which, divided by the amount of the population, (10,942,646) gives 16lbs. as the consumption of each individual in Great Britain. By a similar calculation on the next ten years, we find the consumption augmented to between 19 and 20lbs. for each person, the annual average being 240,800,000lbs., and the population 12,352,144. This is exclusive of the distilleries, and of the export to Ireland; and as it appears from experiment,

periment, that a hundred weight of sugar is equal, in point of nutriment, to a quarter of barley, or  $\frac{2}{11}$  of a quarter of wheat, it seems to follow that the coarser kinds of grain, formerly in general use for the manufacture of bread, are daily giving way to more palatable articles of nutriment.

With regard to animal food, the abundance of which has been at all times the peculiar boast of the British islands, we know, by the direct evidence of the markets in the metropolis, that the quantity consumed is regularly increasing. This, indeed, as we have seen, has been considered by many writers as a proof that our tillage has not improved in a degree at all proportionate to our pasture lands; but in truth it is the peculiar advantage of the modern husbandry, that the quantity of winter and summer provender for cattle, yielded by the plough, greatly exceeds the annual produce of grass and hay from the same quantity of land. If, however, this were not notoriously true, there can be no doubt that our fisheries might, for centuries to come, effectually supply the deficiencies of our agriculture. There are, indeed, no bounds to the possible accumulation of animal food; and its efficiency as a resource, in the failure of other nutriment, is only limited by its very perishable nature; an inconvenience, however, very easily remedied, so that we may perhaps be justified in expressing our belief, that if the proposed imposition of a duty on foreign grain were accompanied by a repeal of the tax on salt, the growing population of these islands might be supported, for centuries to come, in the enjoyment of increasing abundance.

ART. VIII. *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810.* By J. C. Hobhouse. Cawthorn. 1813. pp. 1152.

AFTER the complaints, which we have been accustomed to hear, of the indolence of our travelled countrymen in communicating their observations to the world, and their unwillingness to expose themselves to the censure of our literary tribunals, we begin to think it not a little probable, that the current of opinion will shortly set in a contrary direction, and the dread of repletion succeed to the sufferings of a spare diet. The last and present year have been abundant, at least, in accounts of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean; and some additions have been made to the stock of original information. On many points, indeed, much novelty is not to be expected. It would not, for instance, be  
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very easy to make discoveries respecting the Turks, a people whose general character and external appearance might be as correctly taken from the earliest, as from the latest writers. We do not, indeed, mean to say, that the Turks will be found existing, in the present day, in the exact state described by Busbequius; but we believe that the changes which have taken place, will be found to have been chiefly political, and that in the gradual decay of their empire, their individual character has remained unaltered. Their manner of living has varied but little, and that little has been in general for the worse. Their baths are less magnificent, their houses more mean, their intercourse with strangers less free, their story-tellers less entertaining; they no longer allow the infidels to reside in the city of Faith, and carefully exclude them from the female slave-market. Yet the vivacity of a recent description may give charms to the recital of what was before known; and the scepticism of the modern may induce him to search more closely into the evidence of some stories, which have enjoyed a prescriptive character for truth, though originally, perhaps, the invention of some talkative dragoman. Besides all this, we like to be assured of the fact, though nothing more be gained by it, that the distant world is still going on as it did twenty years ago; that the Bosphorus of Thrace, in spite of the reveries of politicians, and the prophecies of divines, is still inhabited by men in green and white turbans, and that the Dardanelles, though not impervious during war to a British fleet, are since the peace hermetically sealed against every stranger, without the special permission of the Grand Signor himself. We like also to be informed, for we all love to speculate, as to the probability of a change in the situation of the Greeks; we anxiously catch at the idea, we were about to say of the renovation of such a people, but at all events, at the prospect of a restoration of their country, if not to independence, at least to quiet and prosperity. In the same course of feeling we cannot be indifferent to the possible fate of that lesser Asia, which contained, in the period of its glory, so many trophies of art and learning, and which still presents to the enraptured view, a country rivalled only by that garden formed by the sovereign Planter,

‘when he fram’d

All things for man’s delightful use.’

Lastly, the hopes of finding fresh specimens of ancient art rescued from the destruction that awaits them in the land of barbarism and ignorance, or new positions ascertained or established in ancient geography, afford additional motives to the reader, and give a liberal interest to the descriptions of the latest traveller.

Upon all these points, both the general reader and the scholar may look for no small portion of information and amusement, from  
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the present volume. It is written in a style entirely free from pedantry, but erring on the side of ease; and from the dread of falling into the poised sentences and ten syllabled words of later writers, sometimes sinking below what the epistolary form of the composition might be thought to justify. It is eminently successful in the description of natural scenery, of which we would willingly produce not a few specimens; but the contents of the book are so multifarious that we must confine our remarks to a part of it, referring to the work itself for the confirmation of our judgment on its excellencies and defects. Among the latter we reckon a want of condensation and arrangement, which, though common to travellers in general, we must not overlook, when the main excuse for it is, that, except the account of Albania, 'the journey was sent page by page to the press, and not previously collected in one entire manuscript volume, so as to enable the author to revise and polish the whole work by a collation and comparison of the several parts.' As critics we must protest against this excuse; because, however justly it may be urged by an author who writes upon the spur of the moment, because his dinner, perhaps, depends upon the printing of the next sheet, it is wholly inadmissible in a work of considerable research, containing references to a variety of other works, and which, as far at least as we are informed, there existed no absolute or imperious necessity for publishing in April, May, or June, 1813, rather than in the same months of the year following. We suspect, indeed, that the work grew and assumed a new form under the hands of the builder; that what was originally intended for an account of Albania, has been added to it till it reached its present bulk, as a gentleman's house in the hands of a skilful architect, from a plain cottage in the estimate, becomes, in the execution, a chateau, or a palace. We mention this, not as a discouragement to those who are inclined to read the work, but in the hope that, in a future edition, the author himself will take the pains of reducing his materials a little more into order; and we doubt not that an opportunity will be afforded him of so doing, while he yet retains much of the freshness of his recollection, and the distinctness of his conceptions with regard to the countries through which he passed.

As it would be vain to attempt the complete analysis of a work of this extent in the compass of an article, we shall lay before our readers, what appears to us upon the whole most interesting and novel; and under this head, the account of Albania undoubtedly claims the first place.

Of this country, which stretches along the coast of the Adriatic, from the gulf of Arta, in the 39° of latitude, to the ancient Venetian provinces in the 42°, and about a degree further to the north

within land, but no where exceeding eighty miles in breadth, Mr. Hobhouse's is the first detailed account presented to English readers. Some information upon the subject has been before given to the readers of French, by Dr. Pouqueville, a physician attached to the expedition against Egypt under Buonaparte, who appended to his account of the Morea, the substance of the narrative of two French officers, detained for some time in Albania, during the war between France and Turkey, in 1798. From this Mr. Hobhouse professes to have taken, without scruple, whatever he found agreeing with his own observations or inquiries. The union of the two accounts, however, though probably sufficiently full as to the manners and character of the people, leaves much to be supplied as to the topography and political importance of the country; neither Mr. Hobhouse's observations, nor those of the persons from whom he derived assistance, extending with any degree of certainty or minuteness, beyond that part of the country under the dominion or influence of Ali Pashaw. Ali's power, except, perhaps, partially in Ocrida, has never extended northward, beyond the  $41^{\circ}$  of lat. and in the part of Albania, south of that line, he has not yet been able to make himself master of the Pashalik of Vallona, nor to reduce to entire subjection the inhabitants of the Chimæriot mountains; who, though at peace with him, and acknowledging him as their Lord, live in a state of constant warfare with one another, village against village, and district against district, with an independence truly feudal. The same may be observed of the more peaceable district of Philathi, to the south and south east of Butrinto. These, with the small town of Parga, opposite Corfu, in the possession of the French, all lying upon the coast, are no small obstacles to the advancement of Ali's power, by limiting in a great degree his communication with the Adriatic, and are therefore of importance to be remembered in our estimate of his influence and resources.

The general face of the country, diversified throughout with all the variety of extended plains and lofty mountains, and abounding in consequence with romantic scenery, must be already familiar to the readers of Childe Harolde; the noble author of which was Mr. Hobhouse's companion throughout his travels. But that picturesque beauty, which so strongly recommends it to the notice both of the painter and the poet, is not its only praise. Though mountainous and wild, it readily yields itself to the wishes of the cultivator, and repays his toil with abundance, not only of the necessities, but of many of the luxuries of life. While the hills produce the olive, the vine, and the dwarf oak of Vallona, the noble plains, of which they are the boundaries, display the varied fertility of the soil, in rich harvests of corn, rice, tobacco, maize,

&amp;c.

&c. while they maintain large flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle and horses, as well as abundance of pigs and poultry. The best snuff in Turkey is made from the tobacco raised near Delvinaki, in Upper Albania; and the gardens of Ioannina are celebrated for the excellence of the otto of roses, manufactured from them. Add to these the timber which descends from the mountains, and which before the war supplied the dock-yards of Marseilles and Toulon, and we shall readily believe, that the natural productions of the country would be of themselves sufficient to sustain a valuable commerce, though from its situation it derives still further advantages from the transit of goods and merchandise through it. It is from the great fair held annually at Ioannina, that all the richer Turks and Greeks, not only of Albania, but of great part of the Morea and Roumelia, supply themselves with loose robes and pelisses for their winter dresses, the manufacture of France and Germany. It is from hence that the spun cottons of Triccala are distributed through the other parts of Turkey, and in part forwarded by land carriage to Germany; and it is here that are collected the annual droves of live stock and horses, the former for the supply of the islands of the Adriatic and Ionian seas, the latter for dispersion in the different districts of the country itself.

Of the city of Ioannina, the capital of Ali's dominions, little has, till of late years, been noticed but its existence. It has, indeed, been inserted in our maps, and the few who have given any attention to Romaic literature, may have observed its name in the title-page of some of their books; but of the city all that seems to have been known or suspected, was, that it was situated in the country of the most warlike and barbarous nation of European Turkey. Yet if we are to credit the relations of those who have lately visited it, it is, both from its romantic situation and the importance of the transactions carried on in it, very worthy of our regard; and if, as they assert, the Romaic muses have chosen Ioannina for their most favoured dwelling, we must allow from the following description, that the site is by no means unworthy of their preference.

‘Imagine to yourself a large sheet of water of ten or twelve miles in length, and at least three miles in breadth, enclosed on one side by green plains, an extensive city, and a long succession of groves and gardens, and on the other, by a chain of lofty mountains, that rise almost abruptly from its banks. Such is the appearance of the lake of Ioannina and its surrounding scenery.’—p. 59.

—‘The city stands on the western banks of the lake, at about two miles from its northern extremity. In its utmost length it may be, perhaps, two miles and a half, and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile. Immediately near the lake it stands on a flat, but the north and north western parts of it are built on slopes of rising and uneven ground. A triangular peninsula juts into the

lake,

lake, and contains the residence of the Pashaw, being defended by a fortification and a tower at each angle. The entrance to this fortress is over a drawbridge. There is one street which runs nearly the whole length of the town, and another that cuts it at right angles, extending to the fortress. These are the principal streets.

'The houses are many of them large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery, and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery, connects the under and upper part of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable shew of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.

'The bazar, or principal street, inhabited by tradesmen, has a showy appearance. The bizestein, or covered bazar, is of considerable size, and would put you in mind of Exeter 'Change.

'Besides the palace in the fortress, and the two allotted to the sons of Ali, there is another summer residence of the vizir's, in the suburbs, at the north west end of the town. It is built in the midst of a garden in a wild and tangled state, when we saw it, but abounding in every kind of fruit trees that flourishes in this favoured climate—the orange, the lemon, the fig, and the pomegranate. It is in the form of a pavilion, and has one large saloon (I think an octagon), with small latticed apartments on every side. The floor is of marble, and in the middle of it there is a fountain, containing a pretty model, also in marble, of a fortress, mounted with small brass cannon, which, at a signal, spout forth jets of water, accompanied by a small organ in a recess, playing some Italian tunes. The small rooms are furnished with sofas of figured silk, and the lattices of the windows, as well the cornices, are gilt, highly polished. The shade of an olive grove protects the pavilion from the sun, and it is to this retreat that the vizir withdraws during the heats of summer, with the most favoured ladies of his harem, and indulged in the enjoyment of whatever accomplishments these fair ones can display for his gratification.'—pp. 68, 69.

Beyond the pavilion, there are gardens belonging to the principal inhabitants of Ioannina, and as most of these have summer-houses they contribute much to the apparent extent of the city, of which they seem to form a part. It might be expected from the above description to contain a very large population. Every estimate upon this point must however be conjectural, neither Mahometan nor Christian keeping any register. It was variously stated to Mr. Hobhouse, some computing the number of houses at 8000, others the whole number of inhabitants at not more than 35,000. This he considers the lowest possible computation. We

perceive

perceive that Pouqueville (p. 42) raises the number 'au-dessus de quarante mille,' and 36,000 is the number assigned in the table annexed to Palma's map, one of the best authorities with regard to the greater part of European Turkey.

The exact extent of the commercial dealings of Ioannina Mr. Hobhouse was unable to learn. They must, however, be considerable if it be true, that the vizir derives from them a revenue of £50,000 piasters; and this without ruining the merchant or giving any great check to the comforts and expensive style of living, in which, by all accounts, the traders of Ioannina far exceed those of the other cities of Greece. Many of these have passed

'three or four years in the merchant houses of Trieste, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and Vienna, which in addition to the education they can receive in the schools of their own city, where they may learn French and Italian, gives them a competent knowledge of the most diffused modern languages, and adds much to the ease and urbanity of their address. They have, indeed, introduced as much as they dare of the manners of Christendom, and once aspired for a moment to the establishment of a theatre for the performance of Italian operas.'

Of the advantages of this intercourse with strangers Ali is fully sensible, and encourages the temporary emigrations of his subjects, though as a security for their return he generally retains a part of their family; and though his fears of their escaping from him altogether, make him watchful of their conduct even when at home. Though he considers Ioannina as one of his 'good cities,' the wealthy merchants are not indulged with a ride into the country without a notification of their purpose. Nor need we be surprised that a man, generally enlightened upon subjects connected with his own interest, and very superior to all around him from whom he could take example, should occasionally mistake that interest, when we reflect how little progress the science of politics has yet made among the most favoured nations, and how many prejudices remain to be overcome even in our own. Though the main-spring of his actions be avarice, and the methods of his government harsh and oppressive, yet the regularity of the oppression, and the stability of his government have given many advantages to those, who are apparently more immediately under its influence. The merchant of Ioannina knows that what is left him by the vizir, is in no danger of being taken by some subordinate agent; nor does he live in the constant dread of that change of governors, which, as each must be conciliated by new presents, or enriched by fresh extortions, is one great source of the misery of other parts of the country. The indifference too of Ali upon points in which his avarice is not awakened, leaves them pretty much at liberty in their general conduct. While he feels himself secure from all outward danger,



he seems to have overcome the dread which torments the Turks of Asia and the capital, at the advancement of their subjects either in arts or literature. Psallida, the most learned inhabitant of the country, keeps a school for a hundred boys, who are instructed in the French, Italian, Latin and ancient Greek languages; while writing and reading the Romaic are taught at another school to three hundred boys, who pay nothing for their education. We would not be understood to insinuate, that the diffusion of useful knowledge keeps pace with the advancement of the nation in the arts of reading and writing. The want of books is severely felt, and the very name of science, or the '*dia mathesis*,' is hardly known.

The improvement of the nation in the arts of life, though they are still so far behind hand, that there was no one in Ioannina who could mend an umbrella, and but one (an Italian) who could make a bedstead, naturally begins with those parts of Albania, which verge upon the more civilized portions of Greece, or border upon the ancient Venetian territories. Hence a line, which Mr. Hobhouse at one time seems to consider as imaginary, but which he afterwards speaks of as virtually existing, though not very clearly defined, divides the whole country into Upper and Lower Albania, or as they are sometimes called, Albania Proper and Improper. In the latter the inhabitants are mostly of the Greek church, have adopted the manners of the superior Greeks in the more improved parts of Turkey, and resemble in many points rather their brethren in faith than their brethren in country. On the other hand, the Christians of the Upper country agree in a common character with their Mahometan fellow-countrymen, and constitute together with them one nation; the difference of faith, in this district alone of all the conquests of the Turks, producing but little difference in the condition of the people.

Between the inhabitants of Lower and Upper Albania the difference of character and manners is so great, that Mr. Hobhouse hardly hesitates in considering them as distinct races. We cannot help dissenting from this opinion, which we think results rather from a forgetfulness of some of the circumstances which naturally operate in changing the character and manners of nations, than from any solid reason assigned in its support. To us a general similarity of character was visible among all the Albanians whom we met with in different parts of Greece, (for we had not the advantage of seeing them in their own country,) whether natives of Ioannina and the south, or turned out wild from the Upper country; whether peaceably inhabiting the country as traders, or engaged in the civil or military service of the Pashaws. Throughout we observed, even where the peculiarity of their situation might have

have been expected to produce the greatest change in their feelings, among the most polished and the best instructed, a wildness and a nationality, a love of their country and admiration of every thing connected with it, of which even the traces are hardly to be found among the other inhabitants of Turkey, whether Christian or Mahometan. We have seen one of Veli's physicians, educated in Italy, and who had so far lost his ardour for enterprise, that he dreaded the fatigue of a peaceable journey with the vizir, start up at the sound of an Albanian air, and throwing off his calpac, join in the dance with an animation wholly unattainable by a Moreote Greek. The natives of Ioannina, whom we occasionally met with, invariably spoke with utter contempt of the Greeks, and assumed to themselves no small consequence as Albanians. It seemed to us, that they, no less than the mountain soldiery, delighted in the glories of Ali, and thought themselves also entitled to share in the praise of their country's valour. Contrasted, as Mr. Hobhouse beheld them, we have no doubt that the difference of the two people appeared great and striking, but we think that this may be sufficiently accounted for, without the supposition of a distinct origin, by the marked difference of civilization and situation in respect of their Turkish governors. We have already noticed the progress allowed by Mr. Hobhouse to have taken place at Ioannina even towards the manners of Christendom; nor can we conceive it possible for any race of men to resist the blandishments of the lucrative commerce there carried on, or the tendency which it has to produce a great modification of the wildest national character.

But other circumstances have combined to operate a gradual change in the character of the Lower Albanian, while they produced but little effect upon the mountaineer. Of these it will be sufficient to notice the most remarkable; the difference of situation in reference to their Turkish masters. At the conquest of the country, the greater part of the inhabitants of the upper districts nominally embraced the religion of their conquerors. Though it was to this that the Turks attribute the peaceable submission to their sway which followed, yet it rendered the province less desirable to them than their other possessions; and the conquered being thus advanced to a par with their conquerors, were not harassed with the presence of the latter, but remained, with the exception of their change of faith, in a state little varying from that in which they had before existed. We have called their change of faith nominal, because though the Upper Albanians, according to circumstances, profess themselves either Christian or Mahometan, their profession of either religion is altogether without knowledge, and produces among themselves but little difference in the common intercourse of life. In the mean time the inhabitant of the Lower Albania,

less pliant in his religious opinions, and, in the condition of a *rayah*, presenting a stronger temptation to the rapacity of the Turk, was kept in awe by the immediate presence of his conqueror in his towns and villages. Without the means of avoiding or resisting oppression possessed by the hardy peasantry of a mountainous and difficult country, and excluded from the society of his barbarian master, he naturally united himself more closely with the southern Greek with whom he agreed in obedience to the same religious code, and subjection upon the same terms to the same conqueror. The language common to them in their church, and not unknown from general proximity of situation, possessing the advantage of communication by writing, while the Albanian was only spoken, became a new bond of union; and from their constant intercourse with their fellow-subjects rather than their fellow-countrymen, we need not be surprised that their ancient customs should, in numberless instances, have given way to the manners of modern Greece.

But whatever opinion may be held upon the nature of the distinction observable between the Albanian of the Upper and Lower country, it unquestionably exists, and from the village of Delvinaki, about twenty-one hours N.W. of Ioannina, is very apparent. Till the arrival of our travellers at that place, the general condition and appearance of the people, with the exception of a certain wildness in the peasantry, who were universally armed, and presented a striking contrast to the fabled shepherds of Arcady, had been nearly such as have been again and again described: but from the moment of their leaving Delvinaki, every thing announced a freer air, and a more populous country; parties of travellers on the road, villages scattered on the hills, the plains every where cultivated, and the dress of the peasants changed from the loose brogues of the Greek to the cotton *camisa* or kilt of the Albanian. The Albanian language prevailed, and the tone even of the Christians became more elevated and manly. Stopping for the night at a village called Cesarades, they found every thing

‘on a different footing from what it had been in the Greek villages. We experienced a great deal of kindness from our host, but saw nothing in his face (though he was a Christian) of the cringing, downcast, timid look of the Greek peasant. His cottage was neatly plastered and white-washed, and contained a stable, and a small room below, and two floored chambers above, quite in a different style from what we had seen in Lower Albania.’—p. 100.

This was on their way from Ioannina to Tepellené, the birth-place and favourite residence of Ali, situated on the banks of a river, of some importance to judge from its breadth, which, at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, appeared to Mr. Hobhouse and his

his companion as broad as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. It does not however appear from the narrative, that either this or any other river of Albania is used for the purposes of navigation. The streets of the town, which contains about four hundred ill-built houses, are extremely dirty; but every thing which had before attracted their attention was forgotten, when entering through a gateway in a tower, they found themselves in the courtyard of the palace of the Vizir.

‘ The court at Tepellené, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us, at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square: some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and others sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were leading about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part furthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several sheep and kids were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half-armed. Every thing wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen.’—p. 106.

They were very comfortably lodged in the palace, and the Vizir, having apologized for not entertaining them at one of his meals, it being the time of the Ramazan, appointed the next day for an audience. In the evening they were visited by two of the physicians of his highness, (the style used by the Greeks in speaking of the vizirs or pashaws of three tails,) one of them, a native of Alsace, and in the Frank dress, the other a Greek, who spoke the German, Italian, French, Latin and Albanian languages. The next day about noon, they were summoned by his highness's white-stick to an audience, and a secretary of Ali's, who had attended them from Ioannina, having put on his worst cloak, that his appearance might not point him out as a fit object of extortion, they proceeded with him and their own dragoman to the presence-chamber. When ushered into the apartment, which was large and handsomely furnished, they found Ali himself, as if by accident, standing, according to the etiquette of Turkish politeness, which does not allow of rising from the seat to any but a superior and a Mussulman. As he seated himself, he desired them to sit down near him.

‘ The Vizir was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly corpulent. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk

Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the practice of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

‘ He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain-howitzer, that was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us, that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback, riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellené. He then said, “that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pashaw, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master, to take the strongest side.” He addressed this with a smile to the secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

‘ We took pipes, coffee, and sweatmeats with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence; I never saw another instance of it in Turkey. Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court, which is very much the custom of the Pashaws and other great men, he was quite unattended, except by four or five young persons magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs: these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes, which though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest.

‘ There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish vizir and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if he does not put any very foolish question to him, and Ali did not ask us any that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.’—p. 110.

Our travellers paid him two other visits, in one of which a long duck-gun was brought into the room; which they were informed was about to be sent to the Vizir’s army, then besieging Berat, and in want of *ordnance*. He appeared to be minutely acquainted with every road, offered them his services in any way that they could be made useful; and readily granted them permission to take an Albanian Christian, named Vasily, to attend them while in Turkey.

‘ On being informed that he was at the chamber-door, he sent for him, and accordingly Vasily entered; and, though with every proper respect, still was not embarrassed, but, with his hand on his left breast, answered the Vizir’s questions in a firm fluent manner. Ali called him by his name, and asked him why, being at the door, he had not come in

to

to see him; "for you know, Vasily," added he, "I should have been glad to see you." He then told him that he was to attend us, and see that we wanted nothing, and talked a good deal to him about the different stages of our route, summing all up by telling him in a jocose way, that if any accident happened to us, he would cut off his head, and that we were to write how he behaved.'

Ali was born at Tepellené, about the year 1750, but he carefully conceals his age, and notwithstanding a disorder which is considered incurable, has the appearance of a healthy middle aged man. Though the son of a Pashaw of two tails, he is said to boast of having begun the world with sixty paras and a musket; and Mr. Hobhouse's Albanian attendant, whose testimony was confirmed by the concurrent report of the whole country, remembered when, in a jacket out at elbows, he led the life of a nightly robber. By gradual advances, though not without encountering considerable reverses, he first amassed sufficient to buy a small pashalik, and afterwards by war or treachery obtained post after post in Albania, till having finally succeeded in making himself master of Ioannina, he was confirmed pashaw of that place by the imperial firman. In his early career he was sometimes so hardly pressed, that he did not even dare to stir from Tepellené; and Vasily, whom he acknowledged as an old acquaintance in his audience-room, had himself been of a party from a neighbouring village which insulted his house, and broke his windows with shot. Vasily's reply, upon being asked how Ali revenged himself on his assailants, is characteristic both of the general sentiments of the Albanians upon such subjects, and of the conduct of Ali himself. 'Well,' he was asked, 'and what did Ali do to the men of your village?—' *Nothing at all*: he made friends with our chief man, persuaded him to come to Tepellené, and there roasted him on a spit; after which we submitted (*προσκυνήσαμεν*).—p. 115.

He afterwards poisoned Giaffar, pashaw of Vallona, by a cup of coffee, in a bath at Sophia; and was, at the time Mr. Hobhouse visited him, carrying on war against his brother and successor Ibrahim, to whose daughters he had formerly married his own two sons Mouctar and Veli, with a view of strengthening his influence in Albania. Thus, hesitating at nothing in the advancement of his fortunes, he has established a preponderating sway over the greater part of Greece; and is feared even in those parts of European Turkey, which are beyond the acknowledged limits of his power. The extent of his actual dominion is not very easily definable, his territories being intersected by independent and insulated districts, which still resist his arms; but with the exception of the provinces on the Adriatic, mentioned at the beginning of this article, the government of the Morea, lately in the hands of his son Veli, and those

those of Thebes, Athens and Lepanto, and the neighbourhood of Salonika, his authority or influence extends over the whole of the continent south of the  $41^{\circ}$  of latitude. Throughout this country, a great part of which we must remember has been by him for the first time reduced to subjection to the Turkish or indeed to any government, the signature or rather mark of Ali commands almost unlimited obedience; and should his further projects of aggrandizement succeed, the countries which anciently composed the southern Illyricum, the kingdom of Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly, Eubœa and all the Grecian states will, as Mr. Hobhouse observes, be under the dominion of a barbarian who can neither write nor read.

He still keeps up appearances with the Porte, furnishing his contingent of men for the armies, and transmitting a part of the tribute, and will probably continue to do so, though he carefully avoids putting himself in its power, and has constantly refused the post of Grand Vizir, or any other employment which might carry him out of his present government. In Albania indeed is the strength of his empire; all the Albanians, even those who have not yet submitted to him, speaking with exultation and pride of their countryman. They frequently say, when talking of another pashaw, 'he is not such a one as Ali, he has not such a head.'

His treasures, like those of almost every oriental sovereign, are reported to be very great; of his revenue we have the following estimate.

'Of the tenth of all produce collected for the Porte, the Vizir has at least a fourth part; he has also near 400 villages his own property; and besides, claims from all towns and districts arbitrary sums for protection. I have seen a computation, which sets down his revenues as 6,000,000 piasters, independent of those casual levies, and the presents which are made to him by his Christian subjects. Add to this, that all his work is done gratis, and his kitchens and stables furnished by the towns where he has any establishment. He not only gives free quarter to himself and retinue in his numerous expeditions through his dominions, but his soldiers, who only receive about twelve piasters a month from him, are found in bread and meat wherever they go, by the inhabitants of the towns and villages; so that he is enabled to reserve much of his money for emergencies, for bribing the ministers of the Porte, and buying his neighbours' territories. He is not at much expense in purchasing the male or female slaves of his household, for with these he furnishes himself, from the families of the robbers whom he executes, or compels to fly. We overtook a man carrying to Tepellené a boy and girl, who had been just found in the cottage of a robber.'—p. 120.

His natural disposition, though represented under the most gloomy colours by the Greeks, and though, if we are to believe half the stories circulated of him, that of a man barbarously cruel, would probably be unjustly estimated from a mere consideration of the

the facts alleged against him even if true. They must be taken in conjunction with the situation in which he found himself, and the people with whom he had to deal. Acts of violence perpetrated with a carelessness for the life of man, of which one who has never visited the country can have no conception, are of the ordinary methods of government in Turkey, and excite neither horror nor disgust. The severest measures must have been necessary to establish that security from robbers which is felt in the greater part of Ali's dominions. To the success of his system of terror in this respect Mr. Hobhouse bears witness, as well as to his efforts in the amelioration of the situation of his subjects in general.

'He has rendered many parts of Albania, and the contiguous country, perfectly accessible, that were before annually overrun with robbers; and consequently by opening the country to merchants, and securing their persons and goods, has not only increased his own revenues, but bettered the condition of his subjects. He has built bridges over the rivers, raised causeways across the marshes, laid out frequent roads, and adorned the country and the town with new buildings, and by many wholesome regulations has acted the part of a good and great prince, without perhaps a single other motive than that of his own aggrandizement.'—p. 118.

In this latter point he is only like other great princes; but we must now leave him and turn to the peculiar people, who are the main support of his power, and through whom he is enabled at once to extend his influence among his equals, and hold in respect even the Porte itself. It is necessary here, however, to premise that it is to the native Albanians, and not to their degenerate offspring who, speaking the same language, are dispersed as cultivators throughout Roumelia, that the following descriptions are intended to apply.

In person 'the Albanians are generally of a middle stature, about five feet six inches in height. They are muscular and straight in their make, but not large; and they are particularly small round the loins, without any corpulency, which may be attributed to their active life, and also to the tight girdle they wear round their waists. Their chests are full and broad, and their necks long. Their faces are of an oval shape, with prominent cheek bones, and a flat, but raised forehead. The expression of their eyes, which are blue and hazel, but seldom quite black, is very lively. Their mouths are small, their teeth of a good colour, and well formed. Their noses are for the most part high and straight, with thin but open nostrils. Their eye-brows are arched. They wear no hair on the fore part of their heads, but suffer it to flow down in large quantities, from the top of the crown; it is generally in curls, but when straight and long is most admired. They have small mustachios on the upper lips, but shave off the whole of the beard at the same time that they perform that operation on the fore part of their crowns, which is about once a week.'—p. 133.

'The



'The dress of the men is well adapted to the life of a mountaineer, that of the common people is entirely white. The shirt is of cotton, as well as the drawers, but every other part of the habit of coarse woollen.'—p. 134.

The shirt is worn over the drawers, falling down and encircling the man like a Scotch kilt, and is closely girded round the loins with a coarse shawl, drawn tighter by the leathern strap or belt which contains their pistols, of which even the poorer people carry one as their constant companion, while the soldier is generally distinguished by his curved sabre, which is kept as sharp as a razor. Though generally bare-footed, they sometimes wear a sort of sandal, and a species of greave, which, with their girded loins and kilt, gives them much of the appearance of the old Roman soldier; especially when, as is the case with the Agas and those who can afford it, their two or three 'jackets of velvet, richly worked with inlaid gold or silver, give to the body of the dress the appearance, and almost the stiffness, of a coat of mail.'—p. 136. To this may be added, what seems to be the ancient sagum;—

'that, which constitutes their chief defence against the weather, and forms their bed, whether in the cottage or the field, a large great coat or capote, with loose open sleeves, and a hood which hangs in a square piece behind, but, when put over head, is fastened into form by means of a long needle, or sometimes the ramrod of a pistol. This capote is of shaggy white woollen, or of black horse hair; and one might think it to be peculiar to this people, as our poet Spenser has given to one of his personages,

'A huge capoto Albanese-wise.'—p. 134.

The ordinary head dress is the little red scull cap of Barbary, to which those who can afford it add a shawl. They are dirty in their persons, seldom changing their linen, and suffer all the inconveniences that might be expected from the habit of sleeping on the floor in their thick woollen dress, so admirably adapted for a shelter to every species of vermin. The females do not appear more cleanly than the men; they are tall and strong, and not ill-looking, but bear in their countenance all the marks of wretchedness, bad treatment, and hard labour. Indeed, in many parts of the country, the task of sowing and reaping the harvest is delegated to them, the men applying only to those labours which exceed the strength or the skill of the women. Like other borderers upon savage life,

'averse from every habit of industry, it is with less unwillingness that he wanders on the mountains or in the forests, with his flocks and herds; for the life of a shepherd is a life both of laziness and peril. But his supreme delight when unoccupied by the wars of his pashaw or of his village, is to bask in the sun-shine, to smoke, to eat, to drink, to doze,

doze, or to stroll slowly round the garden of his cottage, tinkling his tuneless lute. Yet, though idle, he is still restless, and ready to seize his gun, and plunge into the woods at the first summons of his chief.—p. 141.

Their cottages, seldom consisting of more than one floor, having two rooms, and but little furniture, are well built, though of mud, perfectly dry, and generally very neat. Most of them have a garden attached, and they are frequently surrounded with a wall, not merely of separation but of defence, pierced with regular loop holes for the use of the gun. The villages have also a green, shaded with a large tree, for the holiday amusements of the peasants, a circumstance always grateful to remark, and impressing the mind with no unfavourable idea of the general security of the country, however at times disturbed by the discord of the neighbouring villages.

The principal food of the people is bread of wheat and various grain, cheese, eggs, butter, olives, and vegetables, with a small proportion of meat, which however is plentiful and indulged in on holidays. Both Mahometans and Christians drink wine, and an ardent spirit extracted from grape husks and barley. They are, however, generally temperate, living on a spare diet, not from virtue, but from the love of arms, finery, and trinkets, for which they save their money. They will eat voraciously of what is provided for them at the expense of another; but in the pursuit of riches, there is no toil, no danger, and no self-denial, that they do not willingly sustain. They retain, indeed, so much of whatever characterizes a savage state of society, both in their virtues and their vices, that we should be disposed to call them not 'half-civilized,' but a nation of barbarians into whose country some of the arts of civilization had penetrated. Living under no laws, and each man being the defender of his own rights, the redresser of his own wrongs, bloodshed and revenge are common among them; yet the effects ordinarily produced by the latter, are attributed by Mr. Hobhouse rather to the sudden impulse of passion, than to any malignancy of spirit.

Robbery is no disgrace; 'when I was a robber,' is a common expression among them. Robbery indeed, next to war, is the most effectual stimulant in calling forth the spirit of enterprize, and rousing the torpid savage from his inactivity. Accordingly, at the demand of the village or the chief, they readily take to the mountains, and pursue the robber's or the soldier's craft, with courage, cunning, and perseverance.

When their active services are uncalled for in their own country, the same impatience of repose carries them into the service of the different pashaws of Europe and Asia, of whom they constitute

stitute the most efficient force. Though detested by the Turks, they alone are appointed to guard the sacred banner from Mecca to Constantinople, and not a few of them have risen to the highest dignities of the Ottoman empire. Nor do they confine their enterprizes to service among the Ottomans; they have long been in the habit of enlisting in the service of the King of Naples, and of late have joined, in considerable numbers, the Greek regiments raising for our own service in the Ionian isles.

‘ But all these mountaineers who enter into service abroad, depend upon a return to their own country. Those belonging to the Pashaw of the Morea, have more than once attempted to force the guard of the Isthmus: and some who were in our pay, on finding they were enlisted for life, raised a very serious disturbance in the garrison of Malta.’— ‘ Nationality, indeed, a passion at all times stronger in mountaineers than in inhabitants of the plains, is most conspicuous in their character. If one of them is travelling from home and hears of a countryman resident near any place where he may pass, though he has never seen or heard of the man before, he will go out of his way to visit him.’— ‘ They are perpetually recurring to their mountains and their villages, making invidious comparisons between them and every thing in foreign countries. They consider all other men, whether Turks or Christians, as cowards, if opposed to their countrymen; and, in fact, as they have long been accounted the best soldiers in the Turkish empire, they have some reason for the pride which can be discerned in their poorest peasants. The strut of one of them, and the air of defiance which he puts on, with his hand on his sabre, and his red cap a little on one side over his forehead, are such as no one who has once seen them will ever forget.’—p. 149.

Mr. Hobhouse rates the population of Albania at about one million two hundred thousand souls; but we do not exactly make out, whether that number is intended to include all the inhabitants of the country going under the name of Albania, or only those whom he designates as more properly Albanian, in their manners and mode of living. But independent of the consideration of their numbers, the warlike and active character of the people, and their geographical position, equally point them out as likely to make no small figure in the future revolutions of European Turkey. Accordingly, each of the two great nations between whom, till of late, the name of Christendom seemed so thoroughly divided, that the distinction of English and French had, especially in the Levant, swallowed up every other difference, have been at some pains to secure in its favour the dispositions of Ali. They each maintain a resident at his court, and pay him the compliments due only to an independent sovereign. To which of the two the Vizir or his people most incline, we shall not venture to decide; but of one thing we may be assured, that however his affections may incline, his

his interest will determine his conduct. While he kept up a communication with Corfu, and as far as the vigilance of our cruizers permitted, supplied its garrison with provisions, he acted as mediator in the negotiations preliminary to our peace with Turkey, and still carries on a lucrative trade with our Ionian possessions and Malta. As the benefits derived from this latter intercourse, are daily becoming more apparent, it is not probable that he will lightly endanger its interruption by any measure of hostility to England. The threats of Buonaparte, who, before the Russian war, talked of thundering down upon him from the Illyrian provinces, made but little impression upon Ali, who trusted to the obstacles presented to invasion by a country almost impassable for artillery, and the skill of his soldiery in all the evolutions of mountain warfare. In the present state of Europe, the exclusive favour of Ali has become less important to either party; and the continuance of a friendly intercourse, as far as we are concerned, seems to be secured on the basis of mutual advantage.

Before we leave Albania, we are bound to add, that its several modern divisions and various forms of government, are laid down at some length by Mr. Hobhouse, who has also exerted a very successful diligence in adjusting, as far as his means permitted it, its ancient geography. As this was an object of which the execution in its whole extent was rather desired than hoped for by Gibbon, and to which even D'Anville confessed himself unequal, the points established by Mr. Hobhouse on seemingly fair data, may be considered as acquisitions to our geographical knowledge. It is curious that he could find no traces, upon the spot, of Azio, in which D'Anville, not doubting the existence of such a town, thought the name of Actium was preserved.

On quitting Albania, Mr. Hobhouse and his friend pass through Carnia, the most desolate and least inhabited part of Ali's dominions. Of Natolico and Messalonge, two towns of the ancient Ætolia, which lay in their way, he speaks favourably; they are, he says, to be reckoned among the best in Roumelia. From the latter he crosses to Patrass, and thus expresses the satisfaction which he experienced at the change in the scene of his peregrinations.

On arriving from Albania in the Morea, you quit a region little known at any time, for one, which the labours of ancients and moderns have equally contributed to illustrate; and after wandering in uncertainty, you acknowledge the aid of faithful guides, who direct every footstep of your journey. Pausanias alone, will enable you to feel at home in Greece; the exact conformity of present appearances with the minute descriptions of the Itinerary, is no less surprizing than satisfactory. The temple and the statue, the theatre, the column, and the marble porch, have sunk and disappeared; but the vallies and the

mountains, and some not unfrequent fragments "of more value than all the rude and costly monuments of barbaric labour," these still remain, and remind the traveller that he treads the ground once trod by the heroes and sages of antiquity.'

'To traverse the native country of those whose deeds and whose wisdom have been proposed to all the polished nations of every succeeding age, as the models which they must endeavour to imitate, but must never hope to equal, with no other emotions than would arise in passing through regions never civilized, is unnatural, is impossible. No one would roam with the same indifference through the sad solitudes of Greece, and the savage wilds of America; nor is the expression of feelings, which it is the object and end of all liberal education to instil and encourage, to be derided as the unprofitable effusion of folly and affectation.'—p. 215.

Under the influence of such feelings, Mr. Hobhouse naturally dwells upon objects, in his delineations of which, though they are enlivened by anecdote and illustrated with considerable learning, we refrain from following him. Such are his remarks upon Delphi and Athens, which will be read with satisfaction even by those who are acquainted with the exact descriptions given of them by former travellers. Throughout, they will perceive an ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, combined with a degree of good sense, not always united with it, when applied to the remains of classical antiquity. To the repetition, however, of descriptions of a country so often visited, we shall prefer presenting our readers with the account of a natural curiosity, which, while detained at Keratia during an excursion to Cape Colonna, they were fortunate enough to visit, and from which, we may add, they were fortunate enough to escape. We allude to a vast cavern in the side of Mount Paoné, of which they had heard many wonderful stories, and which has not, we believe, been before described.

'We ascended for some time, and turning round the eastern extremity, came to the south side of the range. The clouds hanging on the side of the hills, retarded our progress; but after scrambling up some way in the mist, we again found ourselves in the light. The sun shone above head in a clear blue sky; and while the country below seemed like an expanse of white water, the ground where we stood, and the summits of other mountains, had the appearance of innumerable islands rising abruptly from the sea.

'Arriving with much difficulty, near the top of the range of hills, we came, after a long search, to the mouth of the cavern. A fragment of impending rock almost concealed the entrance. We leapt down on the first landing place, and there struck a light, and having each of us taken a pine torch in our hands, together with a supply of strips of the same wood, let ourselves down through a very narrow aperture, where there was a choice of two entrances, to the right or left. Creeping down still farther, we came at once into what appeared a large subterranean hall, arched

arched over head with high domes of chrystal, and divided into long aisles by columns of glittering spars, in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of steep recesses, descending, as it seemed, into the bowels of the mountain.

'The vast magnificence of nature was joined with the pleasing regularity of art. We wandered from one grotto to another, until we came to a fountain of pure water, supplied partly by a stream that trickled down the petrefactions depending from the roof, and partly by a spring bubbling up from the rock below. By the side of this basin we loitered some time, when, as our torches began to waste, we resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, we found ourselves again at the fountain side, and began, not without reason, to be somewhat alarmed; for the guide here confessed that he had forgotten the intricacies of the caverns, and knew not how we should ever recover our path.

'We were in this situation, roaming through ranges of the cavern, and now and then climbing up narrow apertures, totally ignorant of our position, for many minutes; and the last strip of fir was consuming, when we saw the light gleaming towards us, and directing our steps that way, we arrived at the mouth of the cave. Had our light been extinguished, there would have been but little, if any chance of our escape. The splendour and beauty of the scene would have vanished with the last blaze of our torch, and the fairy palace been at once converted into a dark inextricable cavern, a dungeon, and a tomb. The mind cannot easily picture to itself any "slow sudden" death; more terrible than that of him who should be buried in these subterranean solitudes, and after a succession of faint hopes and eager efforts, sink at last, subdued by weakness and despair.'—p. 411.

In the course of his peregrinations in the vicinity of Athens, we have an interesting account of the state of Megaris, and of the policy of the Turks with regard to it. Unable, it seems, or unwilling to take upon themselves the guardianship of the mountainous country on the borders of the Isthmus of Corinth, they have constituted the whole Greek population of this district, inhabiting seven towns, hence called the Derveni Choria, an armed guard, to prevent the egress of unpermitted persons from the Morea. Freed in great measure from the payment of the haratch, entrusted with arms, and having but one Turk resident amongst them, called the Derveni Aga, the Derveniotes have with their freedom acquired the virtues which can only exist under its protection; and such is their vigilance, courage, and honesty, that even a snuff-box lost on their mountains, would probably be soon recovered. The institution has completely answered its end; their activity and knowledge of the country supplying the place of numbers, they have hitherto, though hardly exceeding three thousand warriors, successfully resisted every attempt to force the passage of the Isthmus. Of six thousand Albanian Turks, who some years ago, after plundering the

the Morea, attempted a retreat through the Derveni country, scarcely any escaped destruction. Those whom the sword of their adversaries spared, were sent in chains to Tripolizza; and a similar fate has awaited the attempts of smaller bodies, which since that time have endeavoured to flee from the oppressions of the pashaws of the Morea.

The occasional specimens of amelioration of character in similar circumstances, though of rare occurrence under the Turkish yoke, tend to keep alive our hopes and strengthen our confidence in a more extensive improvement in the condition of the Greeks, than the view of their actual situation would otherwise encourage us to expect. We confess, indeed, that it is not with regard to the possible or even probable improvement and exaltation of the nation, considered as what it actually is, a heterogeneous mixture of a variety of races, not more pure than the 'Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman-English' of Defoe, that we feel disposed to be very sceptical. However debased by servitude and superstition, whether cringing under his barbarian master, or fawning upon the Frank whom he detests as a heretic, the unprejudiced observer will willingly refer the failings and the vices of the Greek, to the circumstances of his situation, and will observe in him the seeds of good, which a more favourable conjuncture of affairs would call into abundant produce. The modern Greek is every where acute and good humoured, patient of labour when occasion calls for it, and indefatigable in the pursuit of what he deems his interest. That he should for the most part see this in the accumulation of riches, that the desire of gain should thence occupy his soul, and produce that debasement of character which invariably follows, where the love of money is the principle of action, cannot be objected to his discernment, nor fairly brought forward as the evidence of that deterioration to which it so largely contributes. Debarred the hope of rising in the state, excluded even from the profession of a soldier, the law in the sole administration of his masters, his church in a state of degradation, both in its outward appearance and the persons of its ministers; what wonder that the passion which leads so many victims where the pursuits of ambition and honour are open, should be predominant, where it is the only one that has a chance of gratification? What wonder that the riches of the individual should be the scale by which his merits are estimated, that to have *πολλα, πολλα ασπρα*, should even be the criterion of an agreeable man, that 'poverty and folly should be convertible terms?'—p. 510. In all this a fair observer of the actual state of the nation, will see more to lament than to blame; while he will justify his hopes of better things, by the conduct of the emancipated Derveniotes, and the superiority of the traduced inhabitants

inhabitants of Maina over their acute but enslaved fellow countrymen.

Here we would, for the present, leave the question, had not a specious objection to the probability of the exaltation of the Greeks been stated; upon which we wish to bestow a few words. It is asserted then, and we believe with truth, both by Mr. Hobhouse, and by Dr. Pouqueville in the best part of his book, his account of the Morea, that the modern Greeks themselves have little idea of the benefits to be derived from their emancipation, beyond the establishment of their own corrupted form of Christianity; that the exaltation of their Church, and the bringing back the days of the good King Constantine, for they look no higher for their progenitors, is the only object of their prayers.

‘S'ils parlent,’ says the doctor, ‘de la liberté, ils s'exaltent, de manière à faire croire qu'ils sont prêts à tout entreprendre, même à tout sacrifier pour l'obtenir, mais au fond cette indignation qu'ils manifestent contre leurs oppresseurs, provient moins de leur amour pour l'affranchissement, que de l'envie de voir dominer leur culte.—Les Grecs modernes, je ne balance pas de le dire, ne verraient dans une révolution que le triomphe de leur religion, sans s'embarrasser beaucoup de plus ou moins de liberté publique.’

From this the Doctor would infer, for we do not charge this conclusion on Mr. Hobhouse, that it is vain to give them what they would use to so little, or so bad a purpose. But granting the fact, we would ask him whether he would generally abstain from conferring all benefits, the objects of which in some measure mistook the nature, or underrated the extent, of the blessing? Undoubtedly it is not easy, for those who never felt or enjoyed it, to estimate the value of liberty, or even to conceive the benefits which it brings in its train; much less can such a people comprehend the connexion of those benefits with that liberty. Our ancestors, when they made a stand against the tyranny of the Popedom, little reflected perhaps on the ulterior advantages to be derived from the Reformation; and if none but those who looked further than to the rescue of their Church (though we would not be thought to undervalue that blessing) had been admitted to the benefit of the change, we fancy that the number, even among the best informed, would have been but small. As we therefore, perhaps unconsciously, have arrived at our present unlooked-for prosperity both external and domestic, we are not unwilling that others also should be created into happiness. In the mean time, our efforts should not be wanting to prepare the minds of the nation for such an eventual change. To this end we join with Mr. Hobhouse in thinking, that a well conducted Romaic newspaper, issuing from our Ionian possessions, might contribute a beneficial aid. To be able



to read the Romaic is by no means an uncommon accomplishment even on the continent of Greece; at all events there is in every village a papas, who, if not much skilled in divinity, could certainly expound the gazette to his flock, and would be glad to extend his influence by so doing, among a people still greedy of news. By degrees, a desire for further information would be excited, and the mass of the people moved to the acquisition of knowledge. Great, but we hope not unsurmountable, difficulties would indeed occur; the greatest perhaps of all would be the scarcity of books. We speak not of greater works, such as the translations of Thucydides, &c. which might be better spared; but of small elementary books of all kinds. These are entirely wanting to the Romaic, and these are of the greater importance, because, whether considered as an impure dialect of the ancient tongue, or as an independent language, it is the only mode by which knowledge or improvement of any kind can be communicated to the isles and continent of Greece, great part of Roumelia, and the coast of Asia Minor.

The importance of the Romaic in this point of view, and the contempt with which it is treated by those who study it merely for the sake of comparing it with the ancient tongue, induce us to offer a few remarks upon the subject. Compared with that, it does indeed fall lamentably short; and we agree with Mr. Hobhouse in his observation on a remark of Lord Kaimes upon its little variation from the parent language, that those who duly consider the state of the two must regret, that the variation had not been carried further; since the Italian, which differs more from the Latin than the Romaic from the Greek, finds itself amply compensated by the new beauties which it acquired in its subsequent refinement.

The fair way however of estimating the value of the Romaic, is not by comparison, but by considering its fitness in its present state for the purposes for which language itself was given. And here we find no deficiency in essentials; and, to adopt the language of Johnson, we believe that few ideas need be lost to the modern Greeks for want of proper expressions in the Romaic to convey them. That some of these would be nearly approaching to the Hellenic, while others could only be derived from distant and discordant tongues, is a matter we think of little importance. The great fault of the present language appears to us to be not in its structure and idiom, but in its pronunciation, which confounding in one common sound, and that the weak sound of the English *e*, three of its vowels, and three of its diphthongs, renders the comprehension of the spoken language difficult to an unpractised ear. Without going into the question of the right mode of pronouncing the ancient Greek, upon which Mr. Hobhouse is learned  
and

and diffuse, we may observe, that the present method is continually producing such errors in orthography, as must baffle the researches of those who endeavour, from the printed specimens in this country, to judge of the actual state of the language. Let us take for example, the word  $\beta\rho\omicron\upsilon\nu$ , which occurs in Mr. Hobhouse. It is meant for the third person plural of a verb, in its usual form  $\epsilon\chi\epsilon\upsilon\rho\omega$ , to know, here  $\epsilon\upsilon\rho\omega$ ; the third person plural of which would be  $\epsilon\upsilon\rho\omicron\upsilon\nu$ —the  $\upsilon$  in this diphthong being pronounced like our  $v$ , and the  $\epsilon$  lost in the rapidity of utterance, the writer has substituted the  $\beta$  which has the same sound, and all visible means of tracing the word to its classical origin are lost. What is most to be desired for the language in its present state, for its defect in enunciation is probably irremediable, is to fix in some degree its orthography and phraseology. The former is comparatively easy, but the latter is most difficult; not from any want of fit expressions, but of limitation to the introduction of new ones. It is still, though changed in idiom, too susceptible of unnecessary additions from the mother tongue. It suffers from that, precisely what the Turkish is daily suffering from the Arabic and Persian; the intrusion of which into the Turkish of the higher orders is so great and constant,—that it is one of the cares of our dragomen at the Porte, to watch the influx of new phrases, and to be prepared to clothe their sentiments, when before the Court, in the imported excellence of the last fortnight.

When to the affectation of learned improvement, are superadded the variations to be found in different parts of the country, and the adoption by the merchant and sailor of the terms familiar to them in the pursuit of their several employments, we shall seem to have almost yielded the point in dispute. But as we have before observed it is not for the purity of the Romaic, but for its practical utility and efficacy that we contend, and in spite of the causes which are continually operating against its improvement, we still think, that it is fully equal to the conveyance of whatever instruction it may be desirable to impart to the inhabitants of Greece and Anatolia. As we shall shortly have occasion to return to the subject of Romaic literature, we must content ourselves with merely referring to Mr. Hobhouse's work for his remarks on this head, as well as for his details on the ancient remains, and modern manners of Greece; as, though more diligence has seldom been shewn in procuring correct information on the one, or more spirit in conveying a lively idea of the other, our limits forbid us to venture upon a single extract from this part of his volume. For the same reason we abstain from quoting some very pleasing descriptions of Smyrna and its neighbourhood; at which place Mr. Hobhouse arrives from Athens in the Pylades, paying by the way a well

merited compliment to the hospitable accommodation so constantly and disinterestedly afforded to an English traveller by the naval officers of his own country.

The principal change that has taken place in Smyrna since it was described by former travellers, is for the worse, in the interruption of that social and happy intercourse among the European settlers, which procured to the Frank quarter at Smyrna, the name of *Petit Paris*. This, which had suffered but little from the incursions of former wars, has been wholly subverted by the malignity of Buonaparte, who suffers none of his subjects, whose conduct he can in any way influence, to hold communication good or bad with the tyrants of the seas or their allies. From this interdiction Athens and Salonika in the Levant alone are free.

From Smyrna Mr. Hobhouse proceeds in the Salsette to Constantinople. During the voyage, he takes occasion, while the absurd jealousy of the Turks detained the frigate at the Dardanelles, to visit the Troad, his account of which, and of his researches upon the subject occupy nearly 130 pages. The general result of his inquiries we shall state with little comment, in his own words, our late review of Dr. Clarke's theory having anticipated some of the remarks, which we might otherwise have here introduced. He has generally confined himself to the verification of the topography of the ancient geographers, particularly Strabo, and seems to have been unwillingly led into the question of the Homeric Troad. His researches with regard to the former are more satisfactory, but upon the latter tend rather, as might be expected, to confirm scepticism than to produce conviction. He inclines however to the sentiments of Bryant; and it is remarkable, how in the heat of pursuit, he is led to consider, in page 771, the arguments of Bryant for placing Troy near Lectum not to be got over, when he had in page 688 himself assigned, as a conclusive objection to that hypothesis, the rockiness of the whole southern shore. We confess ourselves much better pleased with the general scepticism of the following passage:

'It has been shewn, I believe, that the ancient topographers looked for the scene of the Iliad on the shores of the Straits; and that the present state of the country corresponds sufficiently with their accounts, to enable us not only to understand, but to form a judgment on the accuracy of their conclusions concerning the city of Priam and the plain of Troy. Whether the fable of the poet was founded on fact, or was altogether fiction, (a point which it has been my wish entirely to leave out of this inquiry,) I see no necessity for allowing, with Mr. Blackwell, that Homer, although he may have been acquainted with Phrygia, had a personal knowledge of the precise site of his war, or had fixed upon any distinct spot for the scene of his action. It is true indeed that an imitable air of truth is to be found in his description; that he is simple,

ple, distinct, and every where consistent with himself; but this is a portion of his art, this is the characteristic of his genius: it is an excellence less likely perhaps to be found in a painter of real scenery, than in one who trusts altogether to his invention, and is not encumbered with the adjustment of actual localities; and the poet is equally minute, particular, and, it may be almost said, credible in his detail, when he conducts his delighted guests into the coral caves of the ocean, or the silver palaces of Olympus. It is hardly necessary to add, that he cannot be affected by any of the difficulties attendant upon the examination of the question, and that there is no confusion in the descriptions of the *Iliad*, except when they are compared with the topography of the Troad.

'The author of the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, talking of Demetrius's commentary, says, "there he ascertained the real places of Homer's descriptions, and pointed out the scenes of the remarkable actions. He shewed where the Greeks had drawn up their ships; where Achilles encamped with his Myrmidons; where Hector drew up the Trojans; and from what country came the auxiliaries." It is astonishing with what boldness these things are said, and with what facility they are admitted. If any judgment is to be formed of Demetrius's whole work, from the allusions to, and extracts from it in Strabo, he destroyed rather than established the received opinions upon the subject, and as for the particular points abovementioned, we have no hint that he touched upon them at all.

'Those who have seen the plains near Cape Janissary, or even have looked at the map of the country, may, with Homer before them, be able to find objections to the supposed site of the war, which have escaped Mr. Bryant, and other inquirers, but they may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that if the Greeks of Phrygia were wrong in their conjectures, no such discovery will ever be made of the true positions, as shall be allowed on all hands to be unobjectionable. The present plain of the Mendere towards Cape Janissary is certainly the plain of Troy of those Greeks; but the only resemblance which a three weeks residence on the spot, with the poet in my hand, enabled me to find out between that plain and Homer's scene, was that which in the eyes of Fluellin, made the native country of Alexander so like the birth-place of Henry the Fifth. "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth."—p. 781.

'It has been remarked as a singular fact, that the map which Mr. Pope composed, merely from the perusal of the *Iliad*, is no bad representation of the plain of the Mendere. It would be singular if it was a fact, but it is not. The fact is, that Mr. Pope's picture (for it is not a map) bears not the least resemblance to the spot in question.'—p. 787.

After some further remarks upon the futility both of the praise and blame bestowed upon Pope by Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Hobhouse concludes, with no unjust asperity, that 'it may fairly move our spleen to behold the author of the English *Iliad*, the model of severe taste and just criticism, enlisted by a French enthusiast, to fight

fight under the banners of ignorance and presumption.' At the same time he pays a well-merited compliment to the integrity and correctness of delineation of the author of the *Topography of Troy*, and a gentleman, 'who has never called in his pencil to the aid of his pen, but with a candour and ingenuity very rarely to be met with, has in the fidelity of his representations furnished us with competent means of disproving his system.' After all, in spite of the very laudable pains bestowed upon this portion of his work, which may be considered as containing the refutation of every theory yet attempted, we cannot help thinking it the least interesting part of his volume; though our opinion may be rather unfairly influenced by the tedium which we acknowledge that we feel, in balancing arguments or rather conjectures upon a question so often brought before us, and from which we have so little hope of deriving any practical result or satisfactory conclusion.

Our travellers were detained for some time after the arrival of their firman, by the contrary winds, which for nine months in the year blow with no small violence out of the Straits. At length however they passed the Dardanelles and proceeded slowly up the sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Here Mr. Hobhouse was for some time in doubt whether to close his volume or proceed; assigning as a reason, his despair of telling us any thing not before too well known to require repetition. But he had read his Juvenal, and his publisher having handsomely engaged that there should be no lack of paper, he wisely decided that *clemency on his part would be folly*; and he accordingly proceeds to be very entertaining for 200 additional pages, upon Constantinople and Constantinopolitans. As we cannot give ourselves the same licence, we must of necessity curtail our observations, recommending in the mean time even this part of the Journey, as containing, besides what has indeed been often described, a very clear and interesting account of Selim's plans of reform, and of the late revolutions in the Turkish government, which have cut off the ablest and most efficient men from the state, and left the last of his race on the throne of the Ottomans.

There is also in the Appendix a good account of the expedition to the Dardanelles, written with a view to justify the ministry who planned it from any imputation in consequence of its failure. In this, though we should rather be inclined to throw the blame upon the admiral than the ambassador, we think he, in some measure, succeeds; but we apprehend that as far as the ministry are concerned, he mistakes the question at issue; which, in our view of it, is not whether they provided well for the success of the expedition, but whether the expedition itself was wise in its object. And here as we fully agree with him that its failure is not to be regretted,

regretted, and that to have irritated the Turks by the destruction of their capital could have produced no equivalent advantages to ourselves; he will perhaps admit with us, that an expedition, the success of which was to be deprecated, could not have been very politic in its projection. Upon one point we are glad to have confirmed from him an opinion which we formerly stated, that nothing has been lost to the English character by the failure, and that every thing he could gather upon the spot induced him to suppose,

'that there was not an intelligent man in the empire, who thought that those who had burst through their redoubtable Dardanelles, were intimidated by the cannon on the mouldering walls of the Seraglio; or who attributed the safety of the capital to any other motive than forbearance, and a disinclination from having recourse to unjust extremities.'

Having thus given a sketch of the contents of this massive but entertaining volume, we have only to add our opinion, that should the defects of which we have already spoken, be corrected in a future edition, by a little more attention to the technicalities of book-making; and a revision of some parts of the style, which is at times perversely or provokingly careless, the work itself will have a standard place in all collections of voyages and travels; a place, which it will fully merit, by the industry and ardour of research conspicuous throughout, as well as by the spirit, vivacity, and good sense of the general narrative.

ART. IX. 1. *The Speech of Doctor D. Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron, Deputy to the Cortes, from the Canary Islands, spoken in the Sitting of January 18, 1813, relative to the Inquisition.*

2. *Bread and Bulls, an Apologetical Oration, on the flourishing State of Spain, in the Reign of King Charles IV. Delivered in the Plaza de Toros, Madrid. By Don Gaspar Jovellanos. Mediterranean; printed on board His Majesty's Ship Caledonia, off Toulon. 1813.*

A SPEECH against the Inquisition, delivered in the sitting of the Cortes, and another on Bread and Bulls, on the degraded state of Spain, spoken in the great square of the capital, both the genuine production of native Spaniards, may be regarded among the unequivocal signs of the times.—But when we look at the spot whence these singular productions issue, in their present dress, we cannot consider them as any thing short of literary curiosities. They are translations by the officers of the Caledonia, undertaken, in all probability, to beguile the many tedious hours spent in watching

ing an enemy shut up in the port of Toulon. If the language be not always correct, nor the style highly polished, we have, at least, every reason to trust to the fidelity of the translation. But they were printed also on board this ship; and the type, the ink, the paper, and, indeed, the whole of the mechanical processes are so well conducted as to be by no means inferior to many of the best editions of the London press.

Doctor Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron undertakes to prove the three following propositions:

First, That the tribunal of the Inquisition is totally useless in the church of God, and contrary to the spirit of the gospel.

Secondly, That it is contrary to the wise and religious constitution which the state has sanctioned, and to which the people have sworn.

Thirdly, That it is prejudicial to the state.

It will not be necessary to go through all the proofs which he adduces to establish the first proposition. It is certain that no such tribunal as that which has arrogated to itself the title of 'holy,' entered into the plan of the Saviour of the World. It is equally so that nothing contained in the writings of the Evangelists, can be construed to sanction it, and that, of the ministers elected by divine authority for the promulgation of the gospel, none were inquisitors. 'Believe me, sir,' says the orator, 'that neither in the catalogue of the ministers of the faith, enumerated by St. Paul, nor in the council of Jerusalem, do I find one vacant place for an inquisitor.' It was not found necessary to erect a tribunal of inquisitors to punish Arius, when he denied the eternal generation of the Word—the divines of Nice were satisfied with condemning "the impious and detestable" doctrine, and with separating the author of the heresy from the communion of the faithful. The Nestorians, the Pelagians, and all the various sects, 'who moved hell itself to shake the faith of the Catholics,' shared the same fate—the Church of God trampled on all its enemies, and without the assistance of the 'holy office.' That it is not only useless but injurious to the Church of Rome, he illustrates, from his own experience, when at Philadelphia. Here, at the house of Benjamin Franklin, he used to join in the evening conversations where the ministers of the Protestant communion designated him by the appellation 'of the Papist.'

'Young as I then was,' says he, 'I was able to convince many of the supremacy which the Bishop of Rome obtains, by divine right, over the whole church—a supremacy of jurisdiction and not merely of honour—but I confess that when, all in a body, they beset me on the establishment of the Inquisition, I had not a word to say.'

Discussions of this nature, he tells us, also took place in the house

house of George Washington, but he was never able to ascertain to what sect that celebrated General belonged. The Philosopher Franklin, however, was suspected to be an Arminian. On the challenge of Franklin, to give a public proof of his sincerity, he preached in the Catholic Church of Philadelphia against the Inquisition; his sermon was translated into English; it was then preached throughout the provinces of New York and Maryland; and so satisfied were the auditors that the Inquisition was the work of human policy, and despotism, that many of the Anglo-Americans changed their faith and became good Catholics. Since that time, the Doctor tells us, no less than five bishoprics have been established in places where, had the Inquisition extended its baneful authority, there would not have been one.

Secondly, To prove that the Inquisition is contrary to the constitution of the state, the Doctor says nothing more is necessary than to take in one hand the political system, and in the other the dark and fanatical code of this tribunal—the one breathes nothing but justice and humanity; the other is an outrage on all human laws, and human feelings—a code dark, dismal, and intricate as its own dungeons, made up of cavils, artifices, and the meanest tricks, and more adapted for hunting out supposed criminals than for ascertaining real crimes.

The Constitution says,

‘ Within twenty-four hours the prisoner shall be made acquainted with the cause of his imprisonment, and the name of his accuser if he have one. They shall read to him, entire, all the documents, together with the names and depositions of the witnesses; and if from these he shall not comprehend them, they shall give him as much information as he may require, in order to discover who they are. That the process shall henceforward be public, in the manner and form determined by law. That neither torment nor compulsion shall be used towards him, neither shall he suffer confiscation. That no punishment imposed, whatever the crime may be, shall in any manner pass to the family of the delinquent, but shall take effect solely upon the person who committed the offence.’

But what says the code of the Holy Inquisition?

‘ It admits,’ says the Doctor, ‘ into its bosom, slander, calumny, accusation, and vengeance. It inspires, or rather orders, a blind obedience to its commands, as though it were infallible, and not responsible to any one for its actions. It orders inquiries, encourages informers, and protects spies, against all the laws of confidence and nature, imperiously commanding the dearest friends to accuse each other. It signifies not whether, under the pretext of preserving the faith, the father accuses the son, the son the father; the husband the wife, or the wife the husband. Brothers, parents, and friends, all, according to the spirit of this tribunal, are obliged to watch, to inform against, and  
accuse



accuse each other. A commissary of the holy office, accompanied by the alguazil, and his assistants, is authorised, with impunity, to enter houses with a mysterious silence, even at midnight, and snatch a father from the bosom of his family, in the midst of their terrors, without allowing him to take a last farewell of his wife or children, condemning them to endless misery, which is the only patrimony this unfortunate father can transmit to his posterity. Whole generations before they are born, are thus sentenced, not only to poverty and beggary, but to perpetual ignominy and disgrace.' Thus it is 'that the holy office deprives society of useful and industrious citizens, and buries them in its infectious dungeons. It does more. In the edict of faith, which this tribunal publishes every year, it invites every person to accuse himself, who expects to be accused by another; and to those who comply within a certain time, it promises pardon; but to those who neglect it, it has no mercy—they are arrested, their fortunes confiscated, and they suffer the utmost punishment of its laws.'

The scenes of horror, which take place at the examination of supposed criminals have often been described in novels and romances, but here we have the facts truly and distinctly stated by a Spaniard well informed of all the proceedings of this dark and sanguinary tribunal. The punishment that follows confession, and even precedes conviction, is horrible to relate.

'In the first case,' says he, 'sentence is passed after a thousand mysterious questions; but in the second, besides the confinement in dark dungeons, destitute of all human consolation, they employ dreadful torments to extort confession. A pulley, suspended to the ceiling, through which is passed a thick rope, is the first spectacle which meets the eye of the unhappy victim. The attendants load him with fetters, and tie a hundred pounds of iron to his ancles; they then turn up his arms to his shoulders, and fasten them with a cord; they fasten the rope round his wrists, and having raised him from the ground, they let him fall suddenly, repeating this twelve times, with a force so great that it disjoins the most robust body. If he does not then confess what the inquisitors wish, other torture awaits him; having first bound him hands and feet, eight times does the sad victim suffer the rack; and if he persists without confessing, they compel him to swallow a quantity of water, to restore his respiration. But where this is not sufficient, the torment of the *brasero* completes the sanguinary scene, the slow fire of which cruelly roasts the naked feet, rubbed over with grease and secured in a block.'

The authority of this infernal tribunal extends even to the regions of the dead.

'How often have the inquisitors ordered graves to be opened for the remains of those whom they judged to have died in heresy, in order to commit them to the flames! Unhappy relics of the human race! Sad spoils of death! Respected shades of the departed, who, having died in innocence, have become the victims of calumny, malevolence, or  
vengeance,

vengeance, pardon the prejudice and barbarity of past ages ! The Gentiles themselves respected the ashes of their dead ; but it was reserved for the Inquisition to disturb your repose in the caverns of the earth.'

The speaker next adverts to the cunning and low policy which the ' Holy Office' has always employed to secure the court favour, by serving the government as the vile instrument of absolute power.

' Who,' says he, ' does not know that it has lent itself to the caprices and vengeance of the most infamous and voluptuous favourite (Godoy) to be found in our history? This tribunal, so overbearing in its power, so terrible to the weak and defenceless, had not the courage to exert its authority upon this impious wretch—this monster—a compound of every vice, without a single counterbalancing virtue; but it permitted, in the very face of a Catholic court and a Catholic king, not only panegyrics to be passed on him, but his loathsome image to be erected on the altar, by the side of the Cross of Jesus Christ.'

Thirdly, That the Inquisition is prejudicial to the prosperity of the state, the Doctor is of opinion, requires no other proof than the state of the Peninsula since the unfortunate epoch of its establishment—where all the useful sciences, the arts, agriculture, national industry, and commerce have disappeared—where a progressive decay and depopulation have left little more than ten millions and a half of inhabitants, the greater part of whom are poor and miserable ; whereas, from the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the extent of the country, it is able to maintain more than double that number. He enumerates those men whose eminence for literature or piety has been the cause of their being buried in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and sacrificed to its unrelenting vengeance.

' Philosophers, theologians, historians, politicians, statesmen, orators, poets, labourers, artisans, merchants, even the industrious farmers, who are the support of the nation, could not escape their rod of iron—in a word, men and women, poor and rich, wise and ignorant, innocent and wicked, just and unjust—all classes of the state has this tribunal afflicted with the terrors of its power—it comprehends all—it persecutes all—it destroys all, under the pretext of religion and the support of the Gospel.'

The Second Article is an extraordinary production, and marks most strongly the altered opinion of the Spanish nation. Indeed we should have feared lest so fine a piece of irony on ' the flourishing state of Spain,' and so keen a satire on the depraved manners of his countrymen, would subject the orator to some inconvenience. But Jovellanos had already suffered the dungeon for freedom of speech, under the old order of things, and thought himself secure, amidst the recent changes, in indulging it to the utmost. At what precise time this speech was addressed to the Spanish people

people we are not told; but it was, obviously, since the period of the revolution. We shall give a few extracts from this singular and spirited production which, we think, will not be unacceptable to our readers, more especially as they are the effusions of a man who, by birth and education, by his acknowledged talents, and the high situation which he held in the state, is entitled to more than an ordinary degree of attention.

The orator sets out with the broad proposition that all nations of the world, following the steps of nature, have been weak in their infancy, ignorant in their childhood, warriors in their youth, philosophers in their manhood, legislators in their age, and, in their decrepitude, superstitious and tyrannical. These truths, proved, as he says, by all history, had induced him to conclude that Spain was arrived at the last stage of existence, and sinking rapidly into the grave; but his arrival in Madrid had happily removed all his doubts, and presented to him the most astonishing spectacle which the universe could afford.

‘It offered to my sight Spain, weak and infantine, without population, without industry, without riches, without a patriotic spirit, and even without any acknowledged government: some fields waste and without cultivation; some men dirty and indolent; some people miserable and immersed in ruin; some citizens mere tenants of their city; and a constitution, which might more properly be called, an olla of all constitutions.

‘It represented to me, Spain, as a child, without instruction, and without knowledge; a brutal mob; a nobility which makes a boast of its ignorance; some schools, without principles; some universities, the faithful depositories of the prejudices of barbarous ages; some teachers of the tenth century; and some rewards destined for the subjects of the Emperor Justinian, and of Pope Gregory the Ninth.

‘It offered to me Spain as a youth, to appearance, full of a martial spirit, of fire and bravery, a body of general officers, sufficient to command all the armies of the world; and, were there but soldiers in proportion, who might conquer all the regions of the universe; a multitude of regiments, which, although deficient in men, are inured to the military fatigues of curling their hair, bleaching their uniform, regulating their paces to the tune of a country-dance, expending powder in salutes in the meadows, and oppressing their fellow-citizens.

‘It has shewn me Spain as a man, wise, religious, and skilled in all the sciences—a metropolis, with more churches than houses; more priests than laymen; more altars than kitchens; nay, in the dirty gateways, and in the meanest wine-houses, pasteboard puppets, images of wax, fonts of holy water, and sacred lamps.’

In this manner he runs over the deplorable state of things in which he found ‘debauched young churchmen mounting the pulpit of the Divine Being,’ to teach sacred knowledge;—the inspired writings

writings translated through French versions; foreign languages studied by those who were ignorant of their own; preachers and lawyers without learning, whose briefs and sermons are fit only to wrap up pepper and spices; physicians whose wisdom is proved by the wealth of their apothecaries. He found Spain, 'old and peevish, quoting law upon every occasion.' The Castilian legislature, he tells us, recognizes for its origin an age 'in which the sword and the spear were the supreme law; in which bishops commanded armies, and, instead of sheep, nourished wolves and leopards;'—but it is to Philip the Great that the legislation of Spain owes 'the many inexhaustible springs, which, from day to day, have been enriching it with more judges than laws, and more laws than human actions;' it is to him that all the 'branches of government and justice are directed by one only hand, like the mules of a coach;'—to him, that 'a new law is enforced in the twinkling of an eye, whilst the observance of an old one costs the dispute of a century; to him it owes that extraordinary circumspection of tribunals which hang twenty citizens in a day, and afterwards debate on unharnessing the mules from a carriage.' To him Spain owes its finance, its monopolies, its customs and its excise; to him, that 'every village possesses its municipal code, its municipal contributions, and its statutes, which are the basis of public happiness.'

'It is certainly,' he continues, 'a great satisfaction to set out on a journey quite unconcerned, and proceed on the road until you meet a guard, stationed for collecting the toll; to arrive pierced with cold and wet, at an inn, and there to have to look for a dinner from the monopolizers of wine, oil, meat, salt, and other necessities of life; to lead your horse to a manger, and in addition to a payment for straw, to have to pay likewise for the right of tying him there; to procure a *fanega* of barley and to go to the *corregidor* to have it measured; to purchase a *pellejo* of wine, and to pay the price of a permit for taking it out of the town; not at all to know whether you shall sleep in your own bed or a gaol, because the *alcalde* has the power of making you pass a miserable night there, without assigning any reason.'

The decrepitude of Spain was presented to his view in the horrible superstitions by which the very souls and understandings of the people were chained down; in the degraded state of morality and religion;—

'But,' checking himself suddenly, 'what,' he exclaims, 'am I about? how have I transformed my office of panegyrist into that of censor; and where I had purposed to defend my country, taxed it with the most abominable defects! No, my countrymen! it is not my desire to make you blush; I only wish to shew that Spain is, at the same time, in her infancy, her childhood, her youth, her manhood, and her old age. I well know your merit; and in this august amphitheatre, where alone

the Spanish people celebrate their assemblies, I behold your exquisite taste, your delicate sensibility.'

'Bull-feasts are the links of our society; the food of our patriotism; the seminaries of our political manners. These feasts, which characterise us among all the nations of the earth, embrace as many agreeable and instructive objects, as it is possible to desire; they temper our excessive parsimony, enlighten our tender understandings, sweeten our humane inclinations, divert our laborious application, and prepare us for generous and magnanimous actions. The arts and sciences combine to render them perfect, and they materially assist in improving the arts and sciences; they procure, even for the lower order, the blessings of ease and diversion, and prevent the evils of toil and labour; they encourage hospitals which (to the honour of modern nations be it related) they not only supply with medicines for the relief of the sick, but also with sick for the consumption of the medicines, which are the two indispensable requisites to their prosperity; they mortify the body with fatigue and patience under inconvenience, and fortify the mind by the most dreadful and tragic scenes.

'Who, accustomed in cold blood to see a man suspended on the horns of a bull, his entrails falling through an immense wound, and his blood overflowing the whole place; a wounded horse that has thrown his rider, writhing and struggling in the agonies of death; a troop of affrighted bull-fighters, flying from an enraged animal, pierced with darts; the tumultuous shouting of an innumerable multitude, mingled with the harsh grating sounds of warlike instruments, augmenting the confusion;—who, I say, after this, would be moved at a battle or a defeat?—who will not conceive sublime ideas of our nobles, eager to patronise these barbarous spectacles; to honor the bull-fighters; to reward desperation and madness; and to vie with each other, in protecting the most villainous characters in the republic?—who would not be delighted with the numerous assemblage of both sexes, crowded together, without reserve; tavern-keepers and grandees; barbers and dukes; courtezans and matrons; laymen and clergy—where luxury, profligacy, shamelessness, libertinism, stupidity, and, in short, every vice which disgraces human nature, hold their court? There the licentious fop inflames the incautious damsel, by indecent words and gestures; there the base husband places his wife by the side of her gallant; there the cowardly bully musters up all his insolence; there the smutty blacksmith utters words even more indecent than himself, and the impudent fishwoman makes a boast of her effrontery; there the pressure, noise, heat and dust, joined with the aromatic sweets of tobacco, wine and garlic, are sufficient to cause suffocation.

'Who will not acknowledge the innumerable benefits of these feasts? Were it not for them, the tailor, ironmonger, and shoemaker, would pass their Mondays in the vulgar labour of their trades; mothers would not have a plea for leaving their houses and children to the neglect of some hireling; in it they would lose a most barbarous market of modesty; physicians, a most fruitful seminary for diseases; husbands, a scene of their own iniquity and dishonour; wives, an opportunity of improving

improving themselves in prodigality and extravagance; ecclesiastics, an excuse for spending among sinners the price of their sins; philosophers, a most perfect compendium of human weakness; magistrates, the sure means of destroying all idea of civil liberty; tradesmen, the consolation of beholding the death of animals which, if living, would find them constant employment; and the whole kingdom, the advantage of seeing the most fruitful lands (which should be exclusively appropriated to diversion and amusement) laid out in pasture.'

After running over, in the same strain, the instruction which all ranks and descriptions of people receive at a bull-feast, he exclaims—

'O magnificent feasts! O useful feasts! O delectable feasts! O pious feasts! O feasts which are the most perfect crown of our wisdom! Strangers abominate you, because they know you not; but Spaniards prize you, for they alone can appreciate your value!

'If Rome lived contented with "bread and arms"—Madrid feels quite satisfied with "bread and bulls!"

'O happy Spaniards! who, content with your own estate, envy not that of others, who, accustomed to govern nobody, obey all! Pursue these enlightened maxims—despise (as you have hitherto done) the idle babbling of envious strangers—abhor their turbulent maxims—condemn their free opinions—prohibit all their books, which have not passed the "holy table"—and sleep in peace, lulled by the hisses that deride you!

ART. X. *A Letter on the Conduct and Situation of Denmark, from a Dane to an Englishman; written 30th May, 1813.*  
London: Richardson. pp. 48.

**T**HE pamphlet before us may appear almost too slight for notice; but such publications, like small shot, sweep away numbers who are not assailable by more powerful ordnance; and the press can furnish nothing so worthless on political subjects as not to attract some degree of attention. Who the author is we pretend not to know, but we shrewdly suspect, in spite of his expressions of goodwill towards England, (in which he apparently resides at this moment,) that his feelings on that subject are in unison with the bulk of his countrymen; and though, as a foreigner, we may pardon the obscurities of his style, and the insincerity of his professions, as a Dane we should counsel him not again to take up his pen in defence of his country.

The most respectable adherents to the ancient order of things in France were compelled, during the horrors of the Revolution, to seek refuge in Great Britain. They were received on their arrival, and have been since maintained, with a degree of attention and kindness worthy of that generous spirit so characteristic of the English nation. This race has, however, nearly disappeared; old

age has taken off many, others have fallen victims to sorrow and disappointment. Their quiet demeanour and general respectability of conduct, materially contributed to wear out the prejudice against foreigners, formerly so prevalent amongst us; and that benevolent feeling which was excited by the distresses of the French emigrants has been extended to the natives of other countries who, from various causes, have of late made England their asylum. We trust that we shall not be considered as wanting in Christian charity if we venture to hint that this protection should not be granted without considerable caution. There are many who fatten on our bounty, who scruple not to employ the opportunities which they enjoy for the purpose of injuring their benefactors.

We are indebted to the work on the Continental System which was published in Sweden at the beginning of this year, for the composition before us. Some unpalatable truths which the Swedish pamphlet contained, have called up this literary champion in behalf of his countrymen; and we confess that until we had perused his impotent apology for their conduct, we had not given ourselves the trouble of reflecting how contemptible it has invariably been during the whole of this, and the preceding war.

‘For whom,’ the Danish writer asks, ‘is the history of a country more particularly written, but for its princes?’—We admit that they, of all people, ought to profit by its perusal; but we would counsel him also to direct the attention of his sovereign to the fate of other nations as well as his own. Had the king of Denmark done this, or had he not, as is more probable, allowed his better judgment to be led away by the counsel of insidious and corrupt advisers, it is scarcely possible that he could have been for so long a period blind to the examples of danger before his eyes. What has been the fate of the various states who professed their intention of remaining neuter at the opening of the revolutionary war? How did Spain profit by her entire submission to the mandates of Buonaparte? What regard was shewn to Prussia whom he compelled to become neuter, or to the other princes of Germany whom he successively overpowered? Where, in fine, has he respected in any one instance, the neutrality of a country when it suited his purposes to violate it?

An enlightened minister of Denmark would have used this language to his sovereign; he would have told him further that it would be too late to prepare for war, when ‘the French frontier bordered his own.’ He would have pointed out to him that so far from the ‘duties of a king being confined to his own country,’ so far from its being ‘incumbent on the sovereign of a small nation to avoid all other wars but those of immediate defence,’ there are duties which he is called upon to perform as part of the commonwealth  
of

of Europe. We say nothing of the motives which may reasonably urge a sovereign to venture somewhat for the glory of his country. 'The oldest unsubdued crown on earth' ought not to disappear; as anticipated by our author, without some struggle for independence and renown. Had every politician reasoned like the Dane, 'the continual wars against France would indeed have been productive of the still greater warlike establishments of that empire,'—and 'the French emperor would clearly, in spite of every coalition, have broken through every barrier which might have been opposed to him:—We are told too that 'Denmark, by her geographical position, lies out of the great road of the continental nations who come to the conflict;' if England had been guided by similar maxims, she, too, lying still more out of 'this great road,' might have been contented to witness their successive subjugation by the power of France. The truth is, that by an adherence to this cautious policy, Denmark has shared the fate of every power which has carried the system of neutrality beyond its proper extent. She is entitled to no confidence from any belligerent, for she has granted none to any of them; to no protection, for she has afforded no assistance to the cause of Europe; to no respect, for her policy has been contemptible and selfish in the extreme: and instead of acquiring by repose that vigour which may fit her for future contests, she will find, when too late, that the limbs become rigid by long cessation from exercise, and the nerves relaxed by listless inactivity.

But it may be contended that every state is the best judge of its own resources, and that those of Denmark must not be estimated on the scale of those which Great Britain has at command. Granting, to a certain extent, the truth of these positions, we have still grievous cause of complaint against our 'brothers' the Danes. The very essence of the character of a neutral is to shew no leaning to either belligerent; but their neutrality has been of so perverse a nature, that whilst they appeared dead to all feeling, and palsied on the side which was exposed to aggression and insult from France, they have been tremblingly alive to those measures of retaliation against the common enemy which we have been compelled to adopt. A very little attention to those cases in which Denmark has of late years exhibited any signs of vitality, will be sufficient to prove the truth of our assertions.

The first offensive measure taken against this country by Denmark, was the occupation of Hamburgh by 15,000 men, under Prince Charles of Hesse, in 1801. This was of course for the purpose of excluding our vessels from the ports of the Elbe. Her unusual activity on this occasion, and the large share which she bore in the war with the northern powers, which was terminated by the decisive battle of Copenhagen, it is needless to remark; that



confederacy, as our author allows, 'was dissolved by England with that energy which fixes great events;' and Denmark again relapsed into her former supineness.

From this she was roused in 1803, by the advance of the French after the occupation of Hanover: but was the energy she displayed on this occasion at all correspondent to the danger with which she was threatened? No: 'it did not become Denmark alone to call France to account for the infraction of treaties;' and with strict adherence to these ideas of propriety, not a man was added to the boasted cordon of troops in Holstein till the army of England and Sweden were in force in Hanover; and though not a murmur escaped the all-enduring Danes at the closure by the French of the Elbe and Weser, their complaints were loud and frequent of the injustice of the blockade which we were in consequence compelled to establish on those rivers.

'When Prussia, in 1806, suddenly entered upon a war with France, could Denmark,' it is demanded, 'with her force have prevented the fate of Prussia on the fields of Jena?' We do not pretend to say that she could; but if all the powers of Europe had reasoned in a similar manner, what resistance would France have experienced to her designs of universal monarchy! and no one, we should hope, but a Dane whose scale of excellence is not elevated to the highest standard, would be weak enough to produce as an instance of the tutelary aid of the Genius who presides over Denmark, that 'he prevented a war with France, though Danish blood was shed on the frontier, at the storming of Lubeck by the French!' The affair here alluded to, took place whilst the enemies of the gallant Blücher were in pursuit of the small force which he had preserved with so much skill and intrepidity from the wreck of the Prussian army. The Danish General Ewald was taken prisoner and treated with every indignity by his *friends* the French; the neutral territory violated, and several Danish soldiers killed in the skirmish; yet the Crown Prince of Denmark contented himself with a remonstrance to which no attention was ever paid, and shortly after withdrew those troops from the frontiers of Holstein which he had kept there without intermission, whilst the forces of the allies were stationed in that quarter.

We shall refrain from entering at length into the merits of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807. The subject has undergone much discussion, and many strong assertions respecting it have been hazarded on both sides. Those who will take the trouble of perusing the parliamentary debates of that day cannot fail of being convinced that the measure was not one of mere expediency but of absolute necessity; and we are not presumptuous enough to suppose, that any arguments we have to offer could have weight either

either with our Danish 'brethren' abroad, or with those politicians at home, who profess to consider any course more justifiable than that which has been pursued by the government of their country.

We must, however, indulge in a few remarks on this transaction, which our readers will perceive are forced upon us by the perusal of the Danish letter. The grand object of dispute, the fleet at Copenhagen, is never once mentioned in this composition. Every document, however, at all relative to this subject which has since come to our knowledge, has tended to prove that it was destined (as originally asserted by those who advised its seizure) to co-operate with France in her design against this country; and of such being the general opinion in Denmark our government was early apprized by a British naval officer, who was accidentally obliged to remain in the capital during the greater part of the winter of 1806. But it seems that we did not announce our intentions with that form and solemnity which the occasion required, and the old accusation is again brought forward, that the Danish troops were stationed in Holstein, by desire of England, in order that her designs upon Copenhagen might be more easily accomplished. Whilst the Crown Prince, 'good easy man,' was 'watching, like a skilful general, the army which he had assembled on the frontiers,' and 'giving *indubitable* proofs of his determination to suffer any thing rather than yield to France; who was the first to attack him in the rear?' "Oh my prophetic soul, my uncle!"—"the king of a nation which has been praised for the faith of her treaties." 'Let one of your friends ask Lord Howick, in parliament,' continues the eloquent Dane, 'if this is not true? It ought to have been recorded for his successors in the papers of the Department for Foreign Affairs.'

Now, without asking Lord Howick, or referring to the Foreign Office, we will venture to pronounce this assertion to be false. Preceding events had sufficiently shewn that a Danish army, even when assembled, will submit to any thing rather than come to blows with the common enemy, and the Crown Prince had recently given a pretty clear proof that fighting was not his object, by retiring before a handful of French troops without firing a shot. It cannot therefore be considered surprizing that ministers should begin to despair of any exertion on the part of Denmark, and that they should feel themselves called upon to remonstrate, as they *thén* did, on so hopeless a mode of enforcing neutrality.—It is this remonstrance which has given colour to the accusation against us to which we have alluded. We were anxious to rouse the Danes to a sense of their danger, and to induce the Crown Prince to reflect on what he owed to his country: and with a due regard to the safety of his kingdom, we at the same time sent over a special minister to propose to him measures for rescuing the fleet at

Copenhagen from the hands of France, and to give it protection in a British port till the danger was over; and to be convinced that this proposal was not made by England from motives of private advantage, we have only to call to mind the conduct of Russia under similar circumstances: she too in her turn was menaced with invasion by France, and with the loss of her fleet, should the enemy succeed in his designs upon St. Petersburg; and it was then that this power, who, we were told, had for ever abandoned all trust in English faith, made us the voluntary offer of placing her navy under our protection, and without hesitation adopted that very measure which this country has with so much injustice been blamed for proposing to Denmark.

Though we have already seen with what confidence public documents are referred to in the letter under review, there are some very material ones which the writer does not appear to have consulted, or he would probably have shewn more caution in the assertions he has hazarded. He might have discovered that the account of the nocturnal meetings between Bernadotte and the Crown Prince of Denmark, so far from 'being a fable no where believed but in England,' was universally credited throughout the whole of the continent; and that the offer of Norway to Sweden, to which he alludes, did not proceed from this country, but from France, who was quite prepared to make any sacrifice at the expense of her devoted adherent, which would serve to separate Sweden from the cause of the allies.

The king of Sweden lost no time in acquainting the Crown Prince of Denmark of the treacherous proposal made to him by France, and accompanied this communication with the offer of sending 20,000 Swedish troops to co-operate with the Danes in the defence of Holstein. These succours were refused, in direct opposition to the advice of our ministers; and it is worthy of remark, that in making known to this government the king of Sweden's offer, the Danish ministers entirely concealed from it the arrangement which France had proposed respecting Norway. So much for the frankness of dealing manifested by Denmark towards England! so much for the determination of the Crown Prince and his army to die in the breach, should their country be attacked! Had such been their real intention no offer could have been more acceptable than that made by Sweden, and none, on the other hand, certainly could be more embarrassing to a general who had resolved upon the line of conduct which was afterwards pursued.

But, says our opponent, 'had England no guarantee in our interest, in our insular situation, and in the steadfastness of the king's character, that, at the worst for Denmark, France could only obtain a temporary possession of the Cimbrian peninsula?' Now it

it is fruitless to expect that nations, any more than individuals, will always be alive to their true interest; and steadiness of character may as often be manifested on the wrong side as the right. That Bernadotte was preparing to attack the Danish continental possessions was quite evident, though it was at the time denied; and when we take into consideration the difficulty of guarding the passage of the Belt, and the *prowess* already shewn by the Danish troops in the outset, it seems very improbable, that even if they had decided upon retiring to Zealand, they would have been able to prevent the French from following them there.

We now come to the period of the Austrian war of 1809, and to the blackest spot in the escutcheon of Denmark—we allude to the junction of the Danish troops with the pursuers of Schill; and we cannot repress our feelings of indignation at the baseness with which the memory of that gallant soldier is here attacked, as it has already been in other publications from the same quarter.

Would to God that more Germans *had* possessed 'those extravagant ideas of life and duties' of which Schill is here accused! We should not now, for the first time, have had to hail that general spirit of opposition to the tyranny of France, which has manifested itself with such glorious effect throughout the greater part of the continent. But Schill was abandoned by Germany, was condemned by his king, and being unable to rouse his countrymen to equal his views, could not escape the fate that was prepared for him; 'and it was then, and not till then, that Danish valour was successfully tried against him.' Oh inglorious success! disgraceful activity! Denmark only departs from her cold-blooded and selfish policy to assist in the murder of a hero and a patriot, and in the extinction of the rising flame of liberty which flashed throughout Germany! Never was a transaction, which required every art to hide its atrocity, so lamentably defended. Such excuses as a misconception of the king's orders, or even the king's ignorance of the orders issued to his own generals, will not save those who planned the destruction of Schill from eternal reprobation, however we may be disposed to respect the feelings of the Danish soldiers, who are said to have executed the unworthy task imposed upon them with considerable reluctance.

There is another occurrence, for which the writer, with a greater display of penetration than ordinary, thinks it *possible* that Denmark may be blamed, though only by those short-sighted mortals who 'view human affairs on a contracted scale;' and this also comes under the class of untoward events which 'sometimes fall out without the knowledge of the king.' Our readers will not, perhaps, anticipate that this relates to the base attempt on the part of the Danes to prevent the embarkation of the brave Duke of Brunswick after the failure of the Austrian coalition in 1809.

Fortunately,

Fortunately, as is well known, this magnanimous scheme was executed by them with their accustomed success; but we will venture to assert, although it is doubted by our author, that the 'noble warrior,' as he is styled, would have thought quite as highly of the generosity and courage of the Danish people, if they had not attempted in so dastardly a manner to defeat the design which he so ably carried into execution.

The sudden deposition of Louis Buonaparte for his unwillingness to inflict upon his subjects all the miseries of the continental system, seems to have rendered his Danish Majesty more alive than he appears on some other occasions to what was passing in his dominions. We do not find, however, that any remonstrance was made by Denmark on the oppressive nature of the Berlin and Milan decrees, though the retaliatory measures, which we were obliged to enforce, were declared to be in the highest degree arbitrary and unjust. Our author is more than commonly obscure on this subject; but he honestly confesses, that though the British merchandize, in the Danish ports, was seized with all due form and ceremony, his countrymen 'were too poor to sacrifice to the flames what otherwise could be made useful.' The fact, we doubt not is, that the same system of collusion was practised here, which was carried on, under similar circumstances, in other countries. The French general of the district, and the merchant to whom the English goods were consigned, came to an understanding in regard to dividing the spoil; and a small bale only taken out from each package, was committed to the flames, to answer the number of those which were returned as burnt.—Although the writer has not condescended to inform us of the peculiar advantages derived by Denmark from her system of policy, yet those who are unacquainted with the internal state of that country might not unreasonably imagine that her finances at least are flourishing, and her resources free from those difficulties which a series of wars too often entails:—but national credit in Denmark is on a par with national honor, and the government has now resorted to the desperate expedient of employing the funds of the private bank of Holstein, (the only one that traded upon sure foundations,) to supply the deficiency in the public exchequer.

Though we are not at all disposed to deny the complete insignificance into which Denmark has sunk, by the system to which she professes to adhere; we cannot allow her to plume herself upon the circumstance, that, in consequence of her refusal to join her forces to those of France in the last campaign, 'not one Dane was found amongst the many nations that penetrated to the heart of the Russian empire.' The part allotted to her troops was that of occupying the duchy of Oldenburg, when the French corps should  
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be withdrawn, and for that purpose 15,000 men were secretly placed under the orders of St. Cyr; and it is perfectly well known, that, at the very time when Buonaparte was marching in full force upon Smolensko, the reply made by Denmark to Russia in regard to her intentions, was that 'she was determined to stand or fall with France.'

Our author finds some degree of difficulty in excusing so overt an act of hostility against this country as the marring four ships of the line at Flushing with Danish sailors from Copenhagen, which he confesses was done in the course of last year. If we may believe him, however, this measure entirely originated in Buonaparte's *kind* consideration for Danish feelings, and these ships were entrusted to the spirit of *revenge* of Danish seamen!—We are willing to give Denmark full credit for the pacific disposition she has lately shewn; but it is material to remark, at what period these symptoms of returning affection were first manifested: it was not until the complete destruction of the French army had rendered an important change in the affairs of Europe more than probable, and until it became advisable to attempt a reconciliation with the rising powers.

As to Norway, it is not surprising that the Crown Prince of Sweden, whilst occupied in Germany with the greater part of his army, should be desirous of securing his western frontiers from any sudden attack on the part of so wavering and uncertain an ally as Denmark; nor was any rule of good faith or political morality violated by our agreement to support him in the demand of that district of Norway, through which his country had been formerly invaded. It will not be denied, we presume, that (Denmark being at war with this country) we were at liberty to co-operate with Sweden, or any other power, in the conquest of Norway; and, supposing that conquest achieved, we were equally at liberty to transfer our share of the right of a conqueror to our co-belligerent, to leave Norway to be garrisoned exclusively by Swedish troops, and to promise our *good offices at a peace*, to secure it permanently to Swedish dominion.

The paramount necessity of opposing an accumulation of force to the grand enemy of Europe, rendering it desirable that Sweden should not divert any part of her means towards Norway in the first instance, there could be no impropriety in our agreeing, by treaty, to give, at a subsequent period *of the war*, that aid to Sweden in its subjugation which we might have given blamelessly at the moment when the treaty was made. And if we had even bound ourselves not to make peace until that subjugation should have been effected, there would not be anything in such a stipulation of which Denmark could complain as unjust or immoral.

The policy or impolicy of such a pledge on the part of this country

country to an indefinite prolongation of the war, and the justness or extravagance of the price thus paid for the services of Sweden to the confederacy, would be matters for the consideration of this country only, and with which Denmark could have nothing to do. But we cannot forbear, in passing, to express the satisfaction which we derived from those explanations of the treaty, by which the public apprehension with respect to a 'guarantee' of Norway to Sweden was done away. A 'guarantee' is an engagement never to be lightly undertaken by a power who holds engagements once contracted as binding upon its good faith. It is one which we should almost incline to say (if there were any such thing as a general rule in politics) can never be prudently applied except to legitimate and existing rights and possessions; and which we might almost venture to say, generally, never has been applied avowedly, absolutely, and unconditionally to conquests to be made.

If we were gratified at the disclaimer of such an interpretation of the Swedish treaty, when the war was as far as ever from a termination, we think it doubly important now, with a view to the possibility of a negotiation for a general peace. To have entered into this with the obligation to demand, as a *sine qua non* condition of peace, the dismemberment of an unconquered kingdom, would be to place ourselves in a situation of which it is easy to imagine what advantage the enemy would have been able to take.

Our author, indeed, affects to imagine that the dismemberment of Denmark, is an object which Great Britain and her allies are desirous of effecting; and he kindly condescends to warn us against the danger to which Scotland may be exposed, if Norway should become a province of Sweden, and the alliance between the latter kingdom and France, which, in his opinion, is only at present interrupted, should be again renewed. We thank him for his caution, but disclaim the design imputed to us: it is the anxious wish of England, as it is her interest, that Denmark should rouse herself from the state of degradation into which she has fallen by a servile submission to the will of Buonaparte, and again assert her rank in the scale of nations. But Sweden, her ancient rival, has established by a different line of conduct claims of no common description to the confidence of this country. Buonaparte himself has been forced to confess, in the bitterness of disappointment, that her conduct, and the system which she has adopted, have hurt him more than all the four coalitions together. When therefore we express our satisfaction at the denial of the supposed guarantee, and disclaim the imputed design of dismemberment, it must not be conceived that we think Norway, if it can be legitimately obtained either by arms, or by cession, or exchange in negotiation, too great a reward for Sweden; or that we should not gladly see the Swedish monarchy

narchy raised to a scale of power commensurate with the rank which the gallantry of its army, and the fidelity and firmness of its councils so fully entitle it to enjoy. Neither Norway, nor acquisitions more valuable than Norway, would overpay the sacrifices which Sweden has made, and the services which she has rendered.

When we are accused of a deliberate project of starving Norway into submission, it is but justice to ourselves to state, that the odium of prolonging the sufferings of its brave inhabitants does not by any means rest with this country. The court of Copenhagen was repeatedly informed, that, if it would withdraw the Danish privateers from the ports of that country, or order them to discontinue their depredations, the vessels loaded with 'grain' for Norway should be allowed to proceed unmolested to their destination; it is not to us therefore, but to their humane rulers, that the Norwegians are indebted for all the miseries they have suffered, for it was hardly to be expected, that whilst our Baltic fleet was increased to an unusual size in order to afford protection to our convoys in that sea, the commerce of our enemies should be allowed to pass free under Danish licenses, whilst that of England and her allies was exposed to continual vexation.

It is an ungrateful task, but as the Danish writer in the conclusion of his letter sums up the evidence in favour of his country, by enumerating the faults which, in his opinion, have been committed by other countries, and which Denmark has avoided by her pacific system of policy, we must summarily notice his series of omissions.

'We never invaded,' says this learned advocate, 'like the Phocians, the sacred ground of the temple of Delphi; we never, like the Austrians, the Prussians, or the Russians, have fought against the system of the equilibrium of European society.—Notwithstanding every irritation, the Danish lion never hurt the Continent till now, when he is threatened to be robbed of his young.' True; never, during the almost uninterrupted period of twenty years war, have the Danes manifested a sense of the miseries of Europe. Never, like the powers so invidiously enumerated, have the Danes maintained a doubtful struggle for their independence, in opposition to that system which their fears alone have prevented them from supporting; a system which, so far from having for its object 'the maintenance of the equilibrium of European society,' has been directed against the peace of Europe and the liberties of mankind. The oracular voice of 'the temple of Delphi' need not be invoked to predict their fate.—To triumph, or to fall with glory in a glorious cause belongs to the high minded and the brave; but whilst the eagles of Austria and Prussia, and Russia, have been fearlessly displayed in array against France, the 'Danish lion' has calmly submitted to cower in his den.



ART. XI. *A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments, particularly as they are objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation.* By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. 2 vols. 4to. London: Mawman. 1813.

AT a time when almost every person who undertakes a journey into foreign parts, thinks it necessary, upon his return, to communicate to the public the difficulties which he has encountered, as well as the impatience with which he has borne them, it is gratifying to us to meet with a traveller, who has directed his attention to subjects more important than dirty inns, sandy roads, and surly postilions. Mr. Eustace had higher objects in view, when he visited a country more calculated than any other, except, perhaps, that of Epaminondas and Pericles, to awaken enthusiasm in a classical mind. Cold indeed must be the heart, and dull the understanding that can contemplate unmoved the 'Eternal City,' which, in the opinion of Mr. Eustace, 'has been, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe, and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—civilization, science, and religion.' How far the world has been indebted to the Cæsars or the Popes, we shall have occasion hereafter to inquire; but we readily admit, that while gazing upon the remains of those magnificent edifices, which still adorn the Roman Forum, it requires no extraordinary stretch of imagination, to marshal before us in patriotic array, those venerable magistrates, who, tranquilly seated in their curule chairs, defied the fury of Brennus, and his barbarian hordes; or to hear Cicero declaiming with honest indignation against the vices and insolence of Anthony. Ascending the stairs that lead to the Capitol, the enlightened traveller appears to be treading on sacred ground. All the heroes who illustrated the annals of the republic, rise in succession before him, distinguished by those rude and manly virtues, which he has been taught at an early period of life to regard with a veneration approaching to idolatry. Yet these exalted feelings will gradually subside, when he reflects that the glory with which they are surrounded, was purchased by the misery and degradation of millions.

True, however, to those impressions of classical taste which he imbibed in youth, Mr. Eustace contemplates the Roman character with enthusiastic delight. This indeed we incline to regard as a pardonable error, and one to which possibly we might never have adverted, had we not felt that, in the actual situation of human affairs, it is our duty to call the attention of our readers to a question of the deepest interest to the comfort and prosperity of mankind, viz. the different aspects which war assumes, when carried on from the

the desolating lust of dominion, or waged in defence of national independence.

Twenty successive years of devastation and slaughter may have led many, who are now acting a distinguished part upon the busy theatre of public affairs, to regard a state of national hostility as the natural condition of man : an opinion the most dangerous that can possibly be entertained, because it tends no less to the subversion of moral order, than to weaken our belief in the benevolence and justice of Providence. Admitting these principles to be founded in reason, no atrocity, which unsatiable ambition can inspire, will want a ready excuse. The unprincipled destruction of Helvetic freedom may then find an apology in the advantage to be derived from the occupation of a strong military position; and even the infamous invasion of Spain be no longer regarded with abhorrence.

But it is time to turn to the publication before us,—we are informed in the preface that Mr. Eustace is a member of the Church of Rome; and it is with pleasure we find him expressing himself upon this occasion with moderation and candour.

‘Religion, politics, and literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by education above the level of the labourer, or the mechanic; upon them every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic religion, the author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of, its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. He acknowledges that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened the impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of all, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his earnest wishes, of his most fervent prayers; they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation.’—xl, xli.

Sentiments like these are very creditable to any man, whatever be his country, or his creed. That Mr. Eustace's political principles are equally liberal, may be inferred from the following passage :

‘The constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths, together with the advantages of the best forms

forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse or decay, yet, like the works of Providence, it contains within itself the means of correction, and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and by Tacitus pronounced, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity, may surely content the patriot and philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that in spite of courtly encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.—xii, xiii.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to inform the reader that the journey was undertaken with Mr. Roche, 'a young gentleman of fortune, who spared no expense to render it instructive.' At Vienna they met Mr. Cust, now Lord Brownlow, and Mr. Rushbroke, and 'finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together.'

In a preliminary discourse our author enumerates with considerable detail, the different species of information which he deems it essential for a traveller to acquire, before he visits 'the classic regions of Italy.' That such preparation might tend to increase both his improvement and gratification, we are by no means disposed to deny, the only misfortune is, that it cannot be obtained without a greater sacrifice of time than even men of the most cultivated intellect, or extensive fortune, have either leisure, or inclination to bestow. A familiar acquaintance with the ancient Latin poets and historians will of course have been acquired in schools and universities; but without possessing the language of the nation which he visits, or being versed in its political annals, a man, as Lord Bacon very wisely observes, 'goeth to school and not to travel.' The knowledge of medals is far less important, and if it is to be procured at the expense of more useful studies, we think it may safely be omitted. A person of taste may also pass through Italy with tolerable advantage, though he never read Aldrich, Scamozzi, or Palladio. Taste and observation will equally suffice to appreciate the genius of Raffaele and Praxiteles without submitting to the nausea of an anatomical school. We perfectly agree however with Mr. Eustace that the seductions of music are sufficiently captivating not to require preparatory lessons, because an excessive attachment to this attractive art, 'often leads to low and dishonourable connections.' The studies of an Englishman ought to be of a more masculine character; he has other and nobler roads to distinction. The nature of the government under which he lives, will, we trust, ever continue to afford to ambition the most glorious objects of pursuit.

From the general tenor of the preliminary discourse, we were induced to expect that Mr. Eustace would have directed his  
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attention, more minutely than he appears to have done, to the political institutions of Italy; that her different governments would have been brought under review, and their various merits and errors discussed. We flattered ourselves also that we should have met with an ingenious sketch of the present state of society in that country, with respect to morals, science, and the arts. But in following his steps from Verona to Naples, we were cruelly disappointed at finding these subjects, in general either discussed with too much precipitation, or viewed through the medium of prejudice. The architectural proportions of temples and churches, the attractions of romantic scenery, and the frequent adaptation of classical passages, have almost exclusively engrossed his attention; and he expatiates more willingly upon the pomp, the processions, and the pageantries of popery, than on the consequences produced by the abolition of sanctuaries, or the suppression of monasteries.

The following passage affords an useful lesson for every traveller.

‘ Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been called) of some luxurious capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education, and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence, and perhaps his health at Naples; when he has resigned his faith, and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey.’—Pre. Dis. 59. 60.

After passing a few days in the capital of Bavaria, and admiring the affability and condescension of the elector, and visiting the salt mines, in the vicinity of Salzburg, our travellers proceeded to Inspruck. We select the following passage, because it affords a favourable specimen of the descriptive powers of our author.

‘ We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called Unkin, about one mile from Reichenhall. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence, covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of the hill, and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onward, we came to the foot of the precipice, which, with its castle, overhangs the road,

in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents, on one side, a vast mountain clad with firs, while on the other, the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old ramparts walls, looks like the battlemented dwelling of a race of giants. In front an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the road side, and all around, in various shapeless forms, (we profess not exactly to understand how a form can be *shapeless*;) 'increasing in height, shagginess, and horror.

'The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides, cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific, a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jam jam lapsura, cadentique assimilis*, could not fail to excite some emotions of terror.'—p. 9, 10.

Pursuing the magnificent road made by Joseph II, over the Rhetian Alps, our travellers arrived, without any accident, at Trent, so celebrated for the council held within its walls, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Had Mr. Eustace attended to the narrative given of its proceedings by Sarpi, one of the shrewdest of modern historians, he would not have beheld the labours of that famous assembly in so favourable a light. Without fear of incurring the reproach of temerity, we do not hesitate to declare, that an assembly which is represented as 'combining the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of Pole and Sadoleti, Contarini and Seripando,' affords to the eye of the philosophic inquirer, a scene of duplicity, craft, and intrigue, which has seldom been equalled, but never surpassed, even in the tortuous politics of the Vatican.

It would be a work of time to point out all the abuses of the Venetian government, we must therefore content ourselves with observing, that its impolitic behaviour towards the dependent states of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, particularly the invidious distinctions which aristocratic pride had so absurdly created between the senatorial families and the opulent nobility of the *terra firma*, had excited a general spirit of disaffection, and paved the way for the reception of those revolutionary doctrines which prepared the triumphs of Buonaparte. Men of haughty and pas-  
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sionate tempers, when oppressed and degraded, are tempted to look forward with anxious expectation, to any change which promises to raise them to a level with those to whose authority they submit with reluctance, without allowing themselves seriously to consider the consequences likely to ensue. Is Mr. Eustace sure that 'the superiority of countrymen' is always endured with resignation, or that tyranny appears under a mitigated form, when exercised by men, who, excepting the accidental distinctions of birth, excel those who are exposed to their insolence and caprice, neither in wisdom, virtue, nor riches? For our own part, we confess, that among the various systems of civil polity with which we are acquainted, none appears to us so liable to abuses of every description, as an oligarchy, to which the Venetian constitution was rapidly approaching, by the gradual extinction of the patrician families; who, though daily diminishing, were unwilling to admit the wealthy inhabitants of the Lombard provinces, to the envied dignity of senators.

The unprincipled cession of Venice to the Emperor of Austria, cannot be mentioned without shame and indignation, because it imparted the sanction of an illustrious name to the jacobinical project of universal confiscation, and connected those who had proclaimed themselves the champions of religion and civilized society, with the atheistical subverters of thrones and altars, with ruffians, robbers and assassins. This contamination, however, has since been effaced, and the sword of Austria is now gloriously employed in setting bounds to the lawless ambition of a tyrant, and vindicating the rights of humanity.

The approach to Venice is thus described:

'About five o'clock we arrived at Fusina, on the shore of the Lagune, opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed our attention. It was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and rising from the waters, with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, rising out of the very bosom of the ocean.'—p. 66.

We sincerely wish that Mr. Eustace had been more liberal in his remarks upon the government of a country, once so famous for political sagacity, and a little less so in his description of its churches; because, though we do not feel much interested in learning that the spot is unknown where the body of St. Mark is deposited, we should be happy to hear that the morals of the Venetians have been improved by adversity; that justice is administered with stricter impartiality, and that the permission to violate the laws with impunity, is no longer regarded as a fiscal expedient. Without attempting to determine the public feeling with respect

to the two nations by whom the Venetians were alternately flattered and betrayed, we will content ourselves with observing, that there is an ease and vivacity in their character, that is more likely to mix with the levity of the French, than with the distant formality of the Austrians. Had 'the same spirit and wisdom which directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced the decisions of the republic in 1797, it might still have stood; and in defiance of the power and the treachery of France, preserved, if not its territories, at least its honour and independence.'

National honour can be forfeited only by national meanness and degeneracy. The Venetian power was undoubtedly inadequate to a contest with the gigantic resources of France, and could not have preserved the country between the Adda and the Lagune, without the assistance of Austria. But the state of degradation to which she is fallen, is entirely the result of her own pusillanimity. A people corrupted by effeminate pleasures, and long accustomed to the quirks and shifts of a temporising policy, were incapable of manly exertion.

There are few subjects respecting which prejudice operates with greater effect, than in the opinions entertained with regard to the conduct of the ancient Romans and that of the modern French. No language is strong enough to express the admiration with which authors contemplate the domineering ambition of the former, while no invectives appear sufficiently opprobrious to convey their abhorrence of the atrocities committed by the latter, in the course of their sanguinary career: yet, if we divest ourselves of all national antipathies, and throw aside those impressions which a classical education excited at an age when every impression is strongest, we must be compelled to acknowledge, that the tyranny of both is stamped with the same features of deformity, and that the same unbounded and unprincipled lust of dominion, rendered both the disturbers of human repose. By the pride and avidity of the descendants of Romulus, Greece was stript of her pictures and statues; by the vanity and avidity of the directorial government and their jacobin general, Italy was robbed of those identical statues, and of paintings more exquisitely beautiful even than those of Zeuxis or Apelles. If to plunder the vanquished of every thing that can contribute to the comfort, the instruction, or the ornament of society, be an object of merited censure, and that it is we are firmly convinced, both nations are equally culpable, are equally tyrants and robbers.

Upon his return from Venice, Mr. Eustace paid a visit to the tomb of Petrarch, who is buried at Arquato, a small village near Padua, beautifully situated at the foot of the Euganean mountains. After every tribute that admiration can bestow upon the genius of  
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the poet, our author undertakes, with classical enthusiasm, to rescue his character, as well as that of Laura, from the aspersions of Gibbon and other sceptical writers, who doubt whether, in the genial climate of Italy, such an obstinate resistance as that of Laura, is entitled to credit, especially as the lady was assailed by a lover of Petrarch's consideration and accomplishments.

In his way to Mantua, our traveller enjoyed the beauties of the Lago di Garda, better known to the admirers of classical poetry by the appellation of Benacus. Sirmio, which forms its principal promontory, was the favourite residence of Catullus. The beautiful scenery is thus described, with no less precision than spirit.

‘The borders of the lake, towards the south, though rather flat, yet rise sufficiently to display to advantage, the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, corn fields, and vineyards, that adorn them; and when lighted up with a bright sun-shine, present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northwards, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another, while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.’—p. 92.

A circuitous route from Mantua, through Cremona, Placentia, Parma, and Modena, conducted our traveller to Bologna, and in his way thither, he recalls to the reader's recollection many beautiful passages from the poets of ancient and modern times, as well as various circumstances of historical interest. Mr. Eustace, however, appears to be better acquainted with the situation of Italy when under the dominion of the Romans, than with its actual constitution. More minute inquiry respecting the government of Bologna when subjected to the authority of the Popes, would have convinced him that its inhabitants retained ‘not the essential forms, but merely the shadow and semblance of a republic;’ and that both the name and authority of the pontiff, were frequently employed for other purposes besides those ‘of repressing the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or of awing the hostility of their neighbours, the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians.’

‘This guarded and conditional dependence,’ he adds, ‘produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty, industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement. The French in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings.’—p. 134.

Notwithstanding it is correctly true that few cities in Italy, or in-



deed any where else, were so remarkable for plenty, population, and knowledge, yet these blessings were not the happy results of a wise and provident government, but proceeded entirely from local advantages, which a bad one was unable to destroy. The long administration of Pius VI, was an era of corruption, speculation, and favoritism: and we could, from our own knowledge, produce more than one instance, to shew, in the fullest manner, that if the Bolognese, when they voluntarily submitted to Nicolas III, and John XXII, 'reserved to themselves the management of their finances, and the administration of their laws,' these boasted privileges were so entirely lost, that although 'LIBERTAS blazed in golden letters in the centre of the national standard,' this was, in fact, the only place in which it could be said to exist.

Proceeding towards Rome by the shores of the Adriatic, Mr. Eustace employs two pages for the purpose of inquiring whether the Pisatello, the Rugone, or the Borco, (three rills which unite before they fall into the sea,) is best entitled to the classical appellation of the Rubicon; but after all his researches, he appears to us to have left the question nearly as doubtful as he found it. Delighted, however, with the idea of having ascertained a fact of so much importance to the world, he thus continues, in a declamatory strain of exultation:

'This, then, was the celebrated spot where Cæsar stood, and absorbed in thought, suspended for a moment, his own fortune, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind; here appeared the warlike phantom commissioned by the furies to steel the bosom of the relenting chief, and hurry him on to the work of destruction; and here too arose the genius of Rome, the awful form of the mighty parent, to restrain the fury of her rebel son, and arrest the blow levelled at justice and liberty. Here Cæsar passed, and cast the die that decided the fate not of Rome only, of her consuls, her senates, and her armies, but of nations and empires, kingdoms and republics, that then slept in embryo, in the bosom of futurity.'—p. 148.

Eager as we feel to reach the 'eternal city,' we cannot pass Loretto unnoticed, because we are surprised to find an author, who treats the legendary tale of the travelling cottage with proper contempt, giving credit to a story, scarcely less extraordinary and incredible.

'The infidels' (says Mr. Eustace, alluding to the Turks) 'once made a bold attempt to assault the sanctuary of Loretto; but like the Gauls under Brennus, presuming to attack the temple of Delphi, were repulsed by tremendous storms, and struck with supernatural blindness. Loretto in fact in later times, as Delphi in days of old, was surrounded with an invisible rampart, which no mortal arm could force, and no malignant demon ever ventured to assail, repressed by superior power.'—p. 165.

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After perusing this passage, it is natural to inquire what became of this invisible rampart, when the treasures of Loretto were seized by the daring hands of its late invaders. For we cannot suppose Mr. Eustace to be among the number of those, who so lately persuaded themselves that the despotic ruler of France was invested by Providence with supernatural power for the accomplishment of some mysterious purpose. Fortunately for the happiness of mankind the charm is at length dissolved; not that which protected the temple of Loretto, but which so fatally fascinated Europe, by inspiring a belief that the armies of France were invincible. That gigantic power now totters to its foundations, and we look forward, with well founded confidence, to the emancipation of nations. Yes, we shall live to see, what so lately appeared a political chimera, the balance of power once more established among the different people of Europe.

‘The mistress of the world,’ says Mr. Eustace with less truth than enthusiasm, as he approaches Rome, ‘claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the christian and philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgements. Besides her ancient origin and venerable fame, besides her mighty achievements and vast empire, her heroes and her saints, the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature, *Habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura, quæ leges dederit.*’

‘The system of Roman government seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire ordained by heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the narrow policy of the Grecian republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts; Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honours, and approached every day nearer to the manners and the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome.’—195.

‘Rome, in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when the world, influenced by her instructions and example, became christian. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed in a more august and sacred sense, the appellation of the “Holy City,” the “Light of Nations,” the “Parent of Mankind.” Afterwards, when in the course of two succeeding ages, she was stript of her imperial honours, and beheld the provinces invaded and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace, and improvements, ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians, she again

renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry, and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, wisdom, and perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and barbarism, again spread christianity over the west.—197.

It would be extremely difficult to find in any author, possessing the candour and information of Mr. Eustace, opinions less supported by facts. Instead of admitting that mankind are indebted to Rome for civilization, science, and religion, we are rather inclined to doubt, whether either of those blessings has been derived from the capital of the Cæsars and the Popes, in a pure and unadulterated form. To examine this question at large would require more time than we can at present afford, but it strikes us as one of too general importance not to warrant a few remarks.

Had Mr. Eustace restricted his praises to the policy of Rome, instead of extending them to her justice and magnanimity, we should have readily admitted the claim. For supposing the object of a nation to be universal dominion, no constitution was ever so well calculated for the execution of that ambitious design, as that of the Roman republic. It is hardly possible to contemplate, without the profoundest admiration, the address of the patricians in extending and confirming their own authority, without exciting too much the jealousy of the plebeians; neither are the patience and moderation with which the latter submitted to the dominion of superior wisdom, less entitled to praise. Though accustomed from their cradles to military spectacles, and the use of arms, they never employed them during several centuries against their domestic enemies, even in the wildest moments of faction. The form of government, originally intended for a poor and insignificant state, expanded its views and institutions, in proportion as it embraced a wider field of operation, and aspired to the dominion of the world. Triumphantly marching from conquest to conquest, the victors imparted to the vanquished nations some portion at least of the sciences, the arts, and the comforts of civilized life; because it is impossible for barbarians long to mix with a polished people, without acquiring some degree of improvement. We are very far, however, from thinking that humanity had any share in dictating the policy of Rome, or in teaching her to regard the people, whom she subjugated, as entitled to mercy and protection. No, it was not as nurseries for citizens, but for soldiers, for the tools and instruments of more extensive conquests, that she imparted to them the blessings of civilization. War appears to have been, from the very foundation of the republic, the favourite occupation of the Roman people,

ple, and when they had no longer external enemies to contend with, they turned their victorious swords against each other. After the sanguinary struggle between Sylla and Marius, no real liberty existed at Rome; the subsequent contests were only conflicts for power between generals too ambitious to acknowledge an equal; till every vestige of freedom was ultimately extinguished by the fortune and subtlety of Octavius, a man endowed with every quality that could best enable him to overturn the liberties of his country, while he preserved the shadow of a commonwealth; and who was lucky enough to acquire the reputation of prudence and generosity, when seated on a throne, to which he had raised himself by treachery, dissimulation, and murder.

The policy of Rome, under her pontifical sovereigns, is no less an object of wonder; not indeed in the light in which Mr. Eustace considers it, but as an ingenious system of methodised intrigue, tending by slow, but certain, means, to the establishment of unbounded authority. Mild and pliant, haughty and domineering, exactly as the interest of the moment required; the supposed successors of St. Peter contrived to govern an ignorant world, with authority more absolute than ever had been exercised by the proudest and most despotic of the emperors. Fortunately however for the happiness of mankind, the era of ecclesiastical tyranny is past, and can never be restored, unless it were possible to efface from the human mind, all the ideas and impressions with which three centuries of philosophical inquiry, and widely diffused science, have enriched it. The pretensions of the popes were almost invariably regulated with the nicest discrimination according to the attainments of the age in which they flourished. When universal darkness prevailed, they arrogated to themselves, under pretence of representing the divinity on earth, an uncontrollable supremacy over all potentates, powers, and principalities. But no sooner had reviving reason instructed mankind to assert their natural rights, than it became necessary for the possessors of the triple crown to lower their claims, and gradually to descend to the common standard of humanity. The *mezzo termine*, that favourite policy of the Italians, was thenceforth adopted in their behaviour towards independent nations, and they prudently allowed their pretended prerogatives to lie dormant, when they felt it impossible to assert them with success. Hence originated all the immunities of the Gallic church, and hence too the timid forbearance of Pius VI toward the same people, during the period of their apostacy from morality and religion. That the thunder of the Vatican should have been withheld from a government which impiously proclaimed the dreadful doctrine of atheism, and attempted to eradicate every moral feeling from the breasts of a degenerate people, is an event so extraordinary, that  
some

some centuries hence, doubts may probably occur, respecting the veracity of the historian who records it.

With more zeal than discretion, Mr. Eustace undertakes to defend the morals of the Roman clergy, boldly asserting that there is no city in Europe, more remarkable than the capital of the christian world for decency and decorum. Supposing decency to consist in external ceremony, he is justified in making the observation; but we should be sadly disappointed if we expected to find, even among the highest dignitaries of the catholic church, that deportment which an Englishman has ever been accustomed to consider as essential to the character of a minister of the gospel.

No sooner had Mr. Eustace alighted in the *Piazza de Spagna*, than he hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisks, its fountains, and its colonnades, walked up its lengthening nave, and, before its altar, offered up his grateful acknowledgments in the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honour of the Creator!

'Next morning,' he continues, 'we renewed our visit, and examined it more in detail; the preceding day it had been veiled by the dimness of evening, it was now lighted up by the splendor of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vaults, the mosaics that rise one above another in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wheresoever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects, and beautiful arrangement; in short the whole of this most majestic fabric, opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.'—202-3.

Reverting to this stupendous fabric in a subsequent chapter, he says,

'the work was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II ascended the pontifical throne, and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision, which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find, or create, the talents requisite for their purpose, and Julius discovered in Bramante an architect capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls of the ancient Basilica were taken down, and on the 18th of April, 1508, the foundation-stone of one of the vast pillars that support the dome was laid by Julius with all the pomp and ceremony that became such an interesting occurrence. From that period the work, though carried on with ardour and perseverance, yet continued during the space of one hundred years to occupy the attention, and absorb the income of eighteen successive pontiffs.'—'On the whole, it would not be exaggeration to assert, that nearly three hundred years

years elapsed, and five and thirty pontiffs reigned from the period of the commencement to that of the termination of this stupendous fabric. The most celebrated architects of modern times had an opportunity of displaying their talents, and immortalizing their names in the prosecution of the work; and Bramante, Raffaello, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Carlo Maderno and Bernini, not to speak of others of less reputation, laboured successively in its promotion, or consummation. To calculate the expense with any great precision would be difficult, but from the best information that has been collected on the subject, we may venture to state, that however enormous the sum may appear, the expediture must have amounted to at least twelve millions sterling; and when we consider that the marbles, bronzes, and other valuable materials employed in its decoration, are not only not plentiful, but scarcely known out of Rome, we may add, that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital.—343-5.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to compare St. Peter's, with all the celebrated temples of ancient, or modern times. St. Paul's, St. Genevieve, and Santa Sophia, pass successively under examination. The temples of Jerusalem, of Diana at Ephesus, and of Jupiter Capitolinus, become next the objects of his research, and the result of his inquiry leads him to conclude, that

'every edifice, whether in existence, or on record only, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian Church, to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination, human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted all its stores.'—368-9.

Making all due allowance for the enthusiasm, with which a clergyman of the Church of Rome may be supposed to contemplate the spot where the papal worship triumphs in all its splendour, we are still of opinion, that the admiration of Mr. Eustace surpasses the limits of sound discretion, almost as much as it violates the true principles of taste. He has, however, in enumerating the various beauties of this magnificent edifice, had the good sense to omit one striking property, which has been frequently blazoned forth by the ignorance of professional antiquaries as a proof of superior excellence, but which we cannot but consider in a very opposite light. We have often heard it alleged as a mark of the justness of the proportions; and of the admirable symmetry, which prevails in every part of the Basilica Vaticana, that it seems considerably smaller than it is in reality. Our dull apprehension, we candidly confess, has never been able to discover the merit which arises from diminishing effect; on the contrary, we are disposed to think that the perfection of art consists in giving ideal grandeur and elevation, of which latter excellence we have a striking instance in the Pantheon. It is not from the exactness and nicety of its proportions, that the magnitude of an edifice of such gigantic dimensions

sions is apparently lessened to the sight; but it is the incumbrance of its enormous pilasters, the profusion, and sometimes the bad taste of its decorations, that destroy the simplicity of the original design. Every pontiff, who filled the chair of St. Peter, from the commencement of the work to its completion, was anxious to signalize his name as a coadjutor in the glorious undertaking; and this he believed would be most surely effected by some striking deviation from the plan of Bramante. The vanity of the architects aspired to similar distinctions. The inevitable consequence of these frequent innovations, was want of unity, and increase of expense. Even Pius VI had the presumption to imagine that, by disfiguring the front with two pitiful turrets, which rise at the extremities like asses ears, and by overloading the vault with a profusion of gold, he was entitled to rank among the benefactors of Christendom, and to blazon his folly to after-generations in a pompous Latin inscription. Yet with all its defects we agree with Mr. Eustace, that the Basilica Vaticana is unquestionably the most magnificent temple in which Christian worship was ever performed.

In the following sentiment we also heartily concur :

‘ Alas ! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the historian, the artist, and the antiquary, all depend on the arbitrary will of a sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected for the reception of an upstart family ? The Colyseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques ? The temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew is natural, and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art is to be expected, though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are to be deeply lamented ; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter, and instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations ; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius, and the title-deeds of their fame ; the present, of the strongest inducement to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate ; the future of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.’—269-70.

We have known many of our countrymen, as eager as Mr. Eustace, to hail the imaginary portrait of the ‘ illustrious Roman, who opposed the ambition of Cæsar ;’ and return home in full persuasion, that the colossal

colossal statue which ornaments the Palazzo Spada, is in reality the figure of Pompey. If Mr. Eustace, however, had consulted Pliny, or Winckelmann, and we rather wonder he should have neglected to do so, he would have discovered that during the era of republican glory, there is no example whatever of a Roman senator represented under an heroic character,—that is, without drapery. The head is unquestionably the head of Pompey, but it is of so different a colour from the body, that it is hardly possible to believe both were formed out of the same block. Neither is it easier to explain why a republican general should have a globe in his hand, which, if it has any meaning at all, must signify that, in his own estimation at least, he held the world at his disposal. Such an allegory might flatter the puerile vanity of Nero or Caligula, but is totally inconsistent with the popular character which Pompey always affected.

The following passage is so remarkable for good sense and piety, that it would be highly unjust to omit it.

‘ The famous “ last Judgment ” of M. Angelo occupies one end, (of the Cappella Sistina.) Its beauties and defects are well known, and may be comprised in one short observation, that its merit consists more in separate figures, than in the arrangement or effect of the whole. The upper part glows with brightness, angels and glory ; on the right ascend the elect ; on the left, the wicked blasted with lightning, tumble in confused groups into the flaming abyss. The judge stands in the upper part, supported on the clouds, and arrayed in the splendor of heaven. He is in the act of uttering the dreadful sentence, *Go, ye accursed, into everlasting fire!* His arms are uplifted, his countenance burns with indignation, and his eyes flash lightning. Such is the Messiah in Milton, when he puts forth his terrors, and hurls his bolts against the rebel angels ; and so is he described by an eloquent French orator, when he exercises his judgment on sinners at the last tremendous day. Similar representations either in prose or verse, in language or in painting, are sublime and affecting, but I know not whether they be suitable to the calm, the tranquil, the majestic character of the awful person who is to judge the world in *truth and justice*. Nothing in fact is so difficult as to portray the features, attitudes, and gestures of the Word incarnate. He was not without feeling, but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, could reach his soul, for *he was man* ; but they could not cloud his serenity, or shake its fortitude, for *he was God*. Benevolence brought him from heaven, it was therefore his prevailing sentiment and may be supposed to influence his countenance, and shed over his features a perpetual expression of benignity. To obey, or to suspend the laws of nature, was to him equally easy ; a miracle cost him no effort, and created in him no surprise. To submit or to command, to suffer or to triumph, to live or to die, were alike welcome in their turns, as the result of reason and obedience. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission, and every step that led to its accomplishment, whether



whether easy or arduous, was to him the same. What poet shall dare to describe such a character? What painter presume to trace its divine semblance? No wonder then that the greatest masters should have failed in the bold attempt; and that even M. Angelo, by transferring, like Homer, the passions of the man to the divinity, should have degraded the awful object, and presented to the spectators the form, not of a God, but of an irritated and vindictive monarch.'—286-7.

After noticing the failure of M. Angelo, Mr. Eustace examines the success of his illustrious rival. 'In the thirteen arcades that compose the wing of the gallery, is represented the history of the Old, and part of the New Testament, beginning with the Creation, and concluding with the Last Supper.' The first compartment represents the Eternal Father, with arms and feet expanded, darting into chaos, and reducing its distracted elements into order, merely by his motion. The figure of the Eternal may be poetical and sublime, even as the Jupiter of Homer, but (*si verbo audacia detur*) it excites no admiration, and deserves little praise. In fact, if it be difficult to represent the Son of God, who became man, and dwelt among us, without impairing the dignity of his person, and degrading his majestic form, what means can the painter employ, what art can he call into play, to portray with becoming magnificence the Eternal himself, the grand archetype of perfection, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, whom no mortal hath seen or can see!

'It is true the prophet Daniel has introduced the Almighty in a visible form, and, under the emphatical appellation of the "Ancient of Days," ventured, with the guidance of the heavenly spirit, to trace a mysterious and obscure sketch of the Eternal. In this description one only circumstance, connected with the person of the divinity, is mentioned. The prophet seems to refrain with reverential awe from such a subject; and expatiating on the garments, the throne, and the ministering spirits, leaves the *indescribable form* to the imagination, or rather to the religious terror of the reader. Painters and poets would do well to imitate this holy discretion, and to refrain from all attempts to embody the eternal mind, which by confining the omnipotent energies of pure spirit within a human form, disfigure the original of all that is lovely in the heavens and on earth, by marking it with the perishable features of human decrepitude. Besides in the picture now before us, it is not the *word* of the Creator that composes the disorder of chaos. No, his hands and feet are employed to separate the warring elements, and confine them within their respective boundaries. This is an idea bordering upon the burlesque, and perfectly unworthy the lofty conception of Raffaello. How different the sentiment conveyed in the sublime language of the Scriptures! No effort, no action even, was requisite. He said, "Let light be, and light was." "He spake, and they were made, he commanded, and they were created."—290.

We have been tempted to devote so much of our time to the foregoing observations, that it is out of our power to accompany Mr. Eustace in his visits to the principal churches and fountains, or in his classical excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome; every step of which presents some object of interest to the poet, the antiquary, or the historian. During a short tour to Albano, Frescate, and Tivoli, he has ample scope for displaying erudition, and he accordingly illustrates the scenery by quotations from the Latin poets. This indeed appears to us the most striking feature in a work, which, though by no means exempt from religious, or political, prejudices, and which sometimes presents the most contradictory opinions, abounds in judicious and elegant remarks, and raises the character of its author very far above the level of ordinary tourists. Though intimately acquainted with the beauties of the ancient writers, Mr. Eustace's judgment respecting buildings is not equally correct, as may be inferred from his supposing, that a sepulchral edifice, standing near the southern gate of Albano, 'may possibly cover the remains of Cn. Pompeius.' The building alluded to, is usually called the tomb of the Horatii and the Curiatii, a conjecture far more consistent with the rules of probability, than that which is hazarded by Mr. Eustace, because the style of architecture clearly demonstrates that it was erected some centuries before the fall of the republic, and very probably before its foundation.

The 'rival of Cæsar' appears to be a mighty favourite with our author, who never omits an opportunity of extolling his genius, and lamenting the fate of the Roman world in losing so patriotic a leader. Without attempting to investigate a question, which it would be impossible to discuss satisfactorily, we shall content ourselves with observing, that in our estimation, no character in history has been more over-rated than that of this celebrated personage. The circumstances of the times raised Pompey to an eminence for which nature never designed him. Cicero, who was perfectly acquainted with his character, seems never to have placed any great degree of confidence either in his talents, or his virtues, though, with a laudable policy, he carefully concealed his real sentiments from all except his most intimate friends: and the opinion of Cicero appears almost decisive upon a subject, where every political feeling would naturally bias his judgment in favour of the man, whom circumstances rendered the head and hope of the party. Neither can we discover any satisfactory reason for thinking, that, if the senatorial faction had prevailed, their triumph would have been attended with happier consequences, or exercised with greater lenity and moderation. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the turbulence and corruption of the degenerate Romans required a curb more rigorous, than could be expected from the precarious

precarious ascendancy of rival demagogues ; and that if a master was to be chosen for the world, the genius of Julius Cæsar pointed him out as the fittest person to be invested with that lofty commission.

From Rome Mr. Eustace proceeds to Naples, and having taken a view of the Pomptine marshes, deservedly commends the perseverance of Pius VI in draining them. The eulogium, however, terminates with the following remark, which tends much to diminish his merit :

‘ The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which, having been purchased by the Camera Apostolica, was given to the Duke of Braschi. The Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke, content probably with the present profit, is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions, and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern, but in governments, where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to with zeal, constancy, and effect.’—966.

It would not be easy for the severest censurer of the papal government to display its defects in more striking colours. Of all forms of civil polity, an elective monarchy is unquestionably the most dangerous and disastrous. But all the evils attending it, are necessarily augmented in a ten-fold degree, when the sovereign must be taken from a body of men, many of whom were born in inferior stations, passed the active years of life in the closest retirement, and whose studies and pursuits have been directed to objects totally unconnected with the duties of government. That persons of this description, at any age, but particularly when their vigor and understanding are impaired by time, should be called upon to preside over the Christian republic, as the organs and vicegerents of heaven, and entrusted with authority which, for a long period of years, was without limit or control, is perhaps the most humiliating instance of the folly of man, to be met with in history. Continually reminded by disease and infirmity, that a sceptre, not always accorded to merit, must soon escape from his hand, the decrepid pontiff very naturally makes the best of his time for the aggrandisement of his nephews or his illegitimate children. Hence arise all the complicated evils of the papacy ; monopolies, speculation, and nepotism, evils which cannot be remedied while the successor of St. Peter remains a temporal sovereign.

Upon his arrival at Naples, Mr. Eustace describes the impression produced by the magnificent prospect which he contemplated from his window, with adequate spirit.

' Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me, when I awoke : in front, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface, smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided, in different directions, over its shining bosom ; on the right, the town extended along the semicircular shore, and Posilippo rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay, and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment, while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the island of Caprea, with its white cliffs and ridgy summits, placed as a barrier to check the tempest, and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition, which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm. Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, here wanting, to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements or the stage of grand and unusual incidents ; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise, they have aided the meditations of the sage, and awakened the raptures of the poet ; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight, the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birthplace of Tasso.—p. 485-6.

The praises bestowed by Mr. Eustace on the Italian hospitals, are justly due to such noble institutions. The regulations observed with respect to the reception of foundlings, are far better calculated to prevent the horrid crime of infanticide, than those practised in our own country ; and we sincerely wish that the governors of the Foundling Hospital would condescend to borrow a few useful hints from a people who are supposed to have carried their charitable establishments to the highest degree of perfection.

No spot in Italy furnishes a larger scope for poetical illustration than the vicinity of Naples : every step we tread is on classic ground. The Campi Phlegreæi, the bay of Puteoli, the promontory of Misenum, and the retreat of Baia, call up recollections which every mind, awake to the effusions of poetry, must cherish with the most lively enthusiasm. No wonder then, that the classical taste of Mr. Eustace should display itself with peculiar advantage. While wandering with delight through the Elysian fields, he introduces quotations from the different authors who have immortalized

fized the spot, with uncommon felicity. The admiration excited by a visit to Baiæ, gives rise to the following passage.

'What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! Baiæ indeed, at that time, was the resort, or rather the very temple of wisdom and the muses, whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste. It seasoned the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed the feast of reason. Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence;' (no man, we are persuaded, ever felt it less;) 'he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a citizen; he may therefore be considered as a republican prince!'—p. 566.

A republican prince! yes, of the school of Buonaparte! What a perversion of ideas have we here! For what act is he entitled to this exaggerated praise, which would have sounded ridiculous even from the lips of Mæcenas?—for destroying the liberties of his country?—for consenting to the murder of Cicero, the friend and benefactor of his youth?—for transmitting his authority to Tiberius, in hopes that the crimes and vices of that execrable monster, might serve as a shade to his own? No, a more odious character than that of Octavius, can scarcely be found in the whole scope of history, or one more justly entitled to the detestation of all who reverence genius and liberty.

We sincerely believe that 'those generous passions which long made Italy so great and so illustrious, that armed every hand for the glory of Rome, still burn with vigor, even in the breasts of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them forth into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.' But these energies will never be awakened, unless the Italians are assured that the ancient governments shall not be restored. Rather than submit to the degradation of being again parcelled out under a variety of masters, they will prefer, we fear, the continuance of their present servitude, in the hope that it may at some future period, lead to a more auspicious order of things.

After describing Naples and its beautiful environs, Mr. Eustace proceeds, in the second volume, to draw a picture of the Neapolitan court; when, to our unspeakable astonishment, we find him selecting the intellectual mediocrity of its uneducated sovereign, as the model for a royal understanding. This wonderful choice induces

duces us to suspect, that his ideas of monarchy have been derived from Esop's fables, from which he has learnt that king Log is the best and safest of masters. This opinion, too, acquires additional strength from the warmth with which he praises the Italian aristocracies, his admiration of which can be drawn from no other source.

The following remarks succeed each other in quick succession:

'The Neapolitans are by no means an ill-natured or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to discontent and faction; nor, indeed, was there much room for either.'—vol. ii. p. 37.

'The kingdom of Naples has for ages laboured under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-geral administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population, while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interest, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature proud, suspicious, and vindictive.'—*ibid.*

'In a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions, and customs, taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled and invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller.'—*ibid.*

Were we called upon to point out a form of government which furnished the most abundant cause for popular complaint, it would be precisely such an one as has just been described, as affording 'little room for faction and discontent.' Mr. Eustace, however, has assumed as an established principle, that nothing hostile to the French can possibly be wrong; nor any thing accomplished by their intervention, conducive to the happiness of mankind. Now, in spite of our contempt for the philosophy and the republicanism of the GREAT NATION, and all our abhorrence for the character of its despot, we cannot but flatter ourselves that some eventual benefit may possibly arise out of the confusion and chaos of the revolution itself; not one iota of which, however, is ascribable to the wisdom or the benevolence of those diabolical agents by whose instrumentality it was produced. No trifling advantage is likely to result from the suppression of the mendicant orders and the destruction of the feudal system, the former of which were no less hostile to population, than the latter was to agricultural improvement.

Mr. Eustace undertakes an arduous task, to rescue the Italian nobility from the charge of incontinence. Though Berlin or  
Q 2
Petersburgh.

Petersburgh may be equally vicious, and Paris, even under its ancient government, stood pre-eminent in every enormity, yet this has as little connection with the morals of the Italians, as with the institution of Lycurgus. Libertinism appears in Italy under its grossest form, unaccompanied by any of those delicate refinements which, decked with the fashionable appellation of gallantry, in some degree serve to conceal the deformity of the vice. We cannot blame the zeal with which our author struggles to discover a cause for the national failing, unconnected with the national religion, though his effort is far from successful. Had the evil complained of been exclusively confined to the monarchical states, we might have admitted, that in case a loftier object had been presented to ambition in the pursuit of worldly distinctions, the higher classes 'would not have slumbered in lethargic indolence, nor passed all their time in gaming and intrigue.' But as the same depravity existed in an equal degree at Genoa and Venice, when the administration of affairs was exclusively vested in the hands of the patricians, and talents were rewarded with power, it becomes necessary to recur to some other solution; and we are persuaded that the mischief in great measure arises from the scandalous facility in granting absolution. Persons living in open adultery rarely experienced the smallest difficulty in obtaining remission for their past offences, provided they devoted a week or two, during Lent, to domestic seclusion; and having thus easily wiped away all former scores, and received the sacrament at Easter, they returned again to the seductions of pleasure, with as much eagerness as before. Powerful, however, as the check of religion must ever prove, it requires the concurrence of public opinion, in order to produce its full effect. So long as women of abandoned characters shall be excluded from reputable society, England will continue the most moral of nations; but if ever that wholesome restraint shall be removed, 'and the titled prostitute be treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron,' London will inevitably become as licentious as Paris, notwithstanding every divine should preach like an Andrews, and every moralist write like a Johnson.

That the voluptuous disposition of the Italians is not entirely the effect of climate, may be fairly inferred from the general character of the peasantry. A long residence in that delightful country, enables us to confirm from personal observation, the commendations bestowed upon this laborious class by Mr. Eustace; and we sincerely believe that full as large a proportion of honesty, sobriety, and industry, may be found in the cottages of Italy, as in those of the same order of men in any country in Europe.

A second visit to Rome served only to increase our traveller's  
admiration

admiration of its gloomy pomp and solemn magnificence, which he infinitely prefers to the bustle and gaiety of Naples. 'The substitution of cold and ostentatious ceremony, in the place of convivial intercourse, is very far, however, from striking us, either as a proof of wisdom, or a symptom of happiness.

We cannot discuss, with Mr. Eustace, the propriety of deriving the arts and sciences of the Romans from the ancient Etrurians, 'a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, long before the Greeks had emerged from barbarism.' Of the architectural school established by Numa, and probably directed by Etrurian professors, we are not disposed to entertain a very favourable opinion; but should rather suppose that, during the reign of the second of the Roman monarchs, the best architects knew less of their profession than a common English carpenter, and that the royal palace itself was much inferior in internal arrangement, and probably not greatly superior in external decoration, to many farm-houses in this country. Mr. Eustace seems to have taken his ideas of Roman architecture from the scenery introduced in 'the Roman Father,' at Covent Garden Theatre.

It is rather singular to find Mr. Eustace extolling the Romans for a system of policy, exactly similar to that which excites his abhorrence, when practised by the French; and it is still more amusing to discover that the arguments employed by him in defence of the former, are copied, almost verbatim, from the bulletins of Buonaparte.

'The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at distance from the coasts of Italy, and were, at the same time, the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming in contact.'

'The insidious policy of Macedon next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporising despots, cannot but deserve our applause.'—p. 152.

Is there a single crime of which ambition is capable, that may not be justified upon similar principles? The eulogy concludes in the following words :

'Such were the Romans; born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation and dignity of sentiment, as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are observed to possess individually.'—p. 160.

Having established this principle, which we should be delighted to find more correctly true, he proceeds to illustrate it in the following manner.

'The difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former, while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissipation, and treachery, proscribes the open and generous feelings of



conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue.'—p. 199.

This would not be likely to happen, were 'the heirs of kingdoms always remarkable for elevation of sentiment.' It is, indeed, most extraordinary to find such opposite opinions delivered with an appearance of oracular authority by the same author. Arrangement and consistency, however, are, unluckily, qualities in which Mr. Eustace is extremely deficient; and he is also far more distinguished for the brilliancy of poetical painting, than for close argumentative reasoning, as the reader must long ago have discovered.

After leaving Rome he visits Florence, and the beautiful hills that surround it. His observations respecting the happiness, which this city formerly enjoyed under the paternal administration of the Medici, are sufficiently just, as is the contempt with which he treats the vanity of Alexander, for preferring the empty title of duke to a dominion founded on the esteem and veneration of his fellow citizens.

The size and splendor of the city of Milan, once the capital of Austrian Lombardy, are more likely to be known to the generality of our readers, than the virtues of Cardinal Borromeo, who, after enjoying in this world the love and admiration of all who knew him, was raised to the dignity of a saint.

'If ever a human being,' says Mr. Eustace, 'deserved such honours from his fellow creatures, it was St. Charles Borromeo. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, taste, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind, even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him, even when a youth, without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness, and holiness, which constituted his real merit, and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services, which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humble duties, which though, perhaps, more meritorious are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent, and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But to reform a clergy and people, depraved, and almost barbarised, by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese, including some of the wildest regions of the Alps, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are works of little pomp and great difficulty. This laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of Milan, the most extensive,

extensive, perhaps, in Italy, as it contains, at least, eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity. . . . . Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools.'

Few of our readers are probably aware that these admirable establishments are borrowed from a Roman Catholic bishop, and what is more from a saint.

'His immense charities exceeded the magnificence of sovereigns. In every city, in which he at any time resided, he left some monuments of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. . . . He bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor. . . . The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archiepiscopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes to indulge, was devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in his domestic expenditure.'—pp. 347—351.

We are sorry to see Mr. Eustace so much influenced by prejudice, as decidedly to declare that the academy of Turin was in every respect preferable, for the purposes of education, to Geneva, 'where the British youth of rank were often sent to learn French and scepticism from the disciples of Rousseau, and familiarity, insolence, and sickly sentimentality from the vulgar circles of its citizens.'—p. 405. The only excuse that can palliate an accusation so destitute of foundation, is to suppose that Mr. Eustace has taken up his opinion from the report of some bigoted friar, and that he never had an opportunity of personally judging how little that amiable and enlightened people resemble the portrait which he has inadvertently drawn. No city in Europe, of equal extent, possessed so much information as Geneva, and in none was knowledge so generally diffused. The celebrity of Bonnet and De Saussure, of Mallet and Pictet, is not circumscribed, like that of the Neapolitan literati, to the walls of their native city, but has spread to every country where letters are cultivated, and talents esteemed. Neither do we know any town, where, previously to the French Revolution, a young Englishman, if properly recommended, was likely to meet with better society and more rational conversation, or where he would have been less exposed to the seductions of pleasure.

The work concludes with a Dissertation and Appendix, comprising together about two hundred pages, and containing much interesting matter. We could wish, however, that, in his remarks upon the language, literature, and character, of the Italians, Mr. Eustace had treated those important subjects with greater impar-

tiality; because he frequently displays the zeal of an advocate, when he ought to have shewn the candor of a judge. Indeed so extravagant is his admiration of the Italian language, and his hatred of the French, that not satisfied with rendering the former the common medium of communication between nation and nation, he wishes, with something like the ferocity of Omar, to interdict the study of Pascal and Fenelon, of Corneille and Molière, because they wrote in a dialect, which has too often been used as a vehicle for scepticism and disaffection.

We might pardon an Italian for preferring the harmonious tameness of Tasso to the majestic sublimity of Milton, but are rather surprised to see from the pen of an Englishman, that the former, 'in the estimation of all candid critics, has an undoubted right to sit next in honour, and in fame, to his countryman Virgil.'—p. 481. We rather suspect that Mr. Eustace has formed his opinion of the merits of the Italian authors from the exaggerated praises of Abate Andres. For our parts, we willingly rest in the decision of Johnson, 'if the *Paradise Lost* be not the greatest of epic poems, it is only because it was not the first.'

Mr. Eustace appears to think theological composition the only branch of literature in which the French have excelled. Now without stopping to remark that this is a most singular pre-eminence for a nation of atheists, as he delights to term them, we must express our astonishment that he should have forgotten the variety and merit of their memoirs, as well as the excellence of their comic writers; for we can hardly imagine that he seriously intends to place the vulgar buffoonery of Goldoni upon a level with the wit and discriminating genius of Molière.

The reader may possibly experience some little difficulty in discovering the resemblance of the following portrait, at which we believe the vainest Italian would startle.

'What then is the real character of the modern Italians? It will not, methinks, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part that the modern Italians have acted in story, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty shewed itself in the various commonwealths that rose in every part of Ausonia, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free states, and at length beheld with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand republic of Venice, the daughter, and almost rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark, and glory of Italy. The ancient Romans by their arms, founded the most flourishing, the most extensive, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and, perhaps, more glorious dominion over the opinions

opinions of mankind, and still govern the world by their religion, their taste, by their arts and their sciences.' (This we confess is to us an unexpected discovery, and somewhat miraculous for a people to effect, 'the treasures of whose literature are unknown.') 'To the ancient Italians we owe the plainest, the noblest, and most majestic language ever spoken; to the moderns, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon, the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo.—The former have given us a Virgil, the latter a Tasso.—In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?' We could almost answer, *IN ALL*. What follows is yet more extravagant, but we must hasten to a conclusion.

The Appendix abounds with judicious remarks, many of which we do not recollect to have met with before, respecting the nature of the papal government, the political functions and domestic habits of the sovereign pontiff, together with the duties and privileges of the cardinals.

It is hardly possible for any one to peruse this part of the work, without commiserating the condition of the unfortunate personage, who purchases greatness by the sacrifice of every thing that can alleviate the infirmities of age, or solace the ennui of retirement. In the silence and seclusion of a Carthusian convent, the monks enjoyed at least the comfort of a solitary walk; amid woods and mountains they were permitted to contemplate the beauties of nature, and to admire the bounty of Providence; but even this is a happiness from which the man, who presumptuously styles himself the vicegerent of heaven, is precluded by the forms of etiquette. Around his person is drawn a magic circle, which he is not permitted to pass. These surely are conditions upon which one might imagine that ambition itself would hesitate to purchase even unbounded authority.

The account given of the forms observed during a conclave, and of the ceremonies practised at the inauguration of a pope, are curious and interesting. We believe the character drawn of the reigning pontiff to be perfectly correct. His virtues were calculated for a less turbulent era.

Mr. Eustace concludes with enumerating the many benefits said to have been conferred upon the world by the successors of St. Peter.

'From this period (the ninth century) the Roman pontiffs assumed the character of the apostles and legislators, the umpires and judges, the fathers and instructors of Europe; and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their profession, and had their views  
always

always been as pure and disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weaknesses of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection, which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and profligacy of some worthless popes; the grand work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized, preserved first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion, and finally raised to that degree of refinement, which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered were permanent, and may probably last as long as the species itself. . . . . To them we owe the revival of arts, of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered, while the wars of Julius II, and the cruelties of Alexander VI, will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers may be inclined, with a late eloquent writer, (Châteaubriand,) to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City, once the seat of empire, now the metropolis of christianity; to annex to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commission of advising and rebuking monarchs; of repressing the ardour and intemperance of rival nations; of raising the pacific crosier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian, and the vengeance of the despot.'—pp. 648—650.

This is, indeed, a magnificent idea! but, unfortunately, it is about as difficult to realise as the visions of Plato,\* or of Sir Thomas More.

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ART. XII. *Mithridates, oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde. Mithridates, or a General History of Languages, with the Lord's Prayer as a Specimen, in nearly five hundred Languages and Dialects.* By J. C. Adelung, Aulic Counsellor and Professor at Dresden. 8. Berlin; Vol. I. 1806; Vol. II. continued by Professor Vater, 1809; Vol. III. Part. I. 1812. Pp. 1867.

IN a universal and philosophical history of languages, the critical scholar, the metaphysician, and the historian, are equally interested. The difficulty and magnitude of the undertaking has not discouraged a variety of learned men from attempting an approximation to its execution; but the present work is, perhaps, the first that can be denominated any thing more than an approximation; and

and even this requires to be studied with all the indulgence, to which so arduous and so important a task is justly entitled. Much indeed have the authors been indebted to a compilation but little known in this country, the *Idea dell' Universo* of Lorenzo Hervas, a Gallician Ex-jesuit, printed at Cesenna from 1778 to 1787, in twenty-one quarto volumes, the last five of which particularly relate to languages and their dialects: but it appears to be more in the preliminary and mechanical labour of accumulation, than in the ulterior and more intellectual departments of comparison and arrangement, that this work has rendered them material assistance.

The first general treatise on languages, which is now extant, bears the same title with that of Professor Adelung, the *Mithridates, de Differentiis Linguarum*, of Conrad Gesner. 8. Zurich, 1555. It contains twenty-two translations only of the Lord's Prayer as specimens: but nothing which bears the name of so industrious an author as Gesner can be wholly contemptible. In 1592, Megiser printed at Frankfort a *Specimen 40 Linguarum*: Duret soon afterwards published at Cologne his *Thrésor de l'Histoire des Langues*, of which it is enough to say, that it extends to those of animals and of angels. A great addition to the diversity of specimens was made by Müller, who published at Berlin, in 1680, under the name of Lüdeken, a collection of eighty, with their appropriate characters, and to these, thirteen were added in an *Auctarium*: the *Alphabeta* appeared after his death, which happened in 1694; and the specimens were afterwards copied by various printers in Germany and in London. The next original work was that of Chamberlayne, assisted by Wilkins, whose *Oratio Dominica* is exhibited in 152 different forms, mostly engraved in their proper characters: it was printed at Amsterdam in 1715. Some additions were made to Chamberlayne's materials in the *Orientalischer und Occidentalischer Sprachmeister*, edited by Schultz at Leipzig in 1748, containing also a hundred different alphabets. It was principally from this work that Bergmann copied his collection, published in 1789 at Ruien in Livonia. Fry, in his *Pantographia*, has neither employed the *Sprachmeister* nor Hervas. Marcel's specimens of 150 languages, printed at Paris, 1805, in compliment to Pope Pius the Seventh, are principally copied from Chamberlayne, with a very few original additions.

The *Glossarium Comparativum*, published at Petersburg in 1787, by order of the Empress Catherine, in two volumes quarto, affords us a very extensive collection of European and Asiatic words; the African and American languages were added in a second edition, which was printed in 1790, but which is very little known, and has indeed, in great measure, been suppressed. With respect to the literature of languages, the catalogue of dictionaries and

and grammars, published in 1796, by our countryman Mr. Marsden, furnishes us with ample information, much of which has been incorporated with Professor Adelung's still more extensive enumeration of critical and elementary works.

The first, and perhaps the most important consideration in a general essay on this subject, is the system according to which its different parts are to be distributed. A perfect natural order of arrangement, in treating of the peculiarities of different languages, ought to be regulated by their descent from each other and their historical relations: a perfect artificial order ought to bring together into the same classes all those genera which have any essential resemblances, that is, such as are not fortuitous, nor adoptive, nor imitative or derived from onomatopoeia. It has been observed by Linné, that the order of nature is reticulated, while that of art passes on in a single line; and still more strictly speaking, the order of nature may be compared to a solid, which has three dimensions, and which could not be adequately represented even by a map, or a reticulated structure. In fact, wherever the human mind pursues any process of nature, it must be subjected to the inconvenience of breaking off occasionally some one train of connexion, in order to pursue another; although that system must in general be the most perfect, in which this happens the least frequently: and when our ideas are once stored up in the intellectual treasury, they seem to possess the same property which belongs to their originals, allowing themselves to be traced at pleasure according to a variety of different principles of analogy and of association.

It appears to be most convenient to consider as separate languages, or as distinct species in a systematic classification, all those which require to be separately studied in order to be readily understood, and which have their distinct grammatical flexions and constructions; and to regard, as varieties only, those dialects which are confessedly local and partial diversities of a language manifestly identical. It is however absolutely impossible to fix a correct and positive criterion of the degree of variation which is to constitute in this sense a distinct language: for instance, whether Danish and Swedish are two languages or two dialects of one, and whether the modern Romaic is Greek or not, might be disputed without end, but could never be absolutely decided. In such cases we must pay some regard to common usage in our denominations; and setting out from this distinction of separate languages, we may proceed to comprehend, in the description of one family, such as have more coincidences than diversities with each other; and to refer to the same class such families as exhibit any coincidences at all, that are not fortuitous, imitative, or adoptive. In order however to avoid

avoid too great a number of classes, which would arise from an inadequate comparison of languages imperfectly known, it may be proper in some cases to adopt a geographical character, as sufficient to define the limits of a class, or of its subdivision into orders. We are thus obliged to employ an arrangement of a mixed nature, and this is what Professor Adelung has actually done: but in the abstract view which we shall attempt to give of the subject, we shall endeavour to follow an order somewhat less geographical than that of our author, and more dependent on the nature and connexion of the languages themselves.

If the resemblance or identity of a single word, in two languages, supposed to be exempt from the effects of all later intercourse, were to be esteemed a sufficient proof of their having been derived from a common stock, it would follow that more than half the languages of the universe would exhibit traces of such a connexion; in whatever order we might pursue the comparison. Thus we find in a very great number, and perhaps in a majority of known languages, that the sound of the vowel A, with a labial consonant, is employed for the name of Father: and if this be supposed to be something like an onomatopoeia, or an application of the first sounds which an infant naturally utters, the same reason cannot possibly be assigned for the still more general occurrence of the combination N M in the term Name, which is by no means likely to have originated from any natural association of this kind. But neither these points of resemblance, nor any other that can be assigned, are universal, for besides the numberless varieties referable more or less immediately to Abba, Father, we have at least twenty different and independent terms for the same relation in the old world; Tia, Issa, Plar, Hair, Rama, Diam, Bina, Kettem, Assainalagi, Medua, Thewes, Sünk, Njot, Anathien, Messee, Indaa, Nu, Nam, Monung, Dengabey, Ray, Tikkob, and Oa; and almost as many for Name, besides those languages in which the version of an abstract term of this kind is less likely to have been ascertained; Ming, Tren, Diant, Sheu, Hessara, Shem, Sacheli, Assia, Wasta, Ngala, Taira, Sünna, Kran, Hhili, Ding, Dbai, and Anghara. At the same time therefore that we venerate the traces of our common descent from a single pair, wherever they are still perceptible, we must not expect to find them in all existing languages without exception; and an 'Etymologicon Universale,' considered as intended to establish such a perfect community of derivation, must be regarded as a visionary undertaking. Nor must we neglect to unite, in some common arrangement of classification, those languages which have the words here specified, or any other radical words, in common, as incomparably more  
related



related to each other than the Chinese to the Cantabrian, or the Irish to the Hottentot.

The gradations, by which a language is likely to vary in a given time, seem to be in some measure dependent on the degree of cultivation of the language, and of the civilisation of the people employing it. From Homer to the Byzantine historians, the Greek language remained essentially the same for 2000 years: the German has varied but little in 1500; and even the English, notwithstanding its mixture with French and Latin, has altered but three radical words of the Lord's Prayer in the same period. On the other hand a few barbarians in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus and of the Caspian sea, of modern origin, and ignorant of the art of writing, are divided into more nations speaking peculiar languages radically different from each other, than the whole of civilised Europe. In such cases little light can be thrown upon history by etymological researches, while with regard to more cultivated nations, we obtain, from the examination of their languages, historical evidence of such a nature, as it is scarcely possible for either accident or design to have falsified.

Without dwelling on the unnecessary hypotheses and the tedious details with which some parts of Professor Adelung's work are filled, and without animadverting very severely on the occasional display of an inflated insipidity of style, which too often assumes, in the writings of the modern Germans, the place of a dignified simplicity, we shall attempt to profit, as far as our limits will permit, by the solid accumulation of knowledge, which usually characterizes the productions of that laborious and accurate nation, among whom our author is well known to have stood in the first rank as a grammarian, a lexicographer, and an etymologist. We must however observe, at the commencement of our remarks, that there is some fallacy in the profession of having collected specimens of 'nearly five hundred languages and dialects,' a number which the publishers have promised to complete in the third volume; since many of them are merely different translations, or even different readings, in the same dialect: there are twelve, for instance, of the Memphitic Coptic only, sixteen of the Upper German, and upon an average scarcely less than two for each language or dialect considered as distinct; so that we must reduce the 362 already published to about 200 languages at the utmost: and if we suppose that there are as many more, of which specimens have not been obtained, and add 100 for the languages of America, we shall have about 500 for the whole number of dialects that have ever been spoken in any part of the globe; and of these somewhat more than 100 appear to constitute languages generically distinct, or exhibiting more diversity than resemblance to each other.

In tracing the pedigree of all these languages to their remotest origin, we arrive at Professor Adelung's investigations respecting the probable situation of the Paradise of the Scripture. This he places in Cashmir, between Persia, Tibet, and Indostan, in the most elevated region of the globe; a country remarkable for its soil, its climate, and for other natural advantages, which contributed to render its more modern inhabitants, before their conquest by the Afghans, distinguished for their beauty, their talents, and their luxury; and he considers his opinion as confirmed, by the situation allotted to the Indian Paradise, on the hill Meru, which gives rise to four great rivers, the Indus, the Ganges, the Burrampooter, and a great river of Tibet. According to this supposition, Tibet, on the east of Cashmir, must have been the habitation of Adam immediately after his fall, and the country occupied by the descendants of Cain. In Tibet, and in the countries immediately beyond it, the languages of 150 millions of people are still principally monosyllabic, and from this peculiarity, as well as from the singular simplicity of their structure, they are supposed to constitute the most ancient class of existing languages, though it must be confessed that much of our author's reasoning on this subject is extremely inconclusive. There is however a much more marked distinction between these and all other languages, that their essence consists, as we have already explained very fully on a former occasion, (Vol. V. No. X. p. 372) not in sounds, but in characters, which, instead of depicting sounds, are the immediate symbols of the objects or ideas, and are even imperfectly represented by the sounds, whatever difference of accent or tone may be exhibited by the most refined speaker. It is true that we have particular instances of a similar nature in our own language, as in the words Bear, Bare; Beer, Bier, Bere; Son, Sun: but these are rather to be considered as accidental exceptions, than as fair examples of the usual character of the language.

Another ancient and extensive class of languages, united by a greater number of resemblances than can well be altogether accidental, may be denominated the Indoeuropean, comprehending the Indian, the West Asiatic, and almost all the European languages. If we chose to assign a geographical situation to the common parent of this class, we should place it to the south and west of the supposed origin of the human race; leaving the north for our third class, which we can only define as including all the Asiatic and European languages not belonging to the two former; which may be called Atactic, or, perhaps, without much impropriety, Tataric; and which may be subdivided into five orders, Sporadic, Caucasian, Tartarian, Siberian, and Insular. The African and American

American languages will constitute a fourth and a fifth class, sufficiently distinct from all the rest, but not intended to be considered as any otherwise united than by their geographical situation. According to this arrangement, we shall exhibit, in the form of tables, first the principal families or genera, and then the species and varieties, accompanied by a specimen of each, in the versions of the words Heaven and Earth, where they can be obtained; these words being chosen, because they seem to be known in a greater number of languages than any other, except the name of Father, which appears to be objectionable, as often exhibiting a similarity rather accidental than essential.

### CLASSES AND FAMILIES OF LANGUAGES.

<b>I. MONOSYLLABIC</b>	<i>Tartarian</i>
Chinese	Turcotartarian
Siamese	Mantshuric
Avanese	Tungusic
Tibet	Sagalien
<b>II. INDOEUROPEAN</b>	Corean
Sanskrit	<i>Siberian</i>
Median	Permian
Arabian	Wogulic
Greek	Ostiak
German	Tsheremissic
Celtic	Morduin
Latin	Tepjtjerai
Cantabrian	Samojedic
Slavic	Camashic
<b>III. TATARIC</b>	Jukadshiric
<i>Sporadic</i>	Koriak
Tshudish	Kamtshatkan
Hungarian	<i>Insular</i>
Albanian	Eastern Islands
<i>Caucasian</i>	Japanese
Armenian	Formosan
Georgian	Philippine
Abassan	Savu
Circassian	New Guinea
Ossetish	New Holland, E.
Kistic	Van Diemen's
Chunsag	New Caledonian
Dido	New Zealand
Kasi Kumück	Easter Island
Andi	<b>IV. AFRICAN</b>
Akusha	<b>V. AMERICAN.</b>

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The Hottentots have three particular clicking sounds, made by withdrawing the tongue from the teeth, the fore part, and the back part of the palate: they are denoted by t<sup>1</sup>, t<sup>2</sup>, and t<sup>3</sup>, and the first two appear to resemble the sounds sometimes used to express vexation, and to make a horse go on.

Professor Adelung has taken little or no cognisance of the characters commonly employed in writing the different languages, and we agree with him in thinking that it is not in all cases necessary to advert to them, though it would certainly have been of advantage to have paid more attention to them in some. He has reduced the words to the German orthography, except in such languages as are usually written in Roman characters; and we have adopted his mode of spelling, except that we have omitted the superfluous c in the combination sch. We shall now attempt to follow him cursorily through the historical part of his work.

The Chinese is supposed to be one of the oldest languages actually spoken at present, although the proofs of its great antiquity are more presumptive than positive: the strongest of them is perhaps the great simplicity of its structure; which, though sometimes a little inconvenient and awkward from the prolixity that it occasions, appears to be in reality more philosophical than the multifarious complications of many European languages,

which are by no means commensurate, as our author seems for a moment to imagine, to the degree of civilisation of the countries employing them. The examples of the Fins and Biscayans are sufficient to prove this; nor can we think that the structure of the Chinese language can justly be considered as the principal obstacle to the improvement of the people in literature and in arts. How far the monosyllabic languages, which are enumerated as totally distinct from each other, may be represented by, or rather may represent, a common character, Professor Adelung has not enabled us to judge with precision, although he informs us that the Chinese characters are understood by the Cochinchinese, whose language is a dialect of the Tonquinese, which to us appears to be itself intimately connected with the Chinese even in sound, though somewhat less simple in its structure. If, however, two languages had precisely the same written form, but were pronounced in a manner totally different, they might still happen to require translation, at least where foreign terms were introduced, and might so far be properly called distinct. Thus the characters, by which the Chinese would represent the name *Christus*, or *Cardinalis*, and which they would read *Ki lu su tu su*, or *Kia ul fi na li su*, being differently read by the Cochinchinese, would require to have another set of characters substituted for them, in order to produce combinations equally ingenious and satisfactory. The Chinese are said to have been in the ninth century a race of people resembling the Arabs: their physiognomy was contaminated in the thirteenth and fourteenth by a mixture with their conquerors the Mongols; but their language remained unaltered. The dialects of Cambodia and Laos have, however, received some mixture of Malayan from their neighbours. We must refer those who are desirous of further information on these subjects to a most interesting essay of Dr. Leyden, in the tenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*.

The language of *Siam* resembles the Chinese in its simplicity and metaphorical structure, though less decidedly monosyllabic: but this is a distinction on which our author seems to place somewhat too much reliance: in the early ages, when all languages were written without division into words, such a distinction must have been still less marked than it now appears to be.

The *Avanese*, or Burmanish, has borrowed some polysyllabic words from the *Bali*, or old *Sanacrit*. The *Peguan* can scarcely be said to differ from it even as a dialect.

The language of *Tibet* has some words in common with the Chinese, but is less simple. It is at least as ancient as the religion of the country, which is coeval with Christianity.

The Indoeuropean languages we have referred to a single class, because every one of them has too great a number of coincidences with

with some of the others, to be considered as merely accidental, and many of them in terms relating to objects of such a nature, that they must necessarily have been rather original than adoptive. The *Sanscrit*, which is confessedly the parent language of India, may easily be shown to be intimately connected with the Greek, the Latin, and the German, although it is a great exaggeration to assert any thing like its identity with either of these languages. Thus we find, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, *Pida*, *Pitir* among the *Sanscrit* terms for Father, Gr. *Pater*; *Nama* or *Namadheya* for Name, Gr. *Onoma*, *Onomata*; *Radshiam*, kingdom, Lat. *Regnum*, from *Rego*; *Manasam*, will, like the Gr. *Menüo* and the Lat. *Mens*; *Stira*, Earth, Gr. *Era*, Lat. *Terra*; and *Danim*, *Dewanagara Dia*, Day, Lat. *Dies*. There are also some singular resemblances of declension and conjugation between the *Sanscrit* and the Greek, as *Dodami*, *Dodasti*, *Dodati*, in old Greek *Didomi*, *Didosi*, *Didoti*. In a tablet dated 23 B. C. we find *Kritico* for a judge, Gr. *Krites*, *Kriticos*. A copious enumeration of such points of coincidence our author has exhibited in the form of an alphabetical table. Sir William Jones and many others have attributed to some of the works, which are still extant in *Sanscrit*, an antiquity of four or five thousand years, but Adelung denies the validity of any of the arguments which have been adduced in favour of a date at all approaching to this. The *Sanscrit*, even in its earliest state, can scarcely have been altogether uniform throughout all the countries in which it was spoken, and it has degenerated by degrees into a great diversity of modern dialects. Beyond the Ganges, it is called *Bali*: in Siam, it is still the language of elegant literature; and it is often employed throughout India, with some difference of construction, under the name of *Dewanagara*.

The dialects, derived from the *Sanscrit*, and spoken in different parts of the continent of India, and some of the islands, have a very decided resemblance to the original, but many of them have been distinguished by the publication of separate grammars and dictionaries, and they certainly differ as much from each other as Spanish and Portuguese. The Moors, or Moorish, sometimes called Mongol Indostanish, consists, like most of the rest, of *Sanscrit*, mixed with Persian and Arabic. The language of Multan has about one tenth of Persian: in that of Malabar there are in existence two copper tablets of the eighth or ninth century. The Maleiam is spoken about Cochin in Travancore: the Tamul in the Carnatic, from Cape Comorin to Palacate: the Telug or Warug about Cuddalore and Madras: the Cingalese, which is a mixture of several of the continental dialects, in great part of Ceylon; the proper names in this island mentioned by Ptolemy are derived from the *Sanscrit*. The Gipsies were certainly expelled from some part of India by the cruelties

cruelties of Timur Leng about 1400, and probably they were part of the Zingans, in the neighbourhood of Multan, on the Indus, their language having a great number of coincidences with that of Multan: they have also adopted many European, and especially Slavonian words. When they first appeared in Europe they amounted to about half a million; at present they are less numerous.

The connexion of the *Median* family with the Sanscrit on one side, and with the Greek and German on the other, is sufficiently proved by the words Abitap, Zend. Sun, Sansc. Abitaba; Dar, Ter, Pers. Door, Sanscr. Dura, Tuwara, Gr. Thüira, Germ. Thür, Thor; Dip, Pers. land, or island, Sanscr. Dihp; Dochtar, Pers. Daughter, Gr. Thügater, Germ. Tochter; Jaré, Zend. Year, Sanscr. Jahran, Germ. Jahr; and Ishk, Zend. love, Sanscr. Isba. According to Dr. Leyden these languages are evidently derivatives of the Sanscrit. In ancient Media, Zendish was the language of the northern, and Pehlvi, or Parthian, of the southern parts: but the Zendish was more appropriated to religious purposes, and the Pehlvi had in a great measure superseded it for common use at a very early period; under the Sassanides again, from the third to the seventh century, the use of the Pehlvi was discouraged, and the Parsi, or old Persian, substituted for it. The Zendavesta of Zoroaster, which is still extant in Zendish, is supposed to have been written 520 years B. C. and Adelung follows Anquetil in asserting its authenticity, against the opinion of Jones and Richardson. The Georgian and Armenian languages, which are now spoken in the same countries, have very little resemblance to the Zendish. The Pehlvi seems to be intermediate between Zendish and Parsi; it has some affinity to the Chaldee, but is not a dialect of it: some say that it is still spoken in the remote parts of the country, about Shirwan. The Parsi is dated from the time of the Sassanides, and was current among the Persians when they were conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century: it is the language of the Shah Námeh of Firdusi, written in the tenth century, and of the Ayeen Akbery, in 1600. The modern Persian became a cultivated language about the year 1000, having received a considerable mixture of Arabic and Turkish.

The Goths are said to have inhabited for some centuries the countries about the Black Sea, and may originally have bordered on Persia: from this circumstance, and probably also from the effects of a later irruption of the Goths into Persia, which is recorded in history, it happens that many Persian words are also found in German. Professor Adelung has examined more than two hundred cases of such resemblances, and has found only one sixth part of them in Anquetil's dictionaries of the more ancient dialects. We need not remind our readers of the ingenious essay lately

lately published by a countryman of our own on the similarity the Persian and English languages.

The Kurds speak a corrupt Persian: they are probably derived from the Carduchi of the Greeks, on the Gordiaean hills. They spread into Persia about the year 1000, and are now situated on the borders of the Persian and Turkish dominions. The language of the Afghans, about Candahar, is so mixed, that it is difficult to say whether it is most immediately derived from the Persian or the Sanscrit: about one fourth of the words are Persian, and among the rest there are some Tartarian, as well as Sanscrit. The people are said to have come from the north about 2000 years ago.

The *Arabian* family is called by our author Semitic, from Shem the son of Noah, as having been principally spoken by his descendants. Though not intimately connected with the European languages, it is well known to have afforded some few words to the Greek and Latin: and it has also some terms in common with the Sanscrit, though apparently fewer than either the Greek or the German. Thus we have Bar, Chald. city, Sanscr. Bara, Buri; Germ. Burg; Ben, Hebr. son, Sanscr. Bun, child; Esh, Hebr. Eshta, Chald. fire, Sanscr. Aster; and Ish, Hebr. man, Sanscr. Isha, man or lord.

The northern nations of this family have sometimes been comprehended under the name Aramaic, in contradistinction to the middle, or Canaanitish, and the southern, or Arabic. The eastern Aramaic, or old Chaldee, is very little known: it was the language of a people situated in the north of Mesopotamia, which is now the south of Armenia: a part of them extended themselves further to the south, and became Babylonians; of whose dialect some traces are said still to exist about Mosul and Diarbeker. The old Assyrians, between the Tigris and Media, were a colony of the Babylonians, and spoke a language unintelligible to the Jews. (2 Kings, 18.) The western Aramaic has become known since the Christian era as the Syriac, in which there is an ancient and valuable translation of the New Testament. It is still spoken about Edessa and Harran. The Palmyrene was one of its dialects.

The language of the Canaanites is said by St. Jerom to have been intermediate between the Hebrew and the Egyptian: the people are supposed to have come originally from the Persian gulf; the Philistines, who are found among them, to have emigrated from the Delta to Cyprus, to have been thence expelled by the Phenicians, and to have adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they settled. The book of Job is considered as affording some idea of the dialect of Edom, as it contains many Arabisms, and other peculiarities. The Phenician is only known from a few coins and inscriptions found in Cyprus and in Malta: of  
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its descendant the Punic or Carthaginian a specimen is preserved in the speech of Hanno in Plautus, as happily arranged by Bochart; our author is indeed disposed to doubt if this speech has any meaning at all; but his objection respecting the want of a proper name seems to have arisen from a mistake. The last six lines of the text are probably either a repetition of the same speech in the old Libyan, or a jargon intended to imitate it.

The Hebrews originated among the Chaldeans; Terah, the father of Abraham, having been a native of Ur, or Edessa, beyond the Euphrates; they adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they led a nomadic life, till their residence in Egypt, which must probably have had some effect in modifying their language. It appears however to have varied but little afterwards in a period of 1000 years, from Moses to Malachi: and this circumstance Adelung considers as so uncommon, that he is disposed to believe that the writings of Moses must have been modernised at least as late as the time of Samuel. The old Hebrew became extinct as a living language about 500 B. C.; 1000 years afterwards the Masoretic points were added to assist in its pronunciation, and this was done in some measure upon the model of the Syrochaldaic, which at that time was still spoken. The Chaldee had superseded the Hebrew at the time of the captivity, and was gradually converted into the Syrochaldaic, which is called Hebrew in the New Testament. The Targums and the Talmud of Babylon are in the older Chaldee, and a translation of the New Testament has been discovered in the Syrochaldaic.

The Rabbinic dialect was principally formed in the middle ages, among the Spanish Jews, who were chiefly descended from the inhabitants of Jerusalem; while those of Germany and Poland were generally Galileans, and spoke a ruder dialect of the Hebrew.

The Samaritan somewhat resembles the Chaldee; it was formed among the Phenicians and others who occupied the habitations of the ten tribes, when they were carried into captivity by Salmanassar and Esarhaddon. Our author has neglected to insert any specimen of this language, although he was well aware of the existence of the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch.

The Arabians have been a distinct, and in great measure an independent nation for more than 3000 years. Some of them were descended from Shem; others, as the Cushites, Canaanites, and Amalekites, from Ham. Their language, as it is found in the Koran, contains some mixture of Indian, Persian, and Abyssinian words: its grammar was little cultivated until a century or two after the time of Mahomet. It is certainly copious, but its copiousness has been ridiculously exaggerated. The best Arabic is spoken by the upper classes in Yemen; in Mecca it is more mixed; in Syria, corrupt,

rupt. There are dialects, which require the assistance of an interpreter, in order to be understood : at the same time it has been maintained by Aryda, a learned Arab of Syria; in contradiction to Niebuhr, that the Arabic of the Koran is still employed in conversation among the best educated of the people, as well as in correct writing. The Arabs living in houses are called Moors : and those of Africa are the best known under this name. The Mapuls, or Mapulets of Malabar and Coromandel are a numerous colony of Arabs, who have been settled there above 1000 years.

The Ethiopians are derived from the Cushite Arabs : in the time of Nimrod they conquered Babylon ; before that of Moses they emigrated into Africa, and settled in and about Tigri : in Isarah's time they seem to have extended to Fez ; and at present they occupy Tigri, Amhara, and some neighbouring countries. They became Christians in 325, but retained the initiatory ceremony of the Jews and Mussulmen. The true Ethiopic is called Geez, or Axumitic, in contradistinction to the Amharic, by which it was superseded as the language of common life in Amhara about the fourteenth century, although it still remains in use in some parts of Tigri ; while in others, as in Hauasa, a different dialect is spoken. It was first particularly made known in Europe by Ludolf.

The Maltese is immediately derived from the modern Arabic, without any intervention of the Punic. The island, having been successively subject to the Phaeacians, Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Goths, was subdued by the Arabians in the ninth century ; in the eleventh the Normans conquered it, and it remained united with Sicily, until it became in some measure independent under the knights of St. John.

The *Greek* has no very intimate or general connexion with any of the older languages, although there are a number of particular instances of its resemblance to the Sanscrit, some of which have been already mentioned : it has also many German and Celtic words, some Sclavonian, and, as it is said, a few Finnish. It can only have been immediately derived from the language of the neighbouring Thracians and Pelasgians, who seem to have come originally from the middle of Asia through the countries north of the Black Sea, and to have occupied part of Asia minor as well as Greece and Thrace : they appear to have retained their ancient dialect to a late period in Phrygia : thus Plato observes in Cratylus, that the terms denoting fire and water are not derived from any other Greek words, but are Phrygian primitives ; and it is barely possible that even the modern Albanian *Buk*, bread, may be derived from the Phrygian *Bekos*. The whole of the Thracian states were greatly deranged by the expedition of the Celts in 278 B. C. which terminated in their settling the colony of Galatia. The  
Dacians,



Dacians, or Getae, who principally occupied Bulgaria, extended themselves further northwards, and afterwards constituted the Roman provinces of Moesia and Dacia, which were conquered by the Goths in the third century. The Macedonians, in the time of Alexander, spoke a language which was unintelligible to the Greeks: even the Pelasgi, in Epirus and Thessaly, long retained a dialect different from that of their neighbours, and in Arcadia still longer. The Hellenes, who emigrated from Asia minor, were not sufficiently numerous to affect the language materially, although it assumed their name. The Graeci in Italy were Pelasgians, whom Dionysius of Halicarnassus includes in the denomination Hellenic: their language must have been Aeolodoric, and in this form the Latin received its mixture of Greek: the Lacedaemonians also retained it till a late period, writing, for instance, instead of Pais, Poir, as in Latin Puer. The Aeolic appears once to have extended over Attica, and to have left some Aeolisms in the old Attic dialect. Of this we have an instance in the termination of the third person plural, *διδόασιν* sometimes being used instead of *διδούσιν*; for which the authority of the Herculean manuscript published by Sir William Drummond must be admitted as unquestionable; nor can we imagine for a moment that so eminently judicious and candid a critic as the late Mr. Porson, if he had happily survived, would have hesitated to relinquish his opinion on this subject, when he found it combated by evidence so singularly authentic. The Attic dialect was the principal basis of the Common language of Greece at a later period, which must have been the most cultivated under the protection of the court of Alexandria. By degrees it degenerated into the modern Romaic, with a mixture of Turkish and Italian, and perhaps of some other neighbouring languages.

The German family is sufficiently connected with a variety of others, belonging to the Indoeuropean class, to be admitted into it upon a very short investigation. Its resemblances to the Greek, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, besides Father and Name, are Wille, Wollen, Gr. Boule, perhaps Prant, Brot, bread, like Artos, and Freyen or Lösen, like Rhüein and Lüsein. The Germans were known as early as the time of Pytheas, that is 320 B. C. as consisting of the Jutes in Denmark, the Teutones on the coast to the east of them, the Ostiaecans next, and lastly the Cossini, Cotini, or Goths. With respect to language, our author imagines that there must have been almost an original difference between the high and low German, the eastern nations or Suevi employing the former, and the western or Cimbri, the latter: the Suevi he supposes to have been driven at an early period into the south of Germany by the Slavonians; and some of the Goths appear

appear to have extended as far as the Crimea. The Bible of Ulphila, in the Gothic of 360, is the oldest specimen of the German language: it exhibits a considerable mixture of Slavonian and Finnish: the translation is slavishly literal.

The modern German, founded on the higher dialect of Saxony, was fixed and made general by Luther. The alternate incroachments and conquests of the Franks, the Alemanni, and the Saxons, are pursued by Professor Adelung with tedious minuteness, and he attempts to trace a multiplicity of shades of dialect and pronunciation in different parts of Germany, which are not of the slightest interest beyond the immediate neighbourhoods to which they relate. He informs us that there are still some German colonies, which retain their language, in the territories of Vicenza and Verona; that the German Jews have a peculiar jargon, borrowed from the Polish Jews, which they write in the Hebrew characters; and that another similar mixture of dialects is spoken by the Rothwelsch, a vagabond people in the south of Germany, who have sometimes been confounded with the Gipsies.

The Low Saxon, or Platt Deutsch, is spoken about Halberstadt, and further north, in the countries between the Elbe and the Weser; it seems to be intimately connected with the Frieslandish and Danish, as well as with the English. The Frieslanders originally extended from the Rhine to the Ems, and the Cauchthence to the Elbe: they retain a dialect materially varying from those of their neighbours. The Brokmic laws of the thirteenth century do not appear precisely to resemble the German of the same date: thus we find in them Redieva, a judge, or Reeve, instead of Richter; Kenne, kin; Sida, side, as in Swedish, for Seite. The Batavian Frieslandish approaches much to the English; there are several sub-dialects, as those of Molkwer, and Hindelop. Some of the Cauchish Frieslanders remain in the territory of Bremen: the North Frieslanders occupy Heligoland, Husum, and Amröm.

The Dutch language is a mixture of Frieslandish, Low Saxon, and German, with a little French: it appears from Kolyn's Chronicle to have been distinctly formed as early as 1156.

The Scandinavian branch of the Germanic family is characterized by the want of gutturals and aspirates, which renders its pronunciation softer and less harsh; and by some peculiarities of construction, for instance by the place of the article, which follows its noun, both in Danish and Swedish, instead of preceding it, as in most other languages. The name of Denmark is first found in the ninth century: until the sixth the people were called Jutes. Norway in the ninth century was termed Nordmanland. A corrupt Norwegian is still, or was lately, spoken in some of the Orkneys,

Orkneys, which were long subject to Norway and Denmark. In the eastern parts of Iceland the language is much like the Norwegian; but on the coast it is mixed with Danish: the oldest specimen of Icelandic is the *Jus Ecclesiasticum* of 1129. The term Runic relates to the rectilinear characters cut in wood, which were sometimes used by the Scandinavian nations. The Swedes are derived from a mixture of Scandinavians with Goths from upper Germany; but their language does not exhibit any dialectic differences corresponding to a difference of extraction.

The Saxons are mentioned by Ptolemy as a small nation in Holstein; whence, in conjunction with the Frieslanders, and the Angles of South Jutland, they conquered England about the year 450. The Saxons settled principally south of the Thames, the Angles north. At the union of the Heptarchy, the Saxon dialect prevailed, and the English, which nearly resembled the Danish of that time, was less in use: but new swarms of Danes having inundated the north of England in 787, the Danish dialect was introduced by Canute and his followers; and it is in this period that our earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon are dated. The Saxon dialect again obtained the ascendancy under Edward the Confessor; and although some French was introduced by this prince, and still more by William the Conqueror, into the higher circles of society, the courts of law, and the schools, the use of the French language never became general among the lower classes, and the Saxon recovered much of its currency in the thirteenth century, when the cities and corporate towns rose into importance under Edward the first; in the fourteenth century it was permanently established, with the modifications which it had received from the French; and it may be considered as truly English from this period, or even somewhat earlier, at least if Pope Adrian's rhymes are the genuine production of 1156. It is still more German than French; in the Lord's Prayer there are only three words of Latin origin, *Trespass*, *Temptation*, and *Deliver*. Professor Adelung's remarks, on the simplicity of the English language, are much more judicious than the generality of his observations, on the imaginary perfection, derived from a complicated structure, in other instances.

'The language,' he observes, p. 319, 'only received its final cultivation at the time of the reformation, and of the civil disturbances which followed that event: nor did it acquire its last polish till after the revolution, when the authors, who employed it, elevated it to the high degree of excellence, of which, from its great copiousness, and the remarkable simplicity of its construction, it was peculiarly capable. It is the most simple of all the European languages; the terminations of its substantives being only changed in the genitive and in the plural, and the alterations of the roots of the verbs not exceeding six or seven. This simplicity depends in some measure on a philosophical accuracy, which

which is carried systematically through the whole language, so that the adjectives, participles, and article, are indeclinable, being in their nature destitute of any idea of gender, case, or number; and the form of generic distinction is confined to objects which are naturally entitled to it. The pronunciation, on the other hand, is extremely intricate, and foreign proper names, in particular, are much mutilated whenever they are adopted by the English.

The *Celtic* family is a very extensive and very interesting subdivision of the *Indoeuropean* class. Our author observes that 'the six original European languages, the *Iberian*, *Celtic*, *Germanic*, *Thracian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Finnish*, were just as distinct at the beginning of their history as they now are:' but this assertion seems to require some little modification; for although it may be very proper to consider the *Celtic* and *Germanic* as families clearly distinct, with respect to any period with which we are historically acquainted, it does still appear, upon a comparison of the *Gothic* of *Ulphila* with the more modern languages, that the *Germanic* of that day did approach somewhat more nearly to the *Celtic*, than any of its modern descendants now do. Thus the *Atta* and *Himma* of *Ulphila*, seem to have more resemblance to the *Irish* *Atair* and *Neamh*, than the modern *Vater* and *Himmel*; and *Vair*, for the *Cimbric* *Fear*, a man, is not found at present in *German*, though its traces may still be observed in the *Firio barno* of the *Franks* in 1020. It would undoubtedly be possible to produce a multitude of similar instances from others of the languages in question, but the evidence appears to be the strongest with respect to these two: and although we are far from wishing to revive the exploded doctrine of the identity of the old *Celtic* and *Germanic*, yet we cannot help thinking that they are much more intimately connected than our author is willing to allow. The resemblances of the *Celtic* to the *Latin* are too numerous to require particular notice, the immediate and extensive connexion between these languages being universally admitted; but if any evidence were desired on this subject, it might be obtained in abundance by a reference to *Court de Gebelin's Monde primitif*. With respect to the *Greek*, the terms *Hael*, sun, *Dur*, water, *Deru*, oak, *Garan*, crane, *Crunn*, ice, are among the *Celtic* words of the most indisputable originality, and their resemblance to *Helios*, *Hüdor*, *Driis*, *Geranos*, and *Kriioen* is undeniable; we find also in *Cimbric* *Bas*, low, connected with *Bathüs*, *Bara*, bread, perhaps with *Bora*, food, *Deyrnas*, kingdom, with *Türannis*, *Dyro*, give, with *Doreue*, and *Gogoriant*, glory, perhaps with *Gauriaon*, exulting. With the *German* it is easy to find a number of very near approaches to identity, even in the *Celtic* which can be proved to be prior to the date of any known or supposed

mixture, as in Ap, Affe, Ape; Barra, Barre; Bleun, Blume; Bolgan, Balge; Brig, Berg; Brogil, Brühl; Carra, Karre; Doga, Teich; Galb, Kalb; Garan, Kranich; Gnabat, Kuabe; Lancea, Lauze; Marc, Mähre; Marga, Märgel; Redya, Reiten; Rit or Rat, Rad; and Ur, Auer; terms employed either accurately or very nearly in the same significations; nor is it possible that so numerous a series of coincidences can in either case be supposed to be wholly accidental.

The Celts may be imagined to have emigrated from Asia after the Iberians or Cantabrians, and before the Thracians or Pelasgians, settling principally in Gaul, and spreading partly into Italy under the name of Ausonians and Umbrians. In 570 B. C. they undertook expeditions of conquest, but they were subdued by the Romans. Their language was current in Gaul till the sixth or seventh century, when it was superseded by the rustic Roman, which by degrees became French: in Ireland and Scotland it has been preserved in tolerable purity; in Wales and Brittany it has been more mixed. Britain must have been peopled from Gaul at least 500 years B. C. The true ancient Britons are the Highlanders of Scotland, having been driven northwards by the Cimbri, and still calling their language Gaelic: the Irish are probably derived from these Highlanders; they were originally called Scots or Scuits, that is, fugitives, from the circumstance of their expulsion; so that what is said of the Scots before the tenth century, for instance by Porphyry in the third, must be understood of the Irish. Gildas, in 564, sometimes calls them Scotch and sometimes Irish. After the retreat of the Romans from Britain, a part of them re-entered Scotland, about the year 503, and changed its name from Caledonia to Scotia minor. In 432, St. Patrick laid the foundation of the civilisation of Ireland, and in the seventh century, several Irish priests undertook missions to the continent. At the beginning of this century, some Scandinavian freebooters had visited Ireland, and in 835 they formed large colonies, which were firmly established in this country and in the Scottish Islands, bringing with them many Gothic words which became afterwards mixed with the Celtic, and which seem to constitute one fifth part of the modern Irish and Gaelic, 140 such being found under the first six letters of the alphabet only. Some of these Normans remained distinct from the Irish till the year 1102. The oldest authentic specimens of the Irish language are of the ninth century. The Gaelic of the Isle of Man is mixed with Norwegian, English, and Welsh. A Gaelic colony at Walden in Essex, has been placed by Chamberlayne in Italy, as Waldensic.

The Cimbric or Celtogermanic language was remarked by Cæsar as differing from the Gallic, although the distinction has not

not always been sufficiently observed. The Cimbrians seem to have existed as a nation 5 or 600 years B. C.; the Gauls called them Belgæ; they invaded Britain a little before Cæsar's time, and drove the ancient inhabitants into the Highlands and into Ireland. Having called the Saxons to their assistance against the Scots and Picts in the fifth century, they were given by their new allies into Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Their language is remarkable for the frequent changes of the initial letters of its radical words in the formation of cases and numbers; thus from *Den*, a man, in Britanish, is derived the plural *Tud*; from *Vreg*, a woman, *Groages*. Almost half of the Welsh language is German, and of the remainder perhaps as much Latin as Celtic: of the Britanish, about half is Latin or French. It seems to be uncertain whether the Armoricans were originally Belgæ or Gauls; but their country was named *Britannia minor* from the emigration of British in 449, who are mentioned as speaking the same language with them, and who mixed with them, and in a few years became so numerous as to be able to send an army of 12,000 men to the assistance of the emperor Anthemius.

It appears from the account which has been given of the different branches of the Celtic, that they contain from one-fifth to a half of pure German: a mixture which Professor Adelung considers as secondary, and accidental. It seems to us, however, to be very questionable whether the coincidences are not too uniformly found in the same words, to be attributable to adoptions so remote in time and place, as must be admitted upon this supposition, especially when we recollect how little historical evidence there is of any influence whatever of Scandinavian incursions on the main land of Scotland (II. 98): and where it happens that no term is to be found in Irish, in Gaelic, or in Welsh, that differs from the word employed in German, we cannot help being inclined to believe that the original Celtic word must, in such cases, have been the same with the German. We have, for instance, *Ap*, *Apa*, *Ir. Ap*, *W. Affe*, *Ape*, German; *Abal*, *Afal*, *Apfel*; *Angar*, *Aneang*, *Enge*; *Bacail*, *Bach*, *Backen*; *Barrad*, *Barr*, *Barre*; *Beoir*, *Bir*, *Bier*; *Biail*, *Bwiall*, *Beil*; *Bocan*, *Bwch*, *Bock*; *Brathair*, *Brawd*, *Bruder*; *Bul*, *Bwla*, *Bulle*; and perhaps many other similar coincidences might be found, even without going further in the alphabet.

An Essay on the poems of Ossian, first published in the German Mercury for 1806, forms a very interesting appendix to the history of the Celtic languages. Professor Adelung takes up the question where it was left by the Highland Society, in their Report published in 1805; and allowing, with them, that some manuscripts of poems attributed to Ossian are in existence, and that some of these poems are very beautiful in the original, although none of

them agree exactly with Macpherson's translation, he proceeds to inquire into the only question of the least interest to an antiquarian, or a literary historian, whether any of these poems are the productions of the third century, or of a period at all approaching to it: and this question he very satisfactorily decides in the negative.

It is quite certain that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence as early as the beginning of the 16th century; Malcolm, Fordun, and Elphinston searched in vain for any of the 14th or 15th; but some of the 15th appear to have been since found. Irish manuscripts of the 9th century, as our author elsewhere observes, exist in different parts of the continent. Mr. Mackenzie attempts to show, that a manuscript, which bears the signature of a certain Fitfit, must have been written as early as the eighth, because the writer dates it from the monastery of his Papa or Pope, a term supposed to have been disused, in this sense, after the recognition of the Pope in Ireland in the 8th century: but this argument is only so far conclusive, as we suppose the scribe to have been incapable of being influenced by servility or caprice. If, however, the poems attributed to Ossian were really ancient, their language could not but be antiquated: there is an Irish *Leavre Lecan*, at Paris, written in the 13th century, and scarcely intelligible to an Irish scholar of the present day; the oldest Gaelic manuscripts have also peculiar expressions no longer in use; while the works, supposed to be the productions of a period so much more remote, are found to be in excellent modern Gaelic, impressed with all the marks of the language of Christianity, and of that of the Norwegian invaders, whether these conquerors may be supposed to have influenced the Gaelic language immediately in Scotland, or by the intervention of Ireland.

'The Celts' (II. 131) 'were a wild and barbarous people; especially in the parts most remote from the continent (Mela). The Irish, according to Strabo, were cannibals; and St. Jerom, who lived in the 4th century, assures us that he had seen in his youth the Attacotti, a Caledonian race in Gaul, devour the softest parts of the body as great delicacies. That there were bears in the north of Scotland, we find from Martial; *Nuda Caledonio sic pectora praebebat urso*. The Caledonians had light and reddish hair, which induced Tacitus to consider them as Germans. They went completely naked, and tattooed and painted their bodies later than any of their neighbours. They wore rings on their arms, and round their bodies (Dio, Herodian). A plurality of wives and husbands was allowed in the interior of Britain, consequently also in Scotland (Caesar); so that the children were considered as belonging to the whole clan; and this custom was retained longer in Scotland than in England (Dio). They were ignorant of corn, and lived on barks, roots, and game. They had neither helmets nor coats of mail: their arms were a dart, a small shield, and a broad sword (Herodian, Dio,

Dio, Tacitus). They fought in chariots, *Esseda* (Dio). Their vessels, *Currucae*, were of wicker work, or of light wood, and covered with hides; they had a single small mast, and were calculated for rowing as well as for sailing (*Journ. des Sav.* 1764).

The Caledonians of Macpherson's *Ossian*, on the other hand, who is supposed to have lived about the middle of the period of the Roman power in Britain, were nothing less than predatory barbarians; they were perfect heroes, models of generous deliverers of the oppressed, and much more liberal, modest, and goodnatured than the personages introduced by Homer. They scorned to attack their enemies in their sleep, and were inspired by sentiments of the most sublime courage: two or three of them were in the habit of encountering whole armies, and they were always ready to meet death, provided that it were on the bed of honour: while other uncultivated nations, and even the Highlanders themselves, at a later period, are known to carry on war only by surprise, to make a great show of courage, but to betake themselves to flight where they find resistance. The Caledonians hunted wild boars, stags, and roebucks, but no bears, which must therefore have been exterminated long before the time of *Ossian*. Black hair and blue eyes were admired, red hair disliked; of tattooing and painting their skins we have no traces; rosy cheeks, white arms, and white bosoms continually occur, even in speaking of men. They had clothes, beds, and splendid robes: they dwelt in castles, towns, and palaces with pinnacles and towers, and roofs of a hundred oaks of the mountains; they ate in spacious halls, illuminated with wax lights; and they drank out of shells. Chimnies too were in use among them, though these are known to be the invention of much later times. They had helmets of steel and polished armour: their swords were pointed, and they often used them for thrusting. Instead of darts they had long spears, they carried daggers, and fought with bows and arrows: they had no chariots for fighting; their king only displayed a splendid equipage. Fingal's carriage hung on leathern braces, like a Parisian phaeton; the sides were of polished ivory, the bits of brilliant steel, the reins adorned with gems. Of love they had the most refined and the noblest sentiments: marriage was universally introduced, and each had a single wife, whom he most tenderly loved. The ships and fleets were splendidly fitted out with lofty masts, like those of the 18th century. We have no traces of Druids, or of any peculiar religion, but the general notions of ghosts and departed souls, which certainly have afforded materials for the most beautiful images and comparisons: these, however, are mixed with imitations of Homeric and even of scriptural beauties. In short the Caledonians of Macpherson are not comparable even to the Highlanders of the middle and later ages; but they are some of the most accomplished knights of the 16th century, from the richest and most flourishing states of Europe.

In fact the poet *Ossian* seems to be an imaginary personage, created by Macpherson, on the slight foundation of the existence of a warrior *Oisín*, the son of *Fion*, who is mentioned in some Irish poems. He has endeavoured to assign a date to this *Ossian* from the miscellaneous



pieces which he has chosen to attribute to him; in the poem *Comata*, Fingal fights with Caracul, the son of the ruler of the world; and in the war with Caros, Oscar, Ossian's son, is engaged: these are supposed to be Aurelius Antonius Caracalla, the son of the Emperor Severus, who made war against the Caledonians in 211, and Carausius, who elevated himself to the imperial dignity in 287, and went into Britain, where he restored the wall of Agricola. But there is no difficulty in supposing a poet of any age to have had a general idea of these facts, and to have interwoven with them the history of Ossian and his family, as well as many other fictitious embellishments. Upon equally valid grounds we might demonstrate that Ossian lived in the ninth and in the fifth century. In Fingal king Swaran invades Ireland from Lochlin, that is, Denmark or Norway; and in the poems discovered by Dr. Young, (Ir. Trans.) Ossian disputes with St. Patrick respecting the truth of the Christian religion. Now Patrick came to Ireland in the year 436; and the irruptions of the Normans into Ireland began, according to historical evidence, in the end of the eighth century. If, therefore, all these poems are to be literally credited, it follows that Ossian and Fingal, who are so materially concerned in all of them, must have lived to be about 600 years old.

The *Latin* language is placed at the head of a family, rather with regard to its numerous descendants, than to its origin, being too evidently derived from the Celtic mixed with Greek, to require particular comparison. Its character as a derivative language may be observed in the adoption of insulated terms, independently of the simpler words from which they are deduced: thus we have *Ventus*, wind, without any Latin etymology; in the German, on the contrary, we have *Wehe*, blow, whence *Wehend*, and *Wind*; in Cimbric *Gwynt* or *Vent*.

The first inhabitants of Italy appear to have been Illyrians or Thracians, Cantabrians, Celts, Pelasgians, and Etrurians. The Etrurians and Umbrians were originally a branch of the Celts from Rhoetia, as is shewn by the similarity of the names of places, as well as by the remains of Etruscan art found in that part of the Tyrol: they are supposed to have entered Italy through Trent about the year 1000 B. C. and to have afterwards improved their taste and workmanship under the auspices of Demaratus of Corinth, who settled in Etruria in 660 B. C.: but on the subject of the Etrurians we are to expect further information in an appendix. Rome, from its situation, would naturally receive much of the languages of these various nations, and much of the Greek from the colonies in the south of Italy. In the time of Cicero, the *Salian songs*, supposed to be about 500 years old, were no longer intelligible even to those who sang them. We find in an inscription perhaps still more ancient, and approaching to the time of Romulus, *Lases* for *Lares*, and for *Flores*, *Pleores*, which is somewhat

what nearer to the Celtic *Bleun*: in the time of Numa, for *Hominem liberum*, we have *Hemonem loebesom*: we find also a *D* added to the oblique cases, as *Capited*; for *Capite*, which, as well as the termination *AI* in the genitive, *aulai*, *pennai*, is taken immediately from the Celtic, and is even found in the modern Gaelic.

The Latin remained but a few centuries in perfection; in the middle ages, a number of barbarous words were added to it, principally of Celtic origin, which are found in the glossaries of *Dufresne* and *Charpentier*. At the end of the 7th century it began to acquire the character of Italian, as, *Campo divisum est*; and in the 8th century, in Spain, we find *Vendant sine pecho, de nostras terras*. The formation of the Italian language may be said to have been completed by *Dante* in the beginning of the 14th century; and it was still further polished by the classical authors who immediately succeeded him. It contains many German words, derived from the different nations who occupied in succession the northern parts of Italy, and some Arabic, Norman, and Spanish, left by occasional visitors in the south. It is spoken by the common people in very different degrees of purity. Among the northern dialects, that of *Friuli* is mixed with French, and with some *Slavonian*. The *Sicilians*, having been conquered in succession by the Greeks, *Carthaginians*, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards, have retained something of the language of each. *Sardinia* has given shelter to Iberians, Libyans, Tyrrhenes, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Goths, Lombards, Franks, Arabs, Pisans and Arragonians: and the proper Sardinian language is a mixture of Latin with Greek, French, German, and Castilian. *Corsica* has also been occupied by a similar diversity of nations; its peculiar idiom is little known; but the dialect of the upper classes is said to approach nearly to the *Tuscan*.

Spain, after its complete subjugation by the Romans, enjoyed some centuries of tranquillity. The Vandals and Alans prevailed but for a short time: the Suevi on the north coast somewhat longer: and from these nations the rustic Roman, which had become general in Spain, received some German words; it derived however much more from the Arabic, during the domination of the Moors, which lasted from the beginning of the 8th century to the end of the 15th; and at one time during this period the Arabic was almost universally employed, except in the churches. The Spanish language advanced the most rapidly towards perfection during the height of the national prosperity which immediately followed the conquest of America: it was afterwards neglected, and again more particularly cultivated by the academy of Madrid in the 18th century.

The Portuguese is supposed to have received a mixture of French from the followers of Count Henry of Burgundy, under whom Portugal first formed a separate state in 1100: but the language is very different from that of the confines of France and Spain; and the nasal vowels of the Portuguese are not precisely the same with those of the French. Many Latin words are retained in the Portuguese, which are not found in any other modern language: the words are generally contracted by the omission of some of the radical letters of the originals.

The Rhoetians, in the country of the Grisons, were subdued by the Romans in the time of Augustus. They became part of the Alemannish kingdom, under Theodobert, in 539: their union with Swisserland took place in the beginning of the 14th century. Half of the Grisons speak the Romanish language, immediately derived from the rustic Roman, with some German; which has been particularly made known by Mr. Planta's account of it in the *Philosophical Transactions*: one third speak German, mixed with some Romanish words; and the rest a bad Italian.

France, in the time of the Romans, was occupied by the Gauls, together with the Aquitanians, who were probably Cantabrians, and the Cimbrians or Belgians. From the rustic Roman, mixed with the languages of these nations, the Romance was gradually formed. In the 5th century the Franks took possession of the north-eastern part of the country: they retained their language for some centuries, but by degrees it became mixed with the Romance and formed French, one-fifth of which at least is of German origin: and yet Menage ventured to write on French etymology without understanding any German. Our author however is not very happy in some of the instances of such derivations which he adduces; and it is remarkable that a great number of the German words found in French appear to have passed through the medium of the Italian. In the south of France the language remained more exempt from the influence of the German, under the name of the Provençal; and the troubadours contributed, especially from the 11th to the 13th century, to give it refinement and currency: but in later times the langue d'oui has prevailed over the langue d'oc, which is spoken by a few of the lowest class only.

The last and least genuine of the descendants of the Latin is the Wallachian, about one-half of which is German, Sclavonian, and Turkish. The original Thracians of the country must have been in great measure superseded by the successive settlements of various nations: in the third century some of the Goths and Vandals, in the 4th the Jazyges, after Attila's death in the 5th some Huns and Alans, about the end of the 7th the Bulgarians, and afterwards the Petschenegers and Hungarians established themselves in it: and

and in the 13th century Wallachia became an independent state. The Latin part of this language has much of the Italian form, and had even assumed it as early as the 5th century: it must have been derived from Roman colonies, and more lately perhaps from the missionaries sent into the country by Pope Gregory XI. The Dacian or Hungarian dialect prevails on the north of the Danube, the Thracian or Cutzowallachian on the south: the latter is more mixed with Greek and Albanian. There is also a small Wallachian colony in Transylvania.

The *Cantabrian* or Biscayan has many words in common with the Latin, whether originally or by adoption, and was probably in some measure connected with the Celtic dialects, which were the immediate predecessors of the Latin, though still much more distinct from them than the Latin itself. The Cantabrian Aita, father, has some resemblance to the Irish At' air; Seru is not wholly unlike Coelum; Errenjan, Regnum; and Borondatia, Voluntas: the coincidence of Gun, day, with the Tartarian, is perhaps more accidental. This language is spoken in the angles of France and Spain adjoining to the northern extremity of the Pyrenees: a spot which it is impossible to mention at this period without pride and pleasure. The same people were called Cantabrians in the north, and Iberians in the south, and extended between the Pyrenees and the Rhone as Ligurians, or inhabitants of the coast. They have adopted a few German words, perhaps from the empire of the west Goths: and they have furnished the modern Spanish with more than a hundred original words of their own. The construction of the language is extremely intricate: its verbs have eleven moods, among which are a consuetudinary, a voluntary, a compulsory, and a penitudinary: Larramendi's grammar, published at Salamanca in 1729, is called *El imposible vencido*.

The connexion of the Slavonian, and Lithuanian, which we have comprehended in the title of the *Slavic* family, with the other languages of the Indoeuropean class, is sufficiently established, without exceeding the limits of the Lord's Prayer, by the resemblance of Nebi or Nebesi to the Cimbric Nefoedd and the Greek Nephos, and of Wolja and Chljeb to the Gothic Wilja and Hlaif. The Slavonians are the descendants of the ancient Sarmatians, who were situated north of the Black Sea and of the Danube: they were conquered by the Goths, and then driven by the Tartars and Huns into the north-east of Germany, and the neighbouring countries. Procopius calls them *Spori*, and divides them into the *Sclavi* and the *Antes*, perhaps the same as the Wends. They formed at an early period two principal states, Great Russia, about Novogorod, and Little Russia on the Dnieper, its capital being Kiew. The Russi were a Scandinavian branch under Rurik, to whom

whom the Slavonians of the former state submitted in 862; whence they were called Russians; and Rurik's successor Oleg conquered Kiew. After several vicissitudes, the Russians were liberated by Iwan Wasiliewitch at the end of the 15th century; and this period was the beginning of their greatness. Their language has some mixture of Greek, Finnish, Swedish, Tartar, and Mongol. The ecclesiastical dialect was uniformly retained in all literary works in the former part of the last century, but now the language of conversation is generally adopted in writing. This language is more immediately derived from that of Great Russia; that of the church, which is called the Slawenish, rather from Little Russia, and especially from the dialect of Servia.

In 640, the Slavonians took possession of Illyria, which before that time had been over-run by a variety of other nations, and they still retain it, under the names of Servians, Croatians, and southern Wends. The Servians are supposed to have come from Great Servia, now east Gallicia, on the upper Vistula; the Croatians, from Great Chrobatia, probably on the Carpathian mountains. Cyril first adapted the Greek alphabet to the Slavonian language in Pannonia: his letters were afterwards a little altered, and attributed to St. Jerom, in order to reconcile the people to their use; and in this form they are termed the Glagolitic characters. The Servian dialect is intermediate between the Russian and the Croatian. The Bulgarians speak a corrupt Slavonian, which Boscovich, from Ragusa, could scarcely understand. The Uskoks are a wild race of the Bulgarians, extending into Carniola, and speaking a mixed language. The dialect of Slavonia and Dalmatia is nearly the same as that of Servia and Bosnia: the churches use the ecclesiastical language of Russia. In Ragusa the orthography approaches in some measure to the Italian. The Servian is also imperfectly spoken by a small colony in Transylvania.

The southern Wends were first distinguished in 630, and were probably so named, like the Veneti, from being settled on the shores of the Adriatic, the word Wend or Wand meaning sea. They are now mixed with Germans in Carniola, Carinthia, and lower Stiria. In Hungary there is a small colony who call themselves Slowens, and speak the Wendish dialect of the Slavonian.

The western Slavonians, or the proper Solavi, use the Roman characters; but Adelung has altered the orthography of his specimens, in order to accommodate them to the German mode of pronunciation. The Poles probably came with the Russians from the Danube into the countries abandoned by the Goths: the name implies inhabitants of plains. Their language was partly superseded by the Latin in the 10th century, when they received the rites of the Latin church: but it has in later times been more cultivated.

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The Kassubians, in Pomerania, speak a Polish mixed with a little German. In Silesia, the names of places in the plains are Slavonian; in the hills, more lately occupied, German: but German has been the language of Breslau ever since the year 1300.

The Bohemians emigrated, with the Moravians and Slovaks, into their present habitations, about the middle of the 6th century, after the destruction of the kingdom of Thuringia by the Franks and Saxons. There is a Bohemian hymn of the date 900, and a chronicle in rhyme of 1310. One-third of the Bohemians are of German origin, and speak a corrupt German.

The Serbs or Wends came about the same time into the countries between the Saal and the Oder, from the neighbourhood of the Volga or the Crim: a few of them are still left in Lusatia, under the name of Wends or Slavonians, and some in Misnia. In Pomerania the Wendish became extinct about 1400; but the Polabes in Lüneburg, on the Leye, kept up till lately a language consisting of a mixture of Wendish and German.

Of the Lithuanian or Lettish language, two-thirds are Slavonian, the rest is principally German. When the Goths had removed from the Baltic towards the Black Sea, their neighbours the Aestii remained for some hundred years independent, till in the sixth century the Slavonians incorporated themselves with them, and formed the Lettish people and language. The old Prussian was spoken at the time of the reformation, in Samland and its neighbourhood; but it is now lost: it contained more German than the other Lithuanian dialects. The Prussian Lithuanian is spoken from the Inster to Memel, especially in Insterburg. The Polish Lithuanian, in Samogitia, has a little mixture of Polish. The proper Lettish is current in Lettland and Courland; it is purest about Mittau and Riga; the old Courlanders having been Fins, this dialect has received a little Finnish from them. The account of the Lithuanian languages concludes with some remarks by Mr. Hennig, which are very ingenious and interesting.

The Tshudish or Finnish, the Hungarian and the Albanian languages have some traits of resemblance to each other: they are placed as forming the Sporadic or Scattered order of the great Tataric or Atactic class, being in some measure geographically detached from the rest; and they stand next to the Indoeuropean, as exhibiting an occasional resemblance to some of the languages contained in it, though not enough to make it certain that the connexion is essential or original: thus the Finnish is said to have some coincidences with the Greek, the Hungarian with the Finnish, and the Albanian with all its neighbours.

The term *Tshudish* is employed as comprehending the Fins, Laplanders, Esthonians, and Livonians; a race of people of unknown

known origin, but certainly having no connexion with the Huns or Mongols. Their languages are remarkable for the great complexity of their structure: their nouns for example having from ten to fifteen cases, among which are reckoned, in the Finnish, a nuncupative, a conditional accusative, a factitive, a mediative, a descriptive, a penetrative, a locative, a privative, and a negative. The Esthonian has less direct variety of termination, but several intricate combinations. There is also a great multiplicity of dialects, partly from a mixture of Scandinavian, and partly from other causes: in Lapland almost every church has a peculiar version of the service. The Finnish is intermediate between the Laplandish and the Esthonian. The Esthonians are the Aestii of the Romans, the name implying Easterly, and being appropriate to the country, and not to the people. The principal dialects of their language are those of Reval and of Dorpat; it is also probably spoken by the Krewins in Courland. The Livonian is much mixed with other languages, and has been almost superseded by the Lettish.

The *Hungarians* inhabited in the fourth century the country of the Bashkirs, between the Tobol, the Volga, and the Jaik, perhaps as colonists, since their name signifies strangers: their language was spoken in this neighbourhood as late as the thirteenth century: in the sixth they were conquered by some of their Turkish neighbours; in the end of the ninth they were forced by the Petschenegs, a Tartarian nation, to remove nearer to the Carpathian mountains. They were then engaged in the German wars, and their country having been occupied during their absence by the Bulgarians, they took possession of the Bulgarian kingdom on the Theiss, as well as of Pannonia. Their language is somewhat like the Finnish, but the people are very different in appearance; which might indeed be the effect of a difference of climate; but in fact the language appears to be still more like the Slavonian, with a mixture of a multitude of others; it has some words from various Tartarian dialects, German, French, Latin, Armenian, Hebrew, Persian and Arabic: but it has no traces of the Mongol, nor is it possible that the people can be descendants of the Huns, whose character and cast of features can never be eradicated. The word Coach, so general in Europe, is originally Hungarian, having been derived from the town of Kots, where coaches are said to have been invented. The Szecklers, in Transylvania, speak a language like the Hungarian: it is uncertain whether they are a Hungarian colony, or remains of the Petschenegs: but, however this may be, there is little doubt that the Hungarians are principally of Tartarian extraction, though much mixed with other nations.

The *Albanians* speak a language of which a considerable portion is Greek, Latin, German, Slavonian or Turkish: but the rest  
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seems to be perfectly distinct from any other. They are probably connected with the Albanians between Mount Caucasus and the river Cyrus, who are supposed to be derived from the Alani: some of them seem to have entered Bulgaria as late as 1308. In 1461 many of them fled from the Turks to Italy and Sicily, where they still exist near Reggio and Messina. The Clementines are an Albanian colony who followed the Austrian army in 1737; such of them as escaped from the pursuit of the Turks established themselves in Syrmia.

The languages referred to the Caucasian order have little more in common, than their geographical situation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caucasian mountains. Except the Armenian and Georgian, they are scarcely ever employed in writing; and principally, perhaps, from this cause, they exhibit as great a diversity in the space of a few square miles, as those of many other nations do in as many thousands. Our information respecting them is principally derived from *Güldenstedt*, and the vocabulary of *Petersburg*. The interesting abstract of *Mr. Ellis* has been translated into French and enlarged (*Par. 1797*), but the additions relate merely to ancient geography and history. It is only conjectured that most of these nations are derived from the miscellaneous fragments of expeditions of various nations, left behind in their passage through the country at different periods.

The connexion of the *Armenian* with the Sanscrit and the Persian is just enough to make it equally possible, that the coincidences may have been derived from a common parent, or that one language may have simply borrowed detached words from the other. Nothing is known of the history of the Armenian before the time of *Miesrob*, who translated the Bible into it in 405: the historian *Moses of Chorene* was his pupil. The language flourished till the year 800, and is still preserved in tolerable purity in the cloisters; the common people speak a dialect more corrupt and mixed.

The *Georgians* are supposed to have derived their name from the river Cyrus or Gur, and to have formerly extended to Colchis, under the denomination of Iberians. *Moses of Chorene* in the fifth century mentions the Georgian translation of the Bible. The old language is still preserved in the churches, and the common dialect of the country is derived from it, together with the *Kartvelish*, *Imirettish*, *Mingrelish* and *Suanetish*, which are varieties of that dialect: the *Tushetish* is mixed with *Kistic*. The *Georgians* have thirty-seven letters, and among them a variety of aspirates and sibilants.

The *Abassic* nations seem to be old inhabitants of the Caucasian country: the *Circassians* are situated to the east of them, on the promontory of north Caucasus: the *Ossetes* on the left of the Terek,



Terek, north of the mountains. The *Kistic*, spoken by the Ingushan, and their neighbours, at the head of the Terek, is connected with the Tushetan Georgian. The Lesgians, east of Caucasus, on the Caspian sea, have a number of distinct dialects, or rather languages; thus the *Chunsag*, the *Dido*, the *Kasi Kumück*, the *Andi*, and the *Akusha*, have little or no connection with each other, except that the *Dido* somewhat resembles the *Chunsag*, from the which *Anzug* and the *Dshar* differ very little. The *Kasi Kumück* seems to have adopted some words of the Armenian, and the *Andi* and *Akusha* of the Georgian. The dialect of *Kubesh* resembles that of *Akusha*, and retains no traces of a supposed European origin.

The languages of the central and elevated parts of Asia are comprehended in the order Tartarian: they extend from the Caspian sea to the mouth of the Amur, through countries which have been in former ages the constant scenes of emigration and barbarism. The *Turcotartarians* are supposed to correspond to the scriptural appellation *Magog*, and to the Scythians of the Greeks. The Turks of Turkestan seem to have been the Massagetae and Chorasmi of the ancients; their country extended north of Persia and Tibet from the Caspian to the Altaic mountains. In the twelfth century they were brilliant and victorious, at present a few of the people only are left in the neighbourhood of the Mongols, and their language is unknown: the Turcomans scattered in Persia and Arabia, are derived from the same race. The Osmans, now commonly called Turks, separated from Turkestan in 545, and conquered Persia: they were denominated Osmans from one of their leaders in the fourteenth century; their language has been much mixed with Arabic and Persian. This language, with the neighbouring dialects, we have ventured to distinguish by the term Caspian, having already applied the word Tartarian to the whole order; several of these dialects exhibit a mixture of words from the language of the Mongols, which, as well as the Calmuck, has a sufficient connexion with them to be arranged as belonging to the same Turcotartarian family: it would, perhaps, be equally correct to consider some of them rather as distinct languages than as dialects of a single one: but it is not easy to discriminate those which are entitled to this rank. The Bucharians are situated between the Oxus and Iaxartes: they still retain some traces of a superior degree of civilisation, by which they were once distinguished: their language is little known. The Tartars were described by the terms Scythians, Bulgarians, Avari, and other appellations, before they were conquered and united by Genghizkhan the Mongol: in the year 1552, they became subject to the Russians. The most westerly are the Nogaic, or Nagaic, and Crimean Tartars: their language

guage is much like the Turkish, but mixed with some Mongol. Those of Cumania in Hungary have now forgotten their original language, and speak the Hungarian; the last person who understood the Cumanian having died in 1770: they entered Hungary in 1086, and became Christians in 1410. The Tartarian, or rather Caspian, is spoken in great purity at Kasan: a dialect somewhat different in Orenburg; and another by the Kirgishes, who occupy part of the ancient Turkestan. Among the Siberian Tartars, the remains of the kingdom of Turan, some are Mahometans; others, as the Turalinzic villagers, have been made Christians: at least, the Archbishop Philophei performed the ceremony of baptizing them, by ordering his dragoons to drive them in a body into the river: the inhabitants of the banks of the Tara, a branch of the Irtysh, are said to be derived from the Bucharians. The Tshulymic Tartars enjoy the same advantage as the Turalinzic, and are considered as Christians by the Russians. The Teleutes, in Sonjor, are heathens, nearly like the Shamanites of India. The Jakuts extend along the Lena to the sea: their language contains some Mantshuric and some Tungusic: that of the Tshuwashes, on the Volga, is said to have been once distinct from the Tartarian, but is at present much mixed with it.

The Mongols are marked by their features as a race very different from the other Tartars: the character of their countenance seems to be easily propagated, and never completely effaced: they appear to have been originally situated about the Altaic mountains. The description of the Huns, found in Ammian, Procopius, and others, agrees exactly with the present Mongols, whom the Chinese still call Hiong nu; and more particularly with the Calmucks: the names of the Huns are also found to be explicable from the Mongol language. In the first century they were driven westwards by the Chinese: under Attila they penetrated into the middle of Europe: and they were little less successful at subsequent periods under Genghizkhan and Timur Leng. When they were expelled from China, after having held it in subjection for more than a century, they carried back no civilisation with them; nor was either of the languages permanently affected by this temporary mixture of the nations, although the physiognomy of the Chinese bears ample testimony of its having once existed. The construction of their language seems to be very indirect and figurative. The Calmuck dialect is somewhat mixed with Tartarian. The Tagurians, or Daurians, between the lake Baikal and the Mongol hills, are said to be of Mantshuric origin: but their language evidently resembles the Calmuck.

The Mantshurians are sometimes improperly called eastern Mongols; they are subjects of the empire of China. Their language

guage is rude, and not much like the Chinese, though evidently derived from the monosyllabic class: it has some words in common with the European languages; as Kiri, patient, Kirre, Germ. Cicur, Lat. tame; Furu, Furor; Lapta, rags, Lappen, Germ.; Sengui, Sanguis; Ania, Annus: but these resemblances are scarcely sufficient to justify us in forming any conclusion from them.

The *Tungusians*, in the east of Siberia, subject to the Chinese, speak a peculiar language mixed with some Mongol. Whether that of the island of *Sagalien*, opposite to the mouth of the Amur, is a dialect of the Mantshuric, or a language totally distinct from it, appears to be not sufficiently ascertained. The *Corean* has been supposed to be a mixture of Mantshuric and Chinese; the Coreans do not understand either of those languages when they are spoken, but this fact is perfectly compatible with the supposition.

The languages belonging to the Siberian order occupy the whole of the north of Asia, between the mountainous Tartarian territory and the frozen sea. At the commencement of this order we find a variety of inconsiderable nations in the neighbourhood of the confines of Europe and Asia, which have their distinct languages, probably formed in times comparatively modern, out of the fragments of others. They have almost all of them some Finnish words, but none a sufficient number to justify us in considering them as dialects of the Finnish language, although the people were very probably connected with the Fins, as neighbours, in the middle ages, on the banks of the Dwina and elsewhere. The *Sirjanes*, in the government of Archangel, speak the same language with the *Permians*, who are partly in the same government, and partly in that of Kasan: the *Wotiaks*, on the *Wiatka*, also in Kasan, have a dialect which seems to be intermediate between the *Permian* and the *Tsheremissic*. The *Woguls*, situated on the *Kama* and *Irtish*, have borrowed much from the language of the *Ostiaks*; they have also some Hungarian words. The *Tsheremisses*, on the *Volga* in Kasan, have a little mixture of *Turcotartarian*. The *Morduins*, on the *Oka* and *Volga*, have about one eighth of their language Finnish, and also some *Turcotartarian* words. The *Teptjerai* are people paying no taxes, who originated from the relics of the *Tartarokasanic* kingdom in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the connexion of these languages with each other, and with the Finnish, would justify us in considering them as belonging at least to one family: but the specimens are too scanty to enable us to arrange them in a manner perfectly satisfactory.

The *Samojedic* nations are situated north of the Tartars, by whom they may possibly have been driven into their present habitations. In the specimen of the *Turucanish* language, our author has evidently mistranslated *Csonaar*, 'Heaven,' instead of *In*. The

*Camashes*

*Camashes* are on the right of the *Jenisei*: they are *Shamanites* or *Buddists*: their language seems to be a mixture of several others. The *Koibals* have been baptized; their dialect has borrowed some *Turcotartarian* words. The *Motors* are situated on the *Tuba*. The *Jukadshirs* are few in number; they are between the *Jakuti* and the *Tshutshi*: they have some *Jakutish* words; and, it may be added, some *Tsheremissic*. The *Koriaks* and the *Tshutshi* occupy the north easternmost point of *Siberia*: the *Kamtshatkans* are immediately next to them on the south.

The insular order of the *Tataric* or *Atactic* class of languages must be understood as comprehending all the *Asiatic* islands east of *Borneo*. The language of the *Kurilees* is different from that of the neighbouring *Eastern islands*, as well as from the *Japanese*: but in some of them *Japanese* is spoken. The *Japanese* derive themselves from the *Chinese*; but their language contradicts this opinion: they have evident traces of *Mongol* extraction or relationship. *Formosa* was conquered by the *Dutch* in 1620, but in 1661 it was taken from them by a *Chinese* pirate: the next year some books were printed in the *Formosan* language in *Holland*, the capture of the island not being yet known: in 1682, it was given up to the *Chinese* government. The *Tagalish* and *Bissayish*, which are the principal dialects of the *Philippines*, and of the neighbouring islands, are supposed to have been originally derived from the *Malayan*: but their resemblance to it is in great measure lost. Some single words, as *Matta*, the eye, and *Matte*, death, are found in almost all the islands of the *Pacific ocean*; the languages of which, notwithstanding their immense distances, seem to differ less than those of the inhabitants of some very small continental tracts: they might perhaps be distinguished into a few well defined families, if our knowledge of them were more complete. The resemblance of *Matte* to the *Arabian Mot* and the *Latin Mactare* is probably accidental.

The number of the *African* languages is supposed to amount to 100 or 150, and as many as 70 or 80 of them have been distinguished with tolerable accuracy. The population of *Africa* seems to have been derived from *Arabia*, and, as our author thinks, rather from the southern than the northern parts: a great number of its present inhabitants are *negros*, but these cannot be distinguished from the rest by any absolute criterion. The account given by *Ptolemy* of the interior part of the country appears to be wonderfully accurate and extensive; although some of his measures seem to be erroneous, and not sufficiently reconcilable with the truth, even by adopting *Major Rennell's* hypotheses respecting them. It is however remarkable that *Ptolemy* followed *Hipparchus* in extending the eastern coast of *Africa* to the *Ganges*, although more

correct ideas of its form had been entertained at Alexandria before his time.

The Copts and Egyptians demand the priority in treating of the inhabitants of Africa, from their early connexion with ancient history. It is observable that the mummies of the Egyptians have the countenances of negros; at present the people of middle Africa in general are more or less like negros, but they are somewhat less dark, and their noses and lips are less peculiar. The Egyptians are supposed by some to have received their civilisation from Ethiopia: in later times they were much mixed with their neighbours and their conquerors. The Saracens called them Copts. The Coptic language contains much Greek: the rest is probably old Egyptian, which must be considered as a distinct language, notwithstanding some resemblances to the Hebrew and Arabic, and to the languages of Tigri, Amhara, and the Berbers: with the Sanscrit it is little or not at all connected; and the majority of its simplest roots are peculiar to itself. In some of the numerals it agrees with the Hebrew: the word *Chmoin*, heat, resembles the Hebrew and Syriac *Chmam*; *Chim* or *Chem* is, to be hot, and this seems to afford a satisfactory etymology of the term *Chemia*, implying the Hermetic science, brought from Egypt, as a magic art, in the time of Diocletian. The Coptic language has been extinct about two centuries: the northern or Memphitic dialect is the most known: there is also a Sahidic translation of the Bible, supposed by Woide to be more modern, by others to be more ancient than the Memphitic; and a fragment has been found, in a Borgian manuscript, of a translation into a Thebaic dialect, different from either of the former, but most resembling the Sahidic. It may be hoped that some light will be thrown on the old Coptic, by the attempts of future investigators to decypher the inscriptions of Rosetta, more completely than Mr. Akerblad has done. The bandages of the mummies, copied by Denon, present us with another interesting field of inquiry: but the characters which they exhibit are totally different from those of Rosetta: they appear to exceed thirty in number, besides some occasional variations in their repetition, perhaps intended to denote vowels, as in the Ethiopic.

The north of Africa is occupied by inhabitants not much differing in appearance from the Arabs: its three principal divisions are the coast, the country of wild beasts, and the desert. The later Arabs have expelled the earlier Africans from the first division, and partly from the second: the Berbers occupy the third; inhabiting principally the Oases or islands, scattered through the desert, from mount Atlas to Egypt, and speaking, as Hornemann first ascertained, the same language throughout this vast extent. They were first well described by Leo Africanus: they are probably the

remains of the Mauritanians, Numidians, Gaetulians and Garamantians: there is no foundation whatever for the opinion of some modern authors of celebrity, that their language is derived from the Punic: we even find from Sallust that the Numidian language differed from the Carthaginian, and from Valerius Maximus that it was written in a peculiar character. The language of the Canaries considerably resembles the Berber: thus milk is Acho in Berber, Abo in the Canaries. These islands were discovered in 1330, and afterwards conquered with some difficulty by the Spaniards: the inhabitants were a fine race of men, and lived in comfort and tranquillity; and they still preserve some traces of their original character and condition.

Professor Vater has entered into a minute account of the language of Amhara, the Camara of Agatharchides; he considers it as totally independent of the Geez or Ethiopic, with the exception of some adopted words, which require peculiar characters: but we cannot help preferring the arrangement of Adelung, who makes the Amharic a dialect of the Ethiopic, for to us the two languages appear to be almost identical. The Amharic has a very few resemblances to the Sanscrit, for instance, Tshegure, hair, in Sanscrit Tshicura. Macrizi tells us that there are in the whole fifty Abyssinian dialects, so that there may still be a variety of original languages among them. Dr. Seetzen has given us much information respecting some of these dialects, in the eastern part of the country; in particular the languages of Hauasa in Tigri, Argubba, and the islands Massua and Suaken: the Hauasan we have classed as a dialect of the Amharic. The Agows and the Gafats are situated in the neighbourhood of the Nile: the Falashas are Jewish, and scattered through the country, especially in Dembea. The Mek, or king of Dungola, is dependent on the king of Sennaar: the Barabras, at the confluence of the Tacazze and the Nile, are also subjects of the Mek of Dungola.

The inhabitants of the country between the desert Zaara and the Niger have a great resemblance to negroes, but are somewhat different from them. In the east are those of Sudan, or Afnu, and Bgirma: in the west the Fulahs: the Phellatas are a branch of these, extending considerably to the north east, with a mixture of negroes.

Of the languages of the negroes, strictly so called, many interesting specimens have been collected by the zeal of the Evangelical missionaries in the Caribbee islands, and published by Oldendorp in his account of the mission: but we have not sufficient materials, to enable us to trace any extensive connexions or dependences among their multifarious dialects.

There are some points of coincidence between the language of Madagascar and those of the Malays, the Philippine islanders, the

Beetjuana Caffres, and the Corana Hottentots: there are also a few words borrowed from the modern Arabic, not, as Court de Gebelin would persuade us, from the Phenician; nor can any other of the affinities be very distinctly established.

The Caffres have little of the negro character, except the black colour, and less of this, as they become more remote from the equator. The researches of Lichtenstein, to whom our author very indulgently gives great credit for his persevering industry, are said to have shown the identity of the people occupying the whole of Africa north of the Hottentots, as far as Benguela and Quiloa, all of whom are considered as belonging to the Caffres.

The Hottentots, with their neighbours the Bosjemans, speak different dialects of the same singular language in different parts of their country. The Dammaras, who are classed by Lichtenstein among the Hottentots, were considered by Barrow, apparently on better evidence, as Caffres: of their particular dialect nothing appears to be known.

The account of the language of the Hottentots concludes the first part of the third volume of this elaborate work. The publishers and the editor have informed their readers that two additional parts were very soon to appear: the one containing an account of the languages of America; the other some additions to the whole work, principally from the papers of Professor Adelung, together with an essay on the Cantabrian language, by the active and ingenious Baron Humboldt. The most valuable of the materials relating to the American languages have also been obtained from Baron Humboldt: and Professor Vater has prepared them for publication, in a much more instructive form, than that in which they were put into his hands. In this, as well as in the execution of other parts of his task, we cannot but approve his diligence, though we do not profess to feel so lively an interest, respecting languages uncultivated by literature, and unimproved by civilisation, as respecting those, of which the analogies are applicable to the verification of history, and the illustration of the progress of the human mind towards perfection.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1814.

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ART. I. *Patronage.* By Maria Edgeworth, Author of 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' 'Belinda,' 'Leonora,' &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1814.

NOVEL-writing is perhaps the most remarkable addition which the moderns have made to literature. In a variety of other instances they have prodigiously embellished and enlarged the structure bequeathed to them by antiquity; but in this they have built from the ground. Every thing that we see of this kind is planned by their genius, and fabricated out of materials exclusively their own. Some miserable attempts of the later Greeks will hardly be considered as contradicting this assertion. With the single exception of the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus, they consist of a few tiresome stories, absolutely void of taste, invention, or interest, without influence even upon the declining literature of their own age, and in all probability quite unknown to the real forerunners of Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau. In fact the means of making a novel did not exist. Slavery spread a gloomy uniformity over three-fourths of the population of Greece and Rome. The free citizens were chiefly devoted to publick affairs, and their private life exhibited nothing but a stern unsocial strictness on the one hand, or a disgusting shameless profligacy on the other. To them that steady settled influence of women upon society was utterly unknown, which in modern times has given grace, variety, and interest to private life, and rendered the delineation of it one of the most entertaining and one of the most instructive forms of composition. Such persons, such feelings, and such events as our novels describe did not exist till after the united effect of religion and chivalry—of religion in purifying—and of chivalry in softening the manners of men—had re-civilized the world with a more perfect civilization than was consistent with the habits and opinions prevalent in the most polished states of antiquity. The comic theatre of the ancients, which may be supposed to give a pretty accurate idea of their domestic habits, is barren both of character and incident, and the same notions of propriety which prevented all women above the servile state from appearing among the personages of a comedy, would equally have excluded them from any other work of fiction drawn from private life. But as soon as private life acquired sufficient interest and variety to render it worth describing,

novels were invented to describe it, and following pretty nearly the improvements of society, they have now become an important and very extensive branch of literature. In number they equal, in popularity they surpass every other. The public is delighted with the good ones, and content to read those that are bad. All classes of readers find a charm in the description of scenes which every one has witnessed, and of feelings with which every heart sympathizes. We doubt, however, whether the dignity of this species of composition has quite kept pace with its popularity—whether (speaking of our own country at least) people admire enough what they like perhaps too much—whether the same quantity of talent employed with equal success in any other way, would not have produced a larger share of fame. The readers of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Shakespeare, are not only delighted with the genius of these great authors, but pride themselves upon the dignity of their own occupation. Nobody is at all conversant in their works who is not aware of the rank which they hold in the republic of letters: but we are inclined to suspect that of the thousands who are charmed with the writings of Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau, a very large portion are quite unaware that they are to be numbered among the most successful efforts of human wit, ingenuity, and eloquence. If there is a strong taste in favour of novels, there are also some prejudices against them. There is something undignified in their name and origin. The germ of them is to be found in those entertaining, but extravagant and unprofitable histories of giants, enchanters, knights and damsels, which were so eagerly read in a stage of society when the manners described in them were not become wholly obsolete, and when what may be called the *romantic mythology* still found a place in popular belief, but which fell into discredit at a more advanced period, and received their death-blow from the wit of Cervantes. It happened too that the earliest of those compositions to which we have now agreed to confine the name of *novels*, that is to say, the earliest fictitious accounts of probable events in private life, were of such a tendency that all grave persons were obliged, and all moral persons were disposed to discountenance them. Boccaccio, who contributed so much to refine the language, did not a little to deprave the morals, of his country. He and his whole school are chiefly employed in the description of inflammatory scenes and profligate adventures. Even the greater and more recent writers are not free from some reproach. Le Sage's rogues are a great deal too agreeable and too prosperous. Richardson describes vice too plainly for modest ears. Rousseau and Fielding are also great offenders—though in widely different ways: Fielding too often makes virtue ridiculous; Rousseau tries to give dignity to vice.

But

But besides the blame justly cast upon some of the most celebrated novels for their immoral tendency, we have been sometimes inclined to suspect that this style of writing has suffered in public opinion by a prejudice derived from that 'age of erudition' which succeeded the revival of learning. Whilst the ancients were considered (and, for some time, justly considered) as the great and only models of excellence, and whilst the successful imitation of their works was regarded as the highest point of literary ambition, a species of composition wholly unknown to them was not likely to be fairly appreciated, whatever its intrinsic merit might be. In fact, we find that Boccaccio himself rested his chief title to fame, not upon his immortal '*Decamerone*,' but upon some Latin books, the very names of which, though we have often met with them in the literary history of that age, we are not ashamed to say we do not recollect. The prejudice was then in its greatest force. It has grown gradually weaker, and may now be considered as wholly extinct; but if we are not much mistaken, some traces of it were observable in the literature of this country till the very age in which we are living.

In respect too of morality, we are happy to observe that a great improvement has taken place of late years. It is, indeed, true that the press in England has produced some profligate novels, and that the press of France has teemed with them. But the most popular and distinguished works have been quite free from this disgrace. We owe this improvement in a great measure, no doubt, to the increased morality, or at least decency of the age,—partly too, as we are inclined to think, to the circumstance of this branch of literature having fallen very much into the hands of the other sex, who are restrained by education, disposition, and custom within those bounds which have been too frequently passed by the celebrated writers of whom we have just ventured to complain. Indeed it is a task for which women appear to be particularly well qualified. They are, generally speaking, gifted with a nice perception of the various shades of character and manners. This faculty is cultivated by constant habit. Private life is every thing to them. The laws of society confine them within its sphere, and they are therefore likely to observe it with care and to describe it with precision. In France the most eminent writers of this class are females, and in England we can boast several who amply maintain the credit of their sex and nation—particularly *Madame D'Arblay*, (*Miss Burney*), and the lady whose last publication is now before us.

Of this work it is our duty to render some account to our readers, but we trust we may be allowed in the first place to offer to them some general remarks upon an author already so well and so advantageously known to the world. We are the more inclined to do so, because *Miss Edgeworth*, with that vigour and originality

which are among the principal characteristics of genius, has struck out a line of writing peculiar to herself—a line which it required considerable boldness to adopt, and no common talents to execute with effect. Not only has Miss Edgeworth interdicted to herself all those unfair and discreditable modes of obtaining popularity to which we have before alluded, but she has also voluntarily renounced many others that may be deemed fair, and comparatively harmless. We do not mean to speak merely of the entire absence of castles, draw-bridges, spectres, banditti-caves, forests, moonlight and other scenes, which have furnished to Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school many a gorgeous and terrific tale. Her most distinguished contemporaries have been content to forego these easy embellishments. But she has made some sacrifices which, if we are not much mistaken, are peculiarly her own. Her pictures are all drawn in the soberest colours. She scarcely makes use of a single tint that is warmer than real life. No writer recurs so rarely, for the purpose of creating an interest, to the stronger and more impetuous feelings of our nature. Even love, the most powerful passion that acts within the sphere of domestic life—the presiding deity of the novel and the drama, is handled by her in a way very different from that in which we have been accustomed to see it treated in works of fiction. In them we find it represented sometimes as a guilty, sometimes as an innocent, but generally as an irresistible impulse—as a feeling which springs up spontaneously in the human breast,—now as a weed—now as a flower—but whether as a weed or as a flower, not to be eradicated. The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably into love—if they fell in love with the right person so much the better—if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with far less reverence. She has analyzed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit—esteem—a belief of some corresponding sentiment—and of some suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific—and following up this bold empirical line of practice, she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation. Having mastered love, of course she treats the minor passions with very little ceremony, and indeed she brings them out so curbed, watched, and circumscribed, that those who have been accustomed to see them range at large would hardly know them in their new trammels. Her favourite qualities are prudence, firmness, temper, and

and that active, vigilant good sense, which, without checking the course of our kindly affections, exercises its influence at every moment, and surveys deliberately the motives and consequences of every action. Utility is her object, reason and experience her means. She makes vastly less allowance than has been usually made for those 'amiable weaknesses,' 'sudden impulses,' 'uncontrollable emotions,' which cut so great a figure in the works of her predecessors. Her heroes and heroines are far more thinking, cautious, philosophizing persons than ever before were produced in that character. She is, in fact, if we may be allowed to coin a word, an *anti-sentimental* novelist. Her books so far from lending any countenance to vice, even in its most refined and agreeable form, afford some of the best lessons of practical morality with which we are acquainted. They teach, not merely by dry general maxims on the one hand, or by splendid examples on the other, but by reasons put into the mouths of the actors themselves, what is the right mode of conduct in circumstances of difficulty or temptation. She is constantly endeavouring to point out by the discussion of cases judiciously selected, or ingeniously invented, what is the road by which virtue conducts us to happiness. There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion, are those she is fondest of setting before our eyes, and we think her choice is sanctioned by the value of the doctrines which she inculcates. She has, doubtless, observed that this mode of instruction is not adapted to those cases in which to deviate from virtue is palpably a crime. It is to the decalogue, and to the terrors of the law that we are to look for the prevention of these graver and more striking offences. But men become fickle and indolent, and rely upon others to do that which they ought to do for themselves, before they have remarked the beginning of the evil, without foreseeing its consequences, and without being able to apply a remedy. It is to guard against these bad habits of mind—the causes of so much failure, disgrace, and misery, that Miss Edgeworth has principally directed her attention, and there is scarcely a page that does not contain some exhortation—direct or indirect—by precept or example to controul our passions and to exert our faculties. There are hardly any works of the kind that young persons can read with so much benefit. To their minds she constantly presents, in various shapes, and with a thousand illustrations, this great and salutary maxim—that nothing is to be learnt, and very little to be gained without labour—severe and continued labour. But she does not forget, in order to reconcile them to this somewhat unpalatable doctrine, to shew with equal care and truth that labour becomes vastly less irksome by habit—that judiciously directed it seldom fails

fails of its object—that laziness, even to those whose rank and fortune screen them from its most dreadful consequences—poverty and contempt—is in itself wearisome and painful—that the pauses and recreations of successful diligence comprize within them more cheerfulness and real gratification than are spread over the whole surface of a merely pleasurable life. With this view her principal characters are represented as persons of good, but not of extraordinary faculties; they do nothing suddenly and ‘*per saltum*,’ and their success and attainments are no more than what half the world may hope to equal by following the same means. She deals in examples, not in wonders; her’s are models of *imitable* excellence, and she rarely abuses the license of fiction to exhibit those miraculous combinations of virtue and talents, which, though they delight us for a moment with the image of perfection, serve to perplex and discourage not to guide the ordinary race of mortals.

Our readers we presume are aware, and if they are not they will be very far from doing justice to Miss Edgeworth’s merits, that so far as effect is concerned, this uniform systematic preference of what is *useful* to what is *splendid*, is a prodigious disadvantage. It is upon dazzling characters, in which virtue bordering in its excess upon the contiguous fault, more resembles a generous instinct, than a quality cultivated and strengthened by reason, that the writers of novels have justly relied for securing the public attention. Discretion and a logical head, they thought by no means fit for the heroes and heroines of romance. And undoubtedly if effect were the only object, they did much better with rash courage, inconsiderate generosity, hasty confidence, and love ardent and irresistible at first sight, qualities infinitely more attractive to the bulk of mankind, than those with which Miss Edgeworth has ventured to invest the principal persons of her drama. If then, in spite of sacrifices to which hardly any one else has submitted, she has contrived to render her works highly entertaining and popular, she surely deserves double praise; not merely for having surmounted a difficulty, which, when that difficulty has been made only for the purpose of being surmounted, is a merit of a very inferior order, but because the purpose for which she voluntarily encountered it, was highly useful and important.

To the accomplishment of this task, she has brought very considerable talents and acquirements, various reading, knowledge which, though she is too judicious to display it with ostentation, seems to be both extensive and accurate; a nice observation of manners and character, both in individuals and in society; a clear, easy, unencumbered style, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Her two strong points are good sense and humour, and it is by the buoyant power of her humour, that she has been able to diffuse among the publick so large a portion of her good sense. Nothing can be  
more

more chaste and correct, and at the same time more ludicrous, than the representation of themselves, which her characters are made to give in their own conversation. That condition so indispensable to the true comic, their utter unconsciousness of the effect they are producing, is strictly observed. The hand of the author is never perceived, (as it almost constantly is in our modern comedies, to the entire disgust of all persons of tolerable taste,) but they are led in the most natural manner imaginable, and without saying any thing that they might not be supposed to say, to cover themselves with ridicule. The absolute want of colouring and exaggeration, only serves to improve the picture, and strengthens the impression almost up to that of the same circumstances in real life. We have always thought these dramatic parts of Miss Edgeworth's books, which indeed take up a considerable share of them, very much the best; and it is to this remarkable talent for humour, that she is indebted for the popularity she enjoys in spite, not only of the disadvantages to which (as we have already observed) she has spontaneously submitted, but also of some defects which we shall now, though unwillingly, proceed to notice.

In the first and one of the most material branches of novel-writing, that of framing a story, she is remarkably deficient. It must at the same time be owned, that this art when carried to its highest pitch, is a great and therefore uncommon specimen of genius and skill. Indeed if we were to mention that which, in a choice of excellences, we most admire in Fielding's great work, it would perhaps be that wonderful variety of incidents arising without improbability, and introduced without confusion, and tending through a story constantly rising in interest, to an unforeseen catastrophe. Any comparison with so happy an effort of so great a master, would necessarily be unfair; but the truth is, that in this respect Miss Edgeworth is inferior, not only to those that are generally her superiors, but to many among those that are vastly below her in every thing else. She has little fertility in contriving, and still less dexterity in combining events. It is in characters that she shines; when she attempts to give interest to events, it is almost always at the expense of nature and probability. Her narrative is hammered out '*invita Minervâ*,' and she never would have attempted it at all, except as a convenient vehicle for sketches of life and manners.

On her morality, we have bestowed its due praise. It is of that sort which is most calculated to do real practical good; but the desire of instructing is too little disguised. The reader sees too plainly that he is under discipline. There is too much downright lecturing. The serious parts have a *prim* didactic air. The lesser rules of conduct are deduced, truly enough, but with too much parade of accuracy and strictness, from general principles. We



know how necessary the square and the rule are to the architect, but we do not like to see the chalk-marks upon the building. Morality ought not to smell of the lamp. It has been Miss Edgeworth's fancy to give all her virtuous characters a tincture of science, and to make them fond of chemistry and mechanics. We have no sort of objection to see them endowed with this useful knowledge, provided it does not prevent them from having rather more warmth, and rather more grace. To say the truth, we are inclined to think that in avoiding the common error of novel-writers who make morality depend too much upon feeling, and too little upon the understanding, she has not completely escaped the opposite fault, but has ascribed too large a share of it to the head and too little to the heart.

We proceed to what is immediately before us. The character we have given of Miss Edgeworth's writings in general is applicable, without any material alteration, to these volumes. We confess, however, that we think them inferior—(a good deal inferior)—to the best of her former productions. The length of the work makes her deficiency in the art of framing a story more conspicuous and less excusable. We are carried on easily and pleasantly for a short distance by mere sketches and dialogues, and we excuse the want of skill in a tale that is to end so soon. But when the same personages are to be kept upon the stage through four whole volumes, it is but reasonable that such a demand upon our attention should be supported by a proportionate interest in the characters and situations. We expect invention, combination, unity; and the absence of these qualities is a just cause of disappointment. They come strictly within the terms of the author's implied engagement to the reader. In '*Patronage*' the persons come in and out, exhibit themselves, and describe others—in an agreeable way enough, but without our well knowing why they came or why they went—without our much caring whether or not they ever appear again. The author too begins to flag. She seems encumbered by the unsuccessful care of an unusual number of persons and events, and her powers of entertainment are less at her command. '*Patronage*' is in fact another '*Tale of Fashionable Life*,' almost as long as all the preceding ones put together, and yet we doubt whether more passages of distinguished merit could be selected from it than could be matched from the '*Absentee*,' though it occupies three times the space. Indeed if we might venture to offer our advice to a person of Miss Edgeworth's distinguished reputation, it would be to revert to her former method, and to break down her sketches into tales of a more manageable length. She would thus better consult the convenience of her readers, and at the same time give freer scope to her own faculties in that style in which she really excels,

excels, by not tasking them for an exertion to which they are not adapted.

There are no Irish characters in 'Patronage,' (O'Brien is scarcely an exception,) perhaps Miss Edgeworth thought the subject was exhausted. We are sorry for it. Some of her happiest efforts have been employed upon the description of them. Miss Edgeworth knows the Irish nation thoroughly—not merely in those broader and more general characteristics that distinguish it from this and from all other nations, but in those nicer shades that mark each class of society. All the materials are drawn from her own stores, and she is never obliged to supply the defect of actual observation by hearsay or conjecture. Perfect acquaintance with her subject gave freedom and originality to every stroke of her pencil, and enabled her at once to delight and instruct the publick, to which, generally speaking, the peculiar manners of Ireland were less known than those of Otaheite. Her merit was not that of describing what had never been described before—it was greater, it was that of describing well what had been described ill—of substituting accurate finished resemblances, for clumsy confused daubings by the sign-post artists of modern comedy.

But when the scene is purely English, Miss Edgeworth appears to much less advantage. Like the giant, she grows feeble when her strength is no longer recruited from her native soil. Her gaiety flags as she recedes from nature and observation. Her comic scenes are diminished in number and even in spirit. For the first time, she has had recourse to exaggeration to produce interest, and tried the effect of high colouring and artificial contrasts to supply the place of those natural tints which she used to represent with so much grace.

The cause of this difference it is not difficult to explain without supposing that the talents of the author are decayed, or exhausted; or that indolence has betrayed her into neglect. The fact, if we have been rightly informed, is, that Miss Edgeworth, though enjoying the friendship of many of the most distinguished persons in this country, and the esteem of all, has taken only an occasional and cursory view of English society. Her's have been 'like angel visits, few and far between.' Characters have passed before her in rapid succession, like 'ombres Chinoises,' without giving time for the keenest eye to mark them with sufficient precision. Ireland (as we have before remarked) was a subject untouched, except by coarse unskilful hands; but in the description of English manners she has to contend with talents at least equal, and with opportunities far superior to her own. In England she can only glean, in Ireland the whole harvest was to be reaped by her.

But while we point out these defects, and take the liberty to mention

mention the cause from which we apprehend they proceed; we should do injustice to Miss Edgeworth, and ill express our own opinion, if we did not allow that even in the description of English characters, she has oftener succeeded than failed. The portraits would have been improved by a few more sittings—something as to feature—still more as to ‘costume.’ Or, to speak more correctly, those pictures that are designed to exhibit the characteristic countenance of a whole class, would have been rendered more like by a longer observation of a greater number of individuals. Still, however, they are, for the most part, lively and striking resemblances. But Miss Edgeworth is an observer of no common kind; keen, accurate, and impartial. Nothing is lost upon her. She possesses in a high degree what is sometimes called an intuitive judgment of character, one of those delicate and rapid operations of the mind, which is seldom analyzed even by those who perform it with the most ease and certainty; the result of a practised acuteness, by which they are enabled to catch, as they rise, at all the fine evanescent indications of habit or passion, and to deduce from them instant and certain conclusions. It is this faculty by which Miss Edgeworth has in a wonderful degree, though not wholly, made up for the want of more extensive experience, and which, added to experience, would place her at the head of one branch of her art.

Indeed, as it is, what we have to complain of in her representation of society, is not so much the inaccuracy of any particular sketches, as the general effect of the whole group. She produces an erroneous impression, not by describing a character in any particular class that is not really to be found in it, but by exhibiting proportions of good and ill in each, different from those that exist in real life; by drawing too many favourable specimens from some classes, and too many unfavourable ones from others. This is a most successful, and when it is intentional, a most insidious mode of misrepresentation, because it is not liable to a direct charge of falsehood. But we are persuaded that Miss Edgeworth has almost unconsciously displayed the genuine, though erroneous inclination of her own mind, and that if she misleads the public, she has begun by misleading herself.

We will not trouble our readers and ourselves by presenting to them an abridged account of the story of ‘*Patronage*.’ The greater part of those have in all probability read it already, and besides, the story is always the worst part of Miss Edgeworth’s novel. Even to those that have not, the remarks we are about to make will be sufficiently intelligible.

There are two classes of persons whom Miss Edgeworth seems to view with no very charitable feelings—those who are engaged  
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in ambitious pursuits and those who compose what is sometimes called 'fashionable company' in the metropolis. We say *seems*, for it is not a supposition capable of direct proof. We judge however by what will not be considered an unfair criterion, her unfavourable representation of the characters she draws from either. Lord Oldborough, for instance, is the principal member of a cabinet composed (with the single exception of himself) entirely of knaves and fools—who, according to an almost exploded cant, are described to be wholly occupied in plotting each other's ruin. But is even the portrait of Lord Oldborough, able indeed and upright—but stern, unjust, and a contemner of the principles of freedom,—meant for a class of English statesmen? If it is not, it is useless—if it is, we must take the liberty to question its accuracy. Factiousness, intemperance, perhaps even insincerity, may be justly laid to their charge, but we utterly deny that the want of the social affections, still less cruelty, has been characteristic of those who have enjoyed great power in this country. Lord Oldborough, whom by the bye Miss Edgeworth afterwards speaks of as a strictly *just* man, is represented as desirous, for political purposes, to marry his niece to a person of high rank and powerful connections. The lady, just before the whole affair is settled, falls in love with a young officer, and Lord Oldborough to get him out of the way, sends his regiment abroad, and, to make surer work, chuses a place in the West Indies where the fever was then raging, as the place of its destination. Again we ask, is this a mere fancy piece; neither the copy nor even the resemblance of any thing in real life? We may venture, without hesitation, to answer in the negative. Miss Edgeworth is certainly not now beginning to write novels upon a plan which must render them less instructive as well as less entertaining than the *Arabian Nights*. Neither is it some particular person and some particular transaction to which she means to point. That would be alike inconsistent with the rules of this species of composition, and with her own justice and good sense. There only remains a third supposition. She must mean that crimes of this sort, for crimes they are, and of a very dark dye, have been committed by English ministers too commonly, to excite any very strong feeling of self-condemnation in the mind of the perpetrators; for it does not appear that Lord Oldborough's conscience ever reproached him with what he had done. Now this we maintain to be a gross misconception, and consequent misrepresentation, of the character of an important class of men. We say nothing as to the improbability of the particular fact supposed, official difficulties, want of power in any individual, danger of detection, &c.; but speaking more generally, we are persuaded, that publick men in this country, and in this age, have not so conducted

ducted themselves as to deserve that the spirit of such a transaction should be imputed to them ; or in other words, that they have been in the habit of sacrificing justice, humanity, and public duty, to private interest or private vengeance. We know how difficult it is to *prove* a negative in a case of this nature, but that only affords an additional argument against throwing out unfavourable insinuations when they are not perfectly well founded. We should be living under a government very different from that of England, if a regiment were liable to be sent to the West Indies because a foolish girl of quality happened to fancy herself in love with the lieutenant-colonel. In another place, we have a ' diatribe' not very judiciously introduced, we think, upon the right of impressment ; a subject which faction itself has hitherto left untouched, but which under proper management may one day ripen into a first-rate grievance, and become the parent of as numerous a progeny of patriots as the *borough-mongering system* itself. Miss Edgeworth, however, is quite welcome to make the most of any evils that actually exist ; but she should carefully avoid employing her popularity and influence to create a belief in such as are purely imaginary.

The character of Lord Oldborough, though distorted to give it a greater appearance of strength, is much the most interesting in the book. We are inclined, however, to doubt the propriety of introducing ministers of state among the ' *dramatis personæ*' in a novel. Not indeed from any undue reverence or admiration for that order of men, but from reasons purely literary. In the first place, these personages are of a size disproportioned to that of the other figures, and throw those who were designed to be the principal characters, into the shade. Again, we think it adds very much to that air of probability upon which so much of the pleasure we feel in reading fictitious history depends, when the characters are drawn each from a class of persons sufficiently numerous to allow us to suppose that their prototypes actually exist in nature. With respect to a character placed by the imagination in the midst of a very small and very distinguished class of real persons, this illusion cannot exist. Our minds instantly run over the list of great statesmen in our own time—we find no person like Lord Oldborough, and a great part of our interest in his character is destroyed by constantly recollecting not only that he did not exist, but that he could not have existed.

When the class is narrowed to a single individual the objection of course is so much the stronger ; the improbability of character becomes quite insupportable. But we shall be told, and indeed we believe it is generally understood, that the king and the chief-justice are portraits. So much the worse. This mixture of reality with

with fiction spoils both. The historical part suffers in dignity, and the fictitious part loses the very semblance of truth. All readers of taste are shocked by the combination. It produces an unpleasant effect resembling that of a ray of sunshine darting through a single chink into a room lighted up by artificial means. It is like the 'real cascade' playing amidst shrubs of wire, and rocks of pasteboard. The cabinet of the reigning sovereign is no fit place for the scenery of a novel. We say nothing of any other considerations that might forbid their introduction, it is sufficient that it is contrary to some of the most obvious rules of propriety and good taste which govern this species of composition—and we take the liberty to advise Miss Edgeworth, whenever she is again disposed to present to the public an unfavourable representation of the king, or a vehement panegyric on one of his law-officers, to chuse for them some more suitable vehicle than the pages of a romance. The king indeed contributes somewhat to the carrying on of the plot, but the chief-justice is introduced merely as an ornamental personage, and the story stands stock still for several pages whilst his lordship is immeasurably praised, both by the author of the narrative 'in propria personâ,' and in letters from Mr. Alfred Percy, a young barrister who has sometimes the honour to dine with him. Whether or not the resemblance is correct we are not ourselves able to judge, but select some of the principal 'traits' for the sake of such of our readers as are better informed. 'He is one of those lawyers who have combined judgment with wit, industry with genius, law with eloquence.' He possesses perfect conversational 'tact'—remembers Lord Chesterfield's maxims, and therefore knows how to listen as well as how to talk—is not one of those learned men that have become epicures—thinks that no man can speak well in public who does not feel it as a moral impossibility that he should say any thing vulgar. We take for granted that he is a distinguished friend to the freedom of the press, or he would hardly have obtained so much valuable praise from Miss Edgeworth, who, as appears from several passages in her writings, is animated by a more than ordinary zeal upon that subject.

It is not because 'it is disagreeable to us to listen to praises in which we have no manner of share,' which Miss Edgeworth seems to think is the only reason any one can have for disliking this long encomium, that we have expressed our disapprobation of this passage, but because we consider it as a signal departure from her usual good sense and good taste. We feel too much respect for her to imagine that it is any thing but the genuine expression of her own sincere, disinterested, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated opinion. But forcibly to transplant from real and public life such a character as that of a Lord Chief Justice into the uncongenial

congenial soil of a romance, for the purpose of bestowing upon him, and upon all that belong to him, a lengthened and elaborate eulogy, looks too like flattery—and, in an unknown or less respectable author, we should have undoubtedly considered it as flattery of no very delicate or skilful kind. Miss Edgeworth we readily and sincerely acquit of all but want of judgment.

The law and its professors occupy a share in this novel fully proportioned to that which they take up in real life. Not only is this monument to their glory raised in the description of the chief justice, but the whole story turns upon the fate of a title-deed which is lost at the beginning of the first volume, and (as might be expected) found again towards the end of the fourth. The foundation too of Mr. Alfred Percy's fame and fortune is laid in his hitting a 'point' that has been passed over by his leaders. This 'point,' we are told, so hit was, that the action had not been brought within the time prescribed by the statute of limitations. Our legal readers need not be told that this is an impossible case. In order to avail himself of the statute, the defendant must have 'pleaded' it, as the technical expression is, so that there was no room for subsequent discovery. This is not a matter of much consequence, but as Miss Edgeworth was determined to introduce law, it would have been better to make it sound law.

We have already hinted at what we consider to be Miss Edgeworth's too unfavourable estimate of London manners and society in what may be called, in the least extended sense of the word, the higher orders. From a retirement embellished and cheered by the successful pursuit of literature, and dignified by virtue and by fame, it is natural and therefore excusable, to look down with something like contempt upon the busy idleness of a less happy and less useful life. But Miss Edgeworth has allowed this feeling to carry her too far. The greater part of her characters that are not absorbed in business or buried in seclusion, are represented as foolish, selfish, worthless people. We are very far indeed from denying the power of idleness and dissipation to debase the understanding, and to harden the heart; and we at once admit that there are persons moving in the 'fashionable world,' as silly, as coarse, and as void of feeling as any Miss Edgeworth has represented. But the number is comparatively very small, and those who take their idea of life in that sphere from Colonel Hauton and his sister, Buckhurst Falconer, and the two Clays, will, we suspect, form a very erroneous estimate of it. Miss Edgeworth's division of the great world is into statesmen, philosophers, and rakes. Now the fact is, that there are few statesmen, few philosophers, and not many complete rakes. Innumerable shades, varieties, and compounds make up the mass. The crowds in which persons of fashion (we must  
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use this ridiculous phrase for want of a better) assemble, in which so much physical exertion of jostling, pressing, and moving from one house to another is required, and so little intellectual enjoyment is attained, give to society an air of greater idleness and dissipation than really belong to it. This inconvenient way of meeting is rather a symptom of not understanding society, than of sacrificing too much to its pleasures; an indication that we are an awkward, shy, business-doing people, not that we are vicious and wasteful of our time. Of the persons so assembled, but a small proportion are really idle and profligate, and of those that persevere in idleness and profligacy, the proportion is still smaller.

‘Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum,’

is a maxim, the spirit of which has great influence in England. Indeed our admirable form of government supplies so many inducements to exertion, that few men reach the middle of life without finding themselves, partially at least, engaged in some employment that is useful to the community. Useful occupation is half way to virtue, and by the same means that idleness is overcome, selfishness and profligacy are also kept within bounds. The vices that are excused in youth, soon become discreditable. After a very early age, all the temptations, except those arising from habit, are on the right side—emolument, credit, acceptance in society,—and in a vast majority of instances they preponderate, not only with those that altogether quit the world, but with those that still from time to time share in its dissipations. Miss Edgeworth has the same faults in her representation of female characters. Her favourites, whom she brings from charming retreats in the country, are apt to be somewhat stiff and formal, and the rest, to whom she gives a town education, are coquettes, ‘intrigantes,’ or at best giddy and heartless. She does not willingly admit the idea of virtue and sense except in retirement. That may perhaps be the soil in which they most delight: but though they court the shade, they do not shun the light, and sure we are, that some of the most striking examples of both have grown up and flourished in the meridian blaze of numerous and polished society.

The object of ‘*Patronage*’ is to exemplify and recommend independence—that is, reliance upon our own efforts and our own virtues, and not upon the friendship or liberality of the great. This moral, presented to us in a thousand ways, and to which all the events are too plainly and unartificially made to bend, tires us by constant repetition, and diffuses an air of uniformity, approaching to dulness, over the whole work. The vehicle for it is the history of two families—the Percys and the Falconers—the Percys, who are the independent, wise, virtuous, and ultimately prosperous—the  
Falconers,



Falconers, who are the *patronised*, and of course weak, guilty, and unfortunate race. It is, however, to be observed that whatever the virtuous characters want in *patronage*, is amply made up to them in good fortune. They succeed by a series of accidents, such as are much seldomer to be met with in real life than even that 'rara avis,' a steady, useful patron. The moral of the novel as arising from the *events* is, 'don't trust to the protection of great men, for if you will but forego it, and be honest and industrious, you will turn out the luckiest man alive.' We are well aware that the heroes and heroines of novels have an ancient prescriptive right to prodigious luck in every thing they undertake; but we think that the characters in '*Patronage*' are 'estopped' from the benefit of it by the particular object the author had in view. Miss Edgeworth is desirous (and we give her the utmost credit for the design) to recommend independence and exertion, in preference to a lazy servile reliance upon the good will of others. But to give justice and force to the lesson she should have placed her favourite qualities out of the leading strings of fortune, and conducted them to prosperity by the common path.

'*Patronage*' obliges us to retract some part of that praise which, with a view to her other works, we have given to Miss Edgeworth for probability of character. The heroine is one of those 'faultless monsters' that would be so delightful in real life, where they unluckily never appear, and that are quite insupportable in a novel, where we continually meet with them. Her lover, a German Count, is equally perfect, and equally tiresome; luckily he does not appear till the second volume, soon returns to Germany, and stays there till the end of the fourth, when he comes back to England to be married. This method of doing without the perfect hero for a volume or two, and of then sending him abroad till he is wanted for the 'denouement,' is, we believe, new; but it has our most cordial approbation, and we earnestly recommend it to the adoption of all future writers who may have occasion for such a character. There are several other persons too, Mr. and Mrs. Percy, and their friend Mrs. Hungerford, who are all too good to afford either amusement or instruction. These uninteresting parts of the work, however, are redeemed by some admirable sketches in which Miss Edgeworth has displayed all that power of accurate characteristic delineation, and all that quiet, but forcible humour, which delighted us in her best performances. Buckhurst and John Falconer are of this kind, though Buckhurst is afterwards painted in colours somewhat too dark. Their father, Commissioner Falconer, has determined that Buckhurst, who is a lively, clever, dissipated young man, shall take orders for the sake of a living which he expects from one of his patrons. John, who is a dunce, is  
designed

designed for the army. Buckhurst (who, we must take notice, is in love with Miss Percy) feels his own unfitness for the church, and wishes to persuade his stupid obstinate brother to exchange destinations with him. This gives rise to the following dialogue between them.

‘Incapable of coming to any serious decision, he walked up and down his room talking, partly to himself, and partly, for want of a better companion, to his brother John.

“So I must pay Wallis to-morrow, or he’ll arrest me.—And I must give my father an answer about the church to-night—for he writes to the bishop—and will wait no longer.—Oh! hang it! hang it, John! what the devil shall I do?—My father won’t pay a farthing for me, unless I go into the church!”

“Well then, why can’t you go into the church,” said John—“since you are through the University the worst is over?”

“But I think it so wrong, so base. . . . for money . . . for emolument . . . I cannot do it . . . I am not fit for the church—I know I shall disgrace it”—said Buckhurst, striking his forehead—“I cannot do it . . . I cannot—it is against my conscience.”

John stopped, as he was filling his shooting-pouch, and looked at Buckhurst (his mouth half open), with an expression of surprise at these demonstrations of sensibility. He had some sympathy for the external symptoms of pain which he saw in his brother, but no clear conception of the internal cause.

“Why, Buckhurst,” said he—“if you cannot do it, you can’t you know, Buckhurst;—but I don’t see why you should be a disgrace to the church more than another—as my father says.—If I was but through the University, I had as lieve go into the church as not—that’s all I can say.—And if my genius was not for the military line, there’s nothing I should relish better than the living of Chipping-Friars, I’m sure.—The only thing that I see against it is, that that paralytic incumbent may live many a year.—But, then, you get your debts paid now by only going into orders, and that’s a great point. . . . but if it goes against your conscience—you know best—if you can’t—you can’t.”—

“After all, I can’t go to jail—I can’t let myself be arrested—I can’t starve—I can’t be a beggar,” said Buckhurst,—“and as you say, I should be so easy if these cursed debts were paid—and if I got this living of nine hundred a year, how comfortable I should be.—Then I could marry, by Jove; and I’d propose directly for Caroline Percy, for I’m confoundedly in love with her—such a sweet-tempered good creature!—not a girl so much admired! Col. Hauton—and G—and P—and D—asked me,—‘Who is that pretty girl?’—She certainly is a very pretty girl.”—

“She certainly is,” repeated John.—“This devil of a fellow never cleans my gun.”—

“Not regularly handsome neither,” pursued Buckhurst.—“But, as Hauton says, fascinating and new, and a new face in public is a great matter.—Such a fashionable looking figure too—though she has not

come out yet—dances charmingly—would dance divinely, if she would let herself out—and she sings and plays like an angel, fifty times better than our two precious sisters, who have been *at it* from their cradles, with all the Signor *Squalicis* at their elbows—Caroline Percy never exhibits in public.—The mother does not like it, I suppose.”

“So I suppose,” said John.—“Curse this flint!—flints are growing worse and worse every day—I wonder what in the world are become of all the good flints there used to be——”

“Very unlike our mother, I am sure”—continued Buckhurst.—“There are Georgiana and Bell at all the parties and concerts as regularly as any of the professors, standing up in the midst of the singing men and women, favouring the public in as fine a bravura style, and making as ugly faces as the best of them.—Do you remember the Italian’s compliment to Miss \* \* \* \* \*?—‘I wish, Miss, I had your assurance.’—”

“Very good, ha!—very fair, faith,” said John.—“do you know what I’ve done with my powder-horn?”—

“Not I—put it in the oven, may be, to dry,” said Buckhurst.—“But as I was saying of my dear Caroline . . . *My Caroline!*—She is not mine yet.”

“Very true,” said John.

“Very true! Why, John, you are enough to provoke a saint!”

“I was agreeing with you, I thought,” said John.

“But nothing is so provoking as always agreeing with one—and I can tell you, Mr. Verytrue, that though Caroline Percy is not mine yet, I have nevertheless a little suspicion, that such even as I am, she might readily be brought to love, honour, and obey me.”

“I don’t doubt it, for I never knew a woman that was not ready enough to be married”—quoth John.—“But this is not the right ramrod after all.”—

“There you are wrong, John, on the other side,” said Buckhurst.—“for I can assure you, Miss Caroline Percy is not one of your young ladies who would marry any body. And even though she might like me, I am not at all sure that she would marry me—for obedience to the best of fathers might interfere.”

“There’s the point,” said John,—“for thereby hangs the fortune, and it would be a *deused* thing to have the girl without the fortune.”

“Not so *deused* a thing to me, as you think,” said Buckhurst, laughing.—“for poor as I am, I can assure you, the fortune is not my object—I am not a mercenary dog.”

“By the by,” cried John.—“now you talk of dogs . . . I wish to Heaven above! you had not given away that fine puppy of mine to that foolish old man, who never was out a shooting in his days, the dog’s just as much thrown away, as if you had drowned him.—Now, do you know, if I had had *the making* of that puppy——”

“Puppy!” exclaimed Buckhurst.—“is it possible you can be thinking of a puppy, John, when I am talking to you of what is of so much consequence?—When the whole happiness of my life is at stake?”—

“State!—”

“—“Stake!—Well, but what can I do more?” said John—“have not I been standing here this half hour with my gun in my hand this fine day, listening to you prosing about I don’t know what?”—

““That’s the very thing I complain of—that you do not know what—a pretty brother,” said Buckhurst.

“John made no further reply, but left the room, sullenly, whistling as he went.”

The characters of the two Clays are excellent. English Clay we think rather the best.

““French Clay, and English Clay, as they have been named, are brothers, both men of large fortune, which their father acquired respectably by commerce, and which they are spending in all kinds of extravagance and profligacy, not from inclination, but merely to purchase admission into fine company.—French Clay is a travelled cockcomb, who, *à propos de bottes*, begins with—“When I was abroad with the Princess Orbitella...” But I am afraid I cannot speak of this man with impartiality, for I cannot bear to see an Englishman apeing a Frenchman.—The imitation is always so awkward, so ridiculous, so contemptible. French Clay talks of *tact*, but without possessing any; he delights in what he calls *persiflage*, but in his *persiflage*, instead of the wit and elegance of Parisian raillery, there appears only the vulgar love and habit of derision.—He is continually railing at our English want of *savoir vivre*, yet is himself an example of the ill-breeding which he reprobates. His manners have neither the cordiality of an Englishman, nor the polish of a foreigner. To improve us in *l’esprit de société*, he would introduce the whole system of French gallantry—the vice without the refinement.—I heard him acknowledge it to be ‘his principle’ to intrigue with every married woman who would listen to him, provided she has any one of his four requisites, wit, fashion, beauty, or a good table.—He says his late suit in Doctors’ Commons cost him nothing; for £10,000 are nothing to him.

““Public virtue, as well as private, he thinks it a fine air to disdain,—and patriotism and love of our country he calls prejudices, of which a philosopher ought to divest himself.—Some charitable people say, that he is not so unfeeling as he seems to be, and that above half his vices arise from affectation, and from a mistaken ambition to be, what he thinks perfectly French.

““His brother, English Clay, is a cold, reserved, proud, dull looking man, whom art, in despite of nature, strove, and strove in vain, to quicken into a ‘gay deceiver.’—He is a grave man of pleasure—his first care being to provide for his exclusively personal gratifications. His dinner is a serious, solemn business, whether it be at his own table, or at a tavern, which last he prefers—he orders it so, that his repast shall be the very best of its kind that money can procure. His next care is, that he be not cheated in what he is to pay. Not that he values money, but he cannot bear to be *taken in*. Then his dress, his horses, his whole appointment and establishment, are complete, and accurately in the fashion of the day—no expense spared.—All that belongs to Mr.

Clay, of Clay-Hall, is the best of it's kind, or, at least, *had from the best hand* in England. Every thing about him is English; but I don't know whether this arises from love of his country, or contempt of his brother. English Clay is not ostentatious of that which is his own, but he is disdainful of all that belongs to another. The slightest deficiency in the *appointments* of his companions he sees, and marks by a wink to some by-stander, or with a dry joke laughs the wretch to scorn. In company, he delights to sit by silent and snug, sneering inwardly at those who are entertaining the company, and *committing* themselves. He never entertains, and is seldom entertained. His joys are neither convivial nor intellectual; he is gregarious, but not companionable; a hard drinker, but not social. Wine sometimes makes him noisy, but never makes him gay; and, whatever be his excesses, he commits them seemingly without temptation from taste or passion. He keeps a furiously expensive mistress, whom he curses, and who curses him, as Buckhurst informs me, ten times a day; yet he prides himself on being free and unmarried! scorning and dreading women in general, "he swears he would not marry Venus herself unless she had £100,000 in each pocket, and now, that no mortal Venus wears pockets, he thanks Heaven he is safe—Buckhurst, I remember, assured me, that beneath this crust of pride there is some good nature. Deep hid under a large mass of selfishness, there may be some glimmerings of affection. He shows symptoms of feeling for his horses, and his mother, and his coachman, and his country. I do believe he would fight for old England, for it is his country, and he is English Clay.—Affection for his coachman did I say?—He shows admiration, if not affection, for every whip of note in town. He is their companion . . . no, their pupil, and, as Antoninus Pius gratefully prided himself in recording the names of those relations and friends from whom he learnt his several virtues, this man may boast to after-ages of having learnt how to cut a fly off his near leader's ear from one coachman, how to tuck up a duck from another, and the *true spit* from a third—by the by, it is said, but I don't vouch for the truth of the story, that this last accomplishment cost him a tooth, which he had drawn to attain it in perfection.—Pure *slang* he could not learn from any one coachman, but from constantly frequenting the society of all. I recollect Buckhurst Falconer's telling me, that he dined once with English Clay, in company with a baronet, a viscount, an earl, a duke, and the driver of a mail-coach, to whom was given, by acclamation, the seat of honour. I am told there is a house, at which these gentlemen and noblemen meet regularly every week, where there are two dining-rooms divided by glass doors.—In one room the real coachmen dine, in the other the amateur gentlemen, who, when they are tired of their own conversation, throw open the glass-doors, that they may be entertained and edified by the coachmen's wit and *slang*; in which dialect English Clay's rapid proficiency has, it is said, recommended him to the *best* society, even more than his being the master of the best of cooks, and of Clay-Hall.—p. 362.

The accounts of the ball, and of the private theatricals at Falconer Court, are extremely well done, but too long for extracts from

from a book in such general circulation. In the fourth volume Lord William — is introduced. It is a remarkably well drawn picture of a person labouring under that morbid shyness which is so common in England, so rare out of it. The passage is not long, and we copy it with pleasure. It is in a higher style than Miss Edgeworth generally aims at, but she is quite successful in the attempt.

‘ Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was as it were snatched from himself. He was subject to that night-mare of the soul who sits himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces, “Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character.—Innocent, you shall look guilty—Wise, you shall look silly—Never shall you have the use of your natural faculties.—That which you wish to say you shall not say—that which you wish to do, you shall not do—you shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible when your heart sinks into melting tenderness.—In the presence of those whom you most wish to please you shall be most awkward—and when approached by her you love you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of “mauvaise honte.”

‘ Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilized globe!

‘ Under the spell of “mauvaise honte” poor Lord William—laboured—fast bound—and bound the faster by all the efforts made for his relief by the matrons and young damsels who crowded round him continually. They were astonished that all their charms and all the encouragement they held out to him, failed to free this young nobleman from his excessive timidity.

‘ What a pity! it was his only fault, they were sure.—Ten thousand pities he could not be made to speak—they were certain he had a vast deal to say.—And he could be so agreeable, they were confident, if he would.—Most extraordinary that a man of his rank and fortune, whom every creature admired, should be so timid.

‘ True—but the timid Lord William all the time esteemed himself more highly than those ladies affected to admire him. Mixed with his apparent timidity was a secret pride.—Conscious of the difference between what he was and what he appeared to be, he was at once mortified and provoked, and felt disdain and disgust for those who pretended to admire his outward man, or who paid to his fortune that tribute which he thought due to his merit. With some few—some very few, by whom he was appreciated, his pride and timidity were equally at ease, his reserve vanished in an astonishing manner, and the man came out of the marble.’

It would be easy to multiply extracts, if it were necessary, or if our limits allowed it. But we must make an end. We take leave of Miss Edgeworth with feelings of undiminished respect. 'Patronage' is certainly not equally well written, nor equally entertaining with some of her other works; but neither is it *so much* inferior to them as unreasonable disappointment founded upon expectations, perhaps, as unreasonable, would suggest. The source of its fault is its length. Miss Edgeworth's manner is not adapted to what the French call 'les ouvrages de longue haleine.' Sketches and morality will not carry us through four volumes. There must be strong passion—which she has voluntarily renounced—or an interesting plot, with which her invention has not supplied her. At the same time it would be most unjust to call a work of so much merit as this a failure. Judging from our own feelings, we should say that the languor of some parts is amply compensated in others, by nature, vivacity, and good sense—good sense which every body imagines himself to possess—of which so many people have not one particle—and which, in the degree in which Miss Edgeworth possesses it, is a rare and admirable quality.

Her friends will, of course, tell her that this work is, what all authors wish their last works to be, better than any that preceded it; and, on the other hand, she will hear, indirectly, from ill-natured critics, from those that hope to do themselves honour by condemning loudly what they hear it is not the fashion to praise, and from those that are tired of her reputation, and think that the time is come for reducing it to more proper boundaries, that it is altogether unworthy of her. Both judgments are alike unsound. *Patronage* is not so good as 'Ennui' or 'the Absentee,' but it would have been vastly more admired if, in them, she had not recently exhibited models which she now finds it hard to equal. We are not afraid that she should be elevated by undue praise, but she is more likely to feel unjust censure; and if we thought that our advice would not be quite superfluous, for the purpose of bringing an understanding like her own to a wise decision, we should, above all things, desire her not to be discouraged by the less brilliant success of this work from again appearing before the public. This wave has not reached the mark that was left by the preceding one, the next may perhaps overflow it. It may be difficult to add to the reputation which she had already acquired, but, at any rate, we will 'venture to predict,' with as much confidence as can properly belong to *southern* soothsayers, that she will never write without adding to the stock of public amusement, and strengthening those impressions that are favourable to virtue. If in our remarks upon some parts of this work we have shewn any thing like asperity, it is because they appear tinctured with prejudices unworthy of their author.

ART. II.—*Letters written in a Mahratta Camp, during the Year 1809, descriptive of the Character, Manners, Domestic Habits, and Religious Ceremonies of the Mahrattas. With Ten coloured Engravings, from Drawings by a Native Artist. By Thomas Duer Broughton, Esq., late Commander of the Resident's Escort at the Court of Scindia. 4to. London. 1813.*

THERE is little to admire in the style, and not much in the composition of these Letters. But as the writer lived three years in the midst of a Mahratta camp and, in consequence, must have had abundant opportunities of studying the character, manners, and customs of this singular people; it is next to impossible that he should be able to fill up three hundred and sixty quarto pages, without throwing in such a number of facts and observations as, by selection and arrangement, might convey to the reader both instruction and amusement. In the present state of the book, however, few will probably find themselves disposed to search for either. We are not sure that the compass of a few pages will enable us to apply a remedy; but we will at least endeavour, by lopping off redundancies, and by confining our operations to what relates to the character of Scindia and his subjects, to embrace the main points of Mr. Broughton's epistolary volume. The part which this chief has acted in the wars and politics of India, and the power which the people, as a distinct tribe, still possess on the Peninsula, will always command an interest in this country; and Mr. Broughton thinks, that, as 'the intrigues of a Mahratta durbar are matters of public notoriety and discussion, he shall be able to convey a tolerably correct idea of that policy and faith which have become as proverbial in modern India, as those of Carthage were among the ancient Romans,' and probably with somewhat more justice.

We shall first give a sketch of a Mahratta camp, and the component parts of a Mahratta army. On the ground where the troops are to encamp, a small white flag is planted to mark the spot where the Maha Raja (the great prince) purposes to pitch his own tents, and those of his family, his ministers, &c. which, collectively, are called the *deorie*. The flags of the bazars or markets are placed in straight lines, parallel to one another, and forming streets, from the front to the rear of the army, extending sometimes three or four miles. The chief officers encamp on the right and left of the principal street, generally in the neighbourhood of some particular bazar.

' Their respective encampments are made without the smallest attention to regularity, cleanliness, or convenience; men, horses, camels, and bullocks, are all jumbled together in a mass; which mass is sur-



rounded on all sides by others of a similar nature, in a continued series of comfortless confusion.'

The shops of the bazars consist, generally, of a blanket stretched over a bamboo, which is supported at each end by a forked stick, fixed in the ground: they are from three to nine feet high, and proportioned, in size, to the circumstances of the proprietors.

' Under these miserable coverings, not only are the goods exposed for sale, but the family of the shopkeeper resides, throughout the year, and for many years together. The wealthiest merchants in the bazar use these tents.'

The military chiefs of the highest rank inhabit ruoters, a species of tent covered with two or three folds of cloth, closed at one end, and having a flap at the other, to keep out the wind and rain. These are somewhat more sheltered from the weather, but the inhabitants of every description appear to pass a wretched kind of life.

' They never feel even the solid and cheap comforts of a snug room, or the light of a candle; but in cold weather huddle round a miserable fire, made of horse or cow dung, or dirty straw, collected about their tents; and wrapping themselves up in a coarse blanket, or cotton quilt, contrive, with the aid of a pipe of bad tobacco, to while away a few hours of listless indolence. In this manner do the more sober of them pass their evenings; others however, it seems, retire, at the approach of evening, to the rack shop, or the tent of the prostitute, and revel through the night in a state of low debauchery, which could hardly be envied by the keenest votary of Comus and his beastly crew. Even these scenes of mirth and jollity are enacted in such tents as have already been described, and are exhibited to the eye through the medium only of half a dozen wicks immersed in thick gross oil, arranged in a dirty brass cruise, and which, together, scarcely afford as much light as a common English rush-light.'

Of the heterogeneous mass which composes Scindia's force, one of the most noted corps is a risalu, or troop, called the *baruh bhaees*, or twelve brothers, from the number of leaders which originally commanded them; they are reckoned the most licentious part of the army, hardly excepting the pindaras who support themselves entirely by plunder; whereas the bhaees receive pay, and plunder into the bargain.

' Another very distinguished corps in this motley camp, though not, strictly speaking, a military one, is that of the Shohdajs; literally, the scoundrels. They form a regularly organized body, under a chief named Fuzil Khan, to whose orders they pay implicit obedience. They are the licensed thieves and robbers of the camp, and from the fruits of their industry, their principal derives a very considerable revenue. On marching days they are assembled under their leader, and act as porters

porters for the Muha Raj's baggage; at sieges they dig the trenches, erect the batteries, and carry the scaling ladders. But their grand concern is the gambling houses, which are placed under their immediate controul and superintendence; and where they practise all the refinements of accomplished villany, to decoy and impose upon the unwary.

Scindia had but two brigades of regular infantry, and these were commanded by two Portuguese, named Baptiste and Jacob. The rest were under no kind of discipline, and each individual was accoutred according to his circumstances or his fancy: they are chiefly Musselmans; and their name (*Ali-gols*) is derived from their practice of falling upon the enemy in a *gol* or mass, invoking the name of Ali. They have little pay, but to make them amends, they are allowed to plunder at discretion. Mendicant faquirs, jugglers, and dancing girls, the invariable appendages of all Indian armies, swarmed in the camp.

Wide spreading desolation and ruin attend the march of a Mahratta army; and care is always taken, whenever it can be done, to put it in motion when the green crops are on the ground. For many miles on each side of the line of march, these crops wholly disappear, the miserable inhabitants fly from their villages, which are frequently levelled with the ground: in every direction on the open plain, men, women, and children, may be seen tearing the young corn up by the roots, while their cattle are turned loose amongst it, to graze at liberty. The cavalry generally halt where the grain is most flourishing, to allow their horses to get a good feed.

The Mahrattas, as an army, are formidable to their opponents only from the great number of their cavalry. The *jinsee*, or park of artillery, is contemptible. The number of guns which Scindia had with his army, Mr. Broughton informs us, was sixty-six; 'twenty-seven with the park, of which ten were of large calibre, and the rest of various sizes and descriptions; seventeen attached to Jacob's brigade of regulars, and fourteen to Baptiste's; besides these, he has eight curricule guns, each drawn by a pair of bullocks.'

We have a curious specimen of the mode in which the Mahrattas conduct a siege, in their operations against the fort of Doonee. To demolish this place, surrounded with a mud wall, Scindia brought before it his whole army. He established a line of posts, within musket shot, entirely round the walls, with batteries against three of its sides. One of these mounted on a rock overlooked the place, from which, says Mr. Broughton, 'a six-pounder, well managed, would easily lay the whole town in ruins.' A flag of truce was then sent in, to endeavour to prevail on them to accede to the Maha Rajah's demand of a contribution; the an-

swer was, 'We defy the Maha Raja; we are but earth ourselves, like our walls, and we are resolved to stand or fall with them.' The firing then began and continued at intervals for a week, without any apparent progress being made; the garrison plastering up, during the night, the mud which had been knocked down the preceding day. A faquir then offered to take the fort for a certain sum; he advanced boldly to the walls, calling on his prophet, who ungratefully suffered a shot to strike his devotee, and break his leg. The fanatic exclaimed that his blood lay on the head of Surjee Rao, who had employed him, which so alarmed the minister, that he gave orders for him to be accommodated with every thing he might wish for. This wily fanatic, says Mr. Broughton, 'makes the best of his situation; he bespeaks the richest dinners, and summons to his presence the choicest sets of dancing girls, whenever he feels an inclination for such amusements.'

At the end of a fortnight the garrison made a sally by night and carried off a gun, which they mounted on the wall, and drove off that part of Scindia's army encamped opposite to it. Little if any progress was made by this powerful chieftain, at the end of twenty-five days, 'in the siege of a place, which four companies of sipahees with one six-pounder, would have taken in as many hours.'

After the capture of the unfortunate piece, which belonged to Mamma, the uncle of Scindia, the guns of the besiegers were regularly removed from the batteries at night, and carried back again at break of day. In this manner the siege was carried on for a month longer, when an ambassador arrived from Jaypoor, and negotiations commenced, which, after another month, terminated in the adjustment of all difficulties. Among other knotty points, the gun taken from Mamma's battery was agreed to be restored.

'The gun was accordingly sent into camp on the evening of the 9th, and the troops were withdrawn from the trenches on the following morning. This important gun had not been fired at all during the latter days of the siege; and, on examination, a ball was found sticking in the chamber, from the cartridge having been put in the wrong way; a mistake which the people of the garrison were unable to remedy.'

Such is the army of Scindia, whose name has become famous and in some degree formidable in the East. However numerous the forces may be, which this restless chieftain can, in the best of times, bring into the field, (for their numbers depend on his ability to pay them,) they are utterly unable to make any effectual stand against a well disciplined body of Europeans, or of sepoys trained in European tactics and led by European officers. The Maha Raja himself, has no pretensions to the title of hero. From Mr. Broughton's account it would appear that he is addicted to every species of vicious folly, wasting his days and nights either in the  
most

most unbounded licentiousness, or the most frivolous occupations. The season for flying paper kites, which is a favourite amusement in all parts of India, set in during the ridiculous siege of Doonee; and Scindia was to be seen every evening, attended by large bodies of cavalry employed to keep the ground, partaking of this sport. These kites have no tails, and are in shape not unlike the ace of clubs. The flyers fight matches with them; that is, each tries to cut the other's string, which is rubbed over with a composition of pounded glass. For a supply of this article, all the empty bottles of the English residency were put in requisition by the Maha Raja; who was also at the expense of having kites and strings brought from Delhi, which is celebrated for their manufacture.

'This light-hearted prince,' says Mr. Broughton, 'is by no means insensible to the embarrassment of his affairs, or the consequent failure and disgrace which almost always attends his undertakings. But these things affect him but for an hour; a tiger or a pretty face, an elephant fight or a new supply of paper kites, have each sufficient attraction to divert his chagrin, and restore him to his wonted thoughtlessness and good humour. It is only however upon such occasions as the siege of Doonee, that he tastes of almost unalloyed happiness. Under the pretence of attending to the operations of the siege, he directed a small suit of tents to be pitched for him in a garden in the rear of the trenches, and there, surrounded by a set of parasites and buffoons, he passed his time in one constant round of the grossest debaucheries. Emancipated from his two greatest plagues, his wife and his ministers, he refused to listen to any business; and seemed to think of nothing but fresh modes of wasting away his hours, and indulging his own profligate propensities. Women and low company have been his baue; and appear to have quite corrupted a heart and mind originally meant for better things. Virgin charms have been diligently sought for, and almost daily sacrificed upon the altar of his lusts; and in the conclave of his wretched minions, scenes are said to be enacted for his amusement, so gross, and at the same time so ridiculous, as would stagger belief, and call a blush into the cheeks of the most depraved European.'

At this time Scindia was just turned of thirty years of age: Mr. Broughton describes him as about five feet five inches in height, inclined to be fat, but not largely made; his complexion rather dark and his features agreeable; but his whole appearance indicating a debauchee. What else, considering the education which he receives, can an Indian prince possibly be? All his pursuits and all his amusements will necessarily be tainted with vice or frivolity; and we are therefore the more disposed to tolerate the latter when we find them unmixed with any of the former. The following species of diversion is not very princely; but it has at least the merit of being innocent. It is called the Hohlee, and consists in throwing about a quantity of flour, made from a water-nut

nut dyed red, called *abeer*. The English resident and his suite were present at it.

‘ In a few minutes after we had taken our seats, large brazen trays, filled with *abeer*, were brought in and placed before the company, together with a vase of yellow-coloured water, and a large silver squirt, for each individual. The Maha Raj himself began the amusements of the day, by sprinkling a little red and yellow water upon us from *goolabdans*, which are small silver vessels kept for the purpose of sprinkling rose-water at visits of ceremony. Every one then began to throw about the *abeer*, and squirt at his neighbours as he pleased. It is contrary to the etiquette of the Durbar for any body to throw at the Maha Raj. He had however been told that we had declared our resolutions to pelt every one who pelted us, and good-humouredly replied, “ with all his heart; he was ready for us, and would try which could pelt best.” We soon found, however, that we had not the slightest chance with him; for, besides a cloth which his attendants held before his face, he had in a few minutes the pipe of a large fire-engine put into his hands, filled with yellow water, and worked by half a dozen men; and with this he played about him with such effect, that in a short time there was not a man in the whole tent who had a dry suit upon his back. Sometimes he directed it against those who sat near him with such force that it was not an easy matter to keep one’s seat. All opposition to this powerful engine was futile; whole shovel-fulls of *abeer* were cast about, and instantly followed by a shower of yellow water; and thus we were alternately powdered and drenched till the floor on which we sat was covered some inches in depth with a kind of pink and orange-coloured mud. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. Figure to yourself successive groups of dancing girls, bedecked with gold and silver lace; their tawdry trappings, stained with patches of *abeer*, and dripping like so many Naiads, with orange-coloured water; now chaunting the *Hoklee* songs with all the airs of practised libertinism, and now shrinking with affected screams beneath a fresh shower from the Maha Raj’s engine; the discord of drums, trumpets, fiddles and cymbals, sounding as if only to drown the other noises that arose around them; the triumph of those who successfully threw the *abeer*, and the clamours of others who suffered from their attacks; the loud shouts of laughter and applause which burst on all sides from the joyous crowd—figure to yourself if you can such an assemblage of extraordinary objects; then paint them all in two glowing tints of pink and yellow, and you will have formed some conception of a scene which absolutely beggars all description.’

It is remarkable that the Mahrattas, who are Hindoos, participate in most of the religious ceremonies of the Mahomedans. At the Moharam, or general mourning in commemoration of the death of Houssein, the grandson of the prophet, every good musselman cloths himself in green rags and turns faquir. Groups of grotesque figures wander about the camp, asking alms, and calling on the names of Mahommed, Ali, and Houssein. The Mahrattas mix  
with

with the Mahomedans; but the most extraordinary circumstance is, that Scindia himself, on this occasion, turns faquir, and roams about with a few of his confidential attendants,—not altogether, probably, for the purpose of mourning over the departed Imaun. Indeed he appears to be under little controul on account of religious ceremonies or religious prejudices, and scarcely a week passes but some of his creditors are under the necessity of ‘sitting *Dhurna*’ before his tent.

This curious mode of enforcing a demand is an ancient Hindoo custom, held in the highest degree of veneration. We have many instances of it, selected by Lord Teignmouth, in the Asiatic Researches. If the person sitting *Dhurna* should determine to fast for a week or longer, the person on whom he sits is compelled to do the same—the strongest stomach of course carries the day. It is said that the Brahmins train some of their fraternity to remain an unusual length of time without food; these are sent to sit *Dhurna* at the door of some rich individual, who generally accedes to their demands; for if the Brahmin should die while sitting, the punishment would be dreadful on him at whose door he was stationed. Scindia generally gets rid of the *Dhurna* by paying a part of the debt, and promising the remainder at some future time; but he is not very scrupulous of his word.

The manners, customs, character, and conduct, of the Mahrattas, from the chieftain to the lowest soldier, mechanic, tradesman, and peasant, evince a total want of moral rectitude, and of those rational feelings which we are in the habit of placing to the credit of human nature in every country. Every one tries to cheat his colleagues, and Scindia appears to be as unprincipled as the most expert among them. His prime minister Surjee Rao, to whose daughter he was married, was murdered in the open bazar, and his death attaches in a great degree to Scindia. His mistresses were as usual stripped of all they possessed, and his favourite one was sent for to court, and severely beaten in the presence of Scindia's wife, who added to the indignity by giving her several blows herself with a slipper. Scindia threatened her with the loss of her ears and nose, ‘but contented himself with plundering her of a considerable sum in jewels and money, which she had contrived to collect during her short hour of sunshine and prosperity. There was another mistress who was plundered of property to the amount of a lack of rupees, and who remonstrated vehemently against the injustice of robbing her of what she termed ‘the honest gains of her profession;’ when she found this of no avail, she coolly observed, that she would recover it all again from Scindia whenever she could get into his presence, and was allowed to sing him a single song.

While

He seems to have considered that what is solid and substantial, can receive little increase or diminution of value, from mere varieties of form and distribution; and, in like manner, it has lately been discovered, that poetical fragments may, without inconvenience, be substituted for epic or other poems. It is obvious, that to embellish striking incidents by splendid description, is the boast of the poet, and that from these exertions of his fancy must be derived the principal enjoyment of the reader. Hence it seems to follow, that the interests of both parties may be promoted, by agreeing to reduce every species of composition to its quintessence, and to omit, by common consent, the many insipid ingredients which swelled the redundant narratives of our ancestors. This practice, recommended by the example of Lord Byron, and by that of his literary friend to whom the *Giaour* is dedicated, would probably have been adopted by a crowd of imitators, but that the new convert, no less inconstant than eccentric, has again suddenly deserted his leader, and has exhibited, in his second Turkish tale, a model of a species of composition equally free from constraint, and equally susceptible of every degree and variety of ornament.

The *Giaour* has been, we believe, very generally admired; but this admiration has been accompanied by almost equally general complaints of the obscurity in which the author has thought fit, not unfrequently, to envelop his meaning; and we still doubt, whether our own attempts to pierce through that obscurity have been quite successful. It has, indeed, been urged, by persons of deep penetration, that this is solely our own fault, because the tale is, in fact, extremely simple. But this is to mis-state the objection, not to answer it. No man can have supposed, that Lord Byron has failed in rendering intelligible to his readers, a very short and plain tale, which he has related both in prose and in verse; neither is it from any abruptness in the transitions from one incident to another, that perplexity arises; but the dramatic form into which the poem is cast, being often very indistinctly traced, the reader is not always able, without a painful effort of attention, to keep his feelings in unison with the changes of scenery and character.

'The tale which these disjointed fragments present, (says Lord Byron in a prefatory advertisement,) is founded upon circumstances now less common in the east than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time;" or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the republic of Venice, and soon after the Arpautes were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion.'

And

And he adds, in a note at the conclusion of the poem,

'I heard the story by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.'

From this outline it appears that the tale in question, though partly formed on the commonest model of oriental fable, was distinguished by one striking peculiarity. In eastern love-stories the heroine is usually either preserved to her lover by means of some miraculous and preternatural agency, or consigned, with very little ceremony, to death and oblivion; because, in a country where every man is, or may become possessor of a haram, the reciter and hearer of a story will generally be disposed to acquiesce in the necessity of maintaining a severe domestic police, and in the moral fitness of strangling or drowning every female convicted of infidelity. But in the present instance, the seducer of the lovely Leila is a Christian; that is, according to the courtesy of the Mahometan vocabulary, a *giaour* or unbeliever, who has the audacity to form and execute the desperate project of revenging the death of his murdered mistress, by the sacrifice of her executioner. It is evident that the delineation of such a character is well suited to poetry; and it was, perhaps, further recommended to Lord Byron, by a recollection of the scene in which he first heard it, of the impression which it made on an eastern audience, and of the grotesque declamation and gestures of the Turkish story-teller.

The poem commences with a sort of prologue, intended to describe the sensations which a prospect of the shores of Greece, during a calm summer's day, would be likely to awaken in a mind duly impressed with admiration of the ancient glory of that country, and with disgust at the moral degradation of its present inhabitants. On this theme the poet expatiates with great delight; and we cannot refrain from quoting the following highly wrought and characteristic specimen.

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled;  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress;  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air—  
The rapture of repose that's there—  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,



That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
 Yes—but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,  
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd  
 The first—last look—by death reveal'd!  
 Such is the aspect of this shore—  
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Her's is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth! pp. 4, 5.

It is difficult not to sympathize with the sensibility which dictated the first of these descriptions; and although some cold-blooded readers may, possibly, be unable to discover any analogy between the human soul and the soul of a landscape, or to comprehend the species of death which the soil and climate of Greece may be supposed to have undergone, even such readers will, probably, admire the artful and brilliant metaphors by which the poet has connected these apparently incongruous images.

After this general introduction, which has received many improvements since the first edition of the poem, the reader is led to the immediate scene of action, and obtains a slight view of the reciter of the tale. This is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat in the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem; and yet, we know not why, the author has not vouchsafed to give him a formal introduction to his readers.

Scarcely has he reached the beach, when his attention is arrested—

‘Whe

' Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side,  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :—  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast,  
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!  
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What time shall strengthen, not efface;  
 Though young and pale, that sallow front  
 Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye  
 As meteor like thou glidest by,  
 Right well I view, and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

' On—on he hastened—and he drew  
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :  
 Though like a demon of the night  
 He passed and vanished from my sight;  
 His aspect and his air impressed  
 A troubled memory on my breast;  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.'—pp. 9, 10.

Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and of passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonizing impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears.

' The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,  
 And did he fly or fall alone?  
 Woe to that hour he came or went,  
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent  
 To turn a palace to a tomb;  
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,  
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
 The very cypress droops to death—  
 Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,  
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

' The steed is vanished from the stall,  
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall,  
 The lonely Spider's thin grey pall  
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall ;  
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower ;  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower ;  
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,  
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
 And chase the sultriness of day—  
 As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,  
 And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—  
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night.—  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played  
 Around the verge of that cascade ;  
 And oft upon his mother's breast  
 That sound had harmonized his rest ;  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 Its bank been sooth'd by Beauty's song ;  
 And softer seemed each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with its own.—  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at Twilight's close—  
 The stream that filled that font is fled—  
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed !—  
 And here no more shall human voice  
 Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—  
 The last sad note that swelled the gale  
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail—  
 That quenched in silence—all is still,  
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill—  
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
 No hand shall close its clasp again.'—p. 14, &c.

We have given this long quotation, not only because it contains much brilliant and just description, but because we think that this part of the narrative is managed with unusual taste. The fisherman has, hitherto, related nothing more than the extraordinary phenomenon which had excited his curiosity, and of which it is his immediate object to explain the cause to his hearers ; but instead of proceeding to do so, he stops to vent his execrations on the *Giaour*, to describe the solitude of Hassan's once luxurious haram, and

and to lament the untimely death of the owner, and of Leila, together with the cessation of that hospitality which they had uniformly exercised. He reveals, as if unintentionally and unconsciously, the catastrophe of his story: but he thus prepares his appeal to the sympathy of his audience, without much diminishing their suspense.

While still ruminating on the adventure of the Giaour, he hears the sound of feet, and beholds a silent procession, headed by an Emir, and bearing, in a sack, what appears to be a human body. Having offered the use of his boat, he is ordered to row them towards some rocks at a distance from the shore, where their mysterious burden, being committed to the sea, subsides slowly, and with little apparent struggle, to a depth at which it wholly eludes his gaze.

‘ And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
Known but to Genii of the deep,  
Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
They dare not whisper to the waves.  
\* \* \* \* \*

‘ As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O’er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid,  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant’s play, or man’s caprice:  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Has lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Has brush’d the brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
’Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?

No : gayer insects fluttering by  
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
 And lovelier things have mercy shewn  
 To every failing but their own,  
 And every woe a tear can claim  
 Except an erring sister's shame.'—p. 19, &c.

The causes of the tragical event which he had thus witnessed, were soon explained to him by a general rumour, that Leila, the favourite slave of Hassan, under pretence of going to the bath on the last night of the fast of Rhamazan, had eloped in the disguise of a Georgian page, and had fled with the Giaour; and though other reports stated that the Giaour had been wholly unaccompanied in his flight, it was generally known that Leila had disappeared, and that, on her account, Hassan had deserted his haram, and was vainly endeavouring, amidst the noise and fatigue of the chase, to deaden the remembrance of his loss. That loss was, indeed, in the opinion of our fisherman, wholly irreparable. Eyes large, dark, and languishing as those of the gazelle; cheeks blushing like the blossom of the pomegranate; a neck graceful and majestic as that of the swan; hair of which the 'hyacinthine' ringlets swept the marble on which she trod; feet whiter than the snow

'Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
 It fell and caught one stain of earth;

and, above all, a countenance beaming with intelligence and animation:—such were the charms of Leila, which Hassan now remembered with poignant regret, and despaired of finding combined in any other female. His mother thought otherwise. She trusted that a beautiful and accomplished wife would make him amends for the loss of a still more beautiful mistress. Change of scene might erase from his memory the image which his once favourite haram incessantly tended to recal; she, therefore, having discovered a maiden whose beauty she judged to be sufficiently attractive, and having obtained the consent of both parties to the match, repaired to one of his distant castles, and conjured her son to meet her there, and to send thither, without loss of time, the accustomed bridal presents. Hassan, attended by a well-armed guard of twenty Tartars, set off on his expedition: his journey lay through the defiles of mount Parnassus, which were likely to be infested by marauding parties of Arnauts. But the formidable Hassan, whose very name had often spread terror through hosts of enemies, and who was now surrounded by a band of well-proved warriors, had reason to think himself secured against any number of undisciplined and ill-conducted assailants. His party was already beginning to emerge from the defile, when three Tartars, who led the van, were laid low by an unexpected fire of musketry; and

and though no enemy was visible, it was plain that the ambush was so well concerted, that any attempt to retreat, or delay in forcing the mouth of the pass, must be fatal. Hassan instantly hastened to the van, for the purpose of heading the charge, but found that the assailants, who had now quitted their fastnesses, were drawn up in excellent order to receive him. Their leader, though unknown to his eyes, immediately recalled to his fancy every feature of one, of whom he had anxiously collected the most minute description, and in whom he now instantly recognized the object of his long meditated vengeance.

“ 'Tis he—'tis he—I know him now,  
 I know him by his pallid brow ;  
 I know him by the evil eye  
 That aids his envious treachery ;  
 I know him by his jet-black barb,  
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,  
 Apostate from his own vile faith,  
 It shall not save him from the death ;  
 'Tis he, well met in any hour,  
 Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour ! ”

We shall abstain from giving in prose, a very dull paraphrase of that part of the poem in which the author relates the obstinate combat between the two rivals; the death of Hassan; the horror of his mother when she receives, by the hands of a Tartar, the bleeding head of her son, in lieu of the expected bridal present; and the sudden disappearance of the *Giaour*, after the full accomplishment of his revenge; because the account of these events in the original is no less perspicuous than it is animated.

With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the place where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may presume that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has professed to give us a fragment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking that the interest excited by the catastrophe is greatly heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the Turk, against the ‘accursed *Giaour*,’ are introduced with great judgment, and contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative.

The remainder of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a second canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less than six years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little confusion in the mind of the reader.

It seems that the fisherman, to whom we have been indebted for the knowledge of the preceding adventures, was, by some accident, conducted to we know not what country, where he met with

a Catholic monastery, and addressed, to one of the monks, the following question ;

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?  
 His features I have scann'd before  
 In mine own land—'tis many a year,  
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
 As ever serv'd a horseman's need.  
 But once I saw that face—yet then  
 It was so mark'd with inward pain  
 I could not pass it by again ;  
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
 As death were stamped upon his brow,”—p. 39.

His suspicions are confirmed by the reply of the monk, who informs him that the mysterious stranger had arrived, six years before, from ‘ Paynim land,’ and had purchased, by magnificent presents, the abbot's permission to reside in the monastery ; where, however, he appeared to shun, with horror, the performance of all religious rites : that, sometimes struggling in silence under the pangs of a wounded conscience, sometimes muttering incoherent recollections of a drowning mistress, and of a dying rival, or addressing the vision of some bloody hand, which tempted him to plunge from the cliff into the water,—he was an object of unceasing curiosity, and abhorrence, and terror, to all the inmates of the monastery ; whose detestation, however, was not unmingled with feelings of involuntary awe and reverence.

“ His floating robe around him folding,  
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle—  
 With dread beheld—with gloom beholding  
 The rites that sanctify the pile.  
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
 And kneel the monks—his steps retire—  
 By yonder lone and wavering torch,  
 His aspect glares within the porch ;  
 There will he pause till all is done—  
 And hear the prayer—but utter none.  
 See—by the half-illumin'd wall  
 His hood fly back—his dark hair fall—  
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
 As if the Gorgon there had bound  
 The sablest of the serpent-braid  
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed.  
 For he declines the convent oath,  
 And leaves those locks unhallowed growth—  
 But wears our garb in all beside ;  
 And—not from piety but pride

Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
 Of his one holy vow nor word.—  
 Lo!—mark ye—as the harmony  
 Peals louder praises to the sky—  
 That livid cheek—that stony air  
 Of mixed defiance and despair!  
 Saint Francis! keep him from the shrine!  
 Else may we dread the wrath divine  
 Made manifest by awful sign.—  
 If ever evil angel bore  
 The form of mortal, such he wore—  
 By all my hope of sins forgiven  
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!”—p. 43, &c.

It is plain that this fine passage, which closes a long conversation between the fisherman and the monk, is, in truth, a scene in a drama; not a portion of a narrative. This scene is followed by a series of reflections on the effects of excessive love, and on those of utter solitude; after which, we are suddenly and unexpectedly transferred to the death-bed of the *Giaour*, whose dying address to his confessor, containing more than three hundred and fifty lines, brings us to the conclusion of the poem.

These abrupt and capricious transitions may be easily removed, whenever the author shall be persuaded that, by thus embarrassing his readers, he cannot but detract from the interest which he wishes to excite. Such little blemishes, it is true, are more than compensated by the poetical beauties which are scattered, in profusion, through almost every paragraph; yet we confess, that even this display of talent has failed to reconcile us to the character of the *Giaour*; whose conduct, however reprehensible, had been at least consistent with what is called heroism, but whose feelings and motives, as described by himself, are, in our opinion, generally unnatural, and sometimes odious.

That the remorse occasioned by the consciousness of having caused the destruction of the woman whom he loved, should have haunted him without ceasing—should have tortured him even to madness, and should, finally, have put a period to his existence, is certainly not incredible. The extent of his anguish, under such a consciousness, would depend partly on the strength and sincerity of his affection for his mistress, and partly on that propensity to self-condemnation, which is generally a characteristic of the noblest minds; and which, in such minds, is most likely to create final and incurable despair. His affection is, indeed, very frequently, and very beautifully expressed; for instance,

“ But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again.

I grieve,



I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died;  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave.  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
 She was a form of life and light—  
 That seen—became a part of sight,  
 And rose—where'er I turned mine eye—  
 The Morning-star of Memory!"—p. 55.

The following lines, also, are finely descriptive of his regret.

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,  
 But not the breath of human life—  
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
 And stung my every thought to strife.—  
 Alike all time—abhorred all place,  
 Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,  
 Where every hue that charmed before  
 The blackness of my bosom wore."—p. 58.

We might easily refer the reader to many other passages which are no less favourable than the preceding, to the character of the *Giaour*; but we think, as we have already hinted, that the author has thrown into that character, some unnecessary shades of what we should be disposed to call arrogance and selfishness. It is surely not quite consistent with his feelings of remorse, that he should boast of his inability to 'whine or sigh,' of his determination to 'obtain or die,' and consequently to risk the life of Leila for his own gratification; and that he should justify her murder, by the avowal that he, himself, would have acted like Hassan under a similar provocation. It is after thus exculpating his rival, that he says,

"I gazed upon him where he lay,  
 And watched his spirit ebb away;  
 Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,  
 He felt not half that now I feel.  
 I search'd, but vainly search'd to find,  
 The workings of a wounded mind;  
 Each feature of that sullen corse  
 Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face!  
 The late repentance of that hour,  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave—  
 And will not soothe, and can not save!"—p. 53.

We now proceed to the *Bride of Abydos*.

The

The aged Giaffir, the Pacha of the country, is seated in his Divan, and surrounded by his armed slaves ; he is brooding in silence on some important project. His eye appears to express a mixture of exultation and anxiety.

“ Let the chamber be cleared”—the train disappeared—

“ Now call me the chief of the Haram guard—”

With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

“ Haroun—when all the crowd that wait  
Are passed beyond the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveiled !)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower—  
Her fate is fixed this very hour ;  
Yet not to her repeat my thought—  
By me alone be duty taught!”—pp. 2, 3.

Haroun is preparing to execute the order, when young Selim, apprehensive that the shortest delay in Zuleika's arrival may excite his father's indignation against her, or against the guiltless Haroun, attempts to save them by his interposition. He confesses that, attracted by the beauty of the weather, he had, at an early hour, induced his sister to accompany him into the gardens of the Haram ; where, enjoying together the fragrance of the air, the coolness of the cypress groves, and the varied prospects of the Hellespont, and listening, alternately, to favourite pieces of poetry, they had loitered so long, that even himself, when warned by the sound of the tambour, had been scarcely in time to express his duty to his father at the Divan. Zuleika, possibly, might still be wandering where he left her ; and if this was blameable, to him that blame must attach ; but his father must not forget that, whether in the garden or in her own apartment, she was equally invisible to all eyes, but those of her trusty attendants.

The impatient Giaffir is incensed to frenzy by this apology ; he treats Selim as the son of a slave, inheriting the soul of his degraded mother, incapable of aspiring to the fame, or of emulating the valour of his Turkish ancestors, and fitted only to pore over the babbling waters of a fountain, and to watch the expanding petals of a rose-bud. Having exhausted every term of contempt on the youth, he again repeats his orders to Haroun, warning him that his life depends on his vigilant guard of Zuleika.

Thus far, Selim had listened in submissive silence, but was unable, wholly, to controul the expression of those emotions which laboured in his breast. Giaffir, who had watched him with malicious attention, continued to probe his feelings by fresh insults, still gazing on him with a haughty fierceness, by which he hoped to quell

quell the rebellious spirit which he had awakened; but when he encountered the eye of his son, he read in it, not the sullen gloom of contumacy, but the steady glance of high and indignant valour. He felt himself unexpectedly awed and abashed by that child, whose effeminacy he had long despised and hated, whom his conscience had compelled him to view with some alarm, and against whom his present sense of humiliation inspired him with increasing rancour. This sentiment, however, was, for the present, suspended by the arrival of Zuleika. By her presence the sternest passions of his soul were always soothed into gentleness, and he now proceeded to greet her, with the blessing of a tender and affectionate father.

‘ Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
 Across her gently-budding breast—  
 At one kind word those arms extending  
 To clasp the neck of him who blest  
 His child caressing and carest,  
 Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt  
 His purpose half within him melt;  
 Not that against her fancied weal  
 His heart though stern could ever feel—  
 Affection chained her to that heart—  
 Ambition tore the links apart.’—p. 10.

He tells her that, for the purpose of ensuring her permanent happiness, he had consented to sacrifice his own, by transferring her from the care of a parent to that of a husband; that the man to whom her hand was destined was brave and powerful, being kinsman of the Bey Oglou; and that, by means of such an alliance, the chiefs of both families would secure their independence, and set at nought the anger of a capricious Sultan. She would, probably, care little about his age, and would be contented to know that her father had not contracted her to a boy. From that father she had long learnt the lesson of obedience; that of love would be taught her by her husband.

‘ In silence bowed the virgin’s head—  
 And if her eye was filled with tears  
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
 And changed her cheek from pale to red,  
 And red to pale, as through her ears  
 Those winged words like arrows sped—  
 What could such be but maiden fears?  
 So bright the tear in Beauty’s eye  
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry—  
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,  
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!’—pp. 11, 12.

Giaffir, full of confidence in her unrepining submission, felt no  
 anxiety

anxiety about his daughter's present feelings. Leaving her and Selim under the care of the Kislár Haroun, he resigned his pipe, called for his horse, and proceeded, with his Moorish and Mamaluke guards, to inspect their usual exercises in the use of the sabre and jereed.

Selim, pale, mute, and motionless, his head leaning on his hand, his eye directed towards the plain where the Pacha's troops were engaged in mimic war, saw not the display of their activity, heard not their shouts of triumph. His thoughts were wholly occupied with the image of Zuleika, but he was unconscious of her presence. She sighed, but her sigh was unheeded; her anxious and inquiring eye was fixed, in vain, on his torpid and inanimate features. She wished to address him, but felt an involuntary hesitation.

' Yet speak she must—but when essay—  
 " How strange he thus should turn away!  
 Not thus we e'er before have met,  
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."—  
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,  
 And watched his eye—it still was fixed—  
 She snatched the urn wherein was mixed  
 The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,  
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
 The pictured roof and marble floor—  
 The drops, that through his glittering vest  
 The playful girl's appeal address,  
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,  
 As if that breast were marble too—  
 " What sullen yet? it must not be—  
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"  
 She saw in curious order set  
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land—  
 " He loved them once—may touch them yet,  
 If offered by Zuleika's hand."  
 The childish thought was hardly breathed  
 Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed—  
 The next fond moment saw her seat  
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet—  
 " This rose to calm my brother's cares  
 A message from the Bulbul bears;  
 It says to-night he will prolong,  
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song—  
 And though his note is somewhat sad,  
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
 With some faint hope his altered lay  
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away."—pp. 14, 15.

This playful appeal is disregarded; and she beholds, with increasing astonishment and alarm, the obstinate gloom which even her caresses

caresses cannot dispel, and of which she is unable to explain the cause. Her own feelings, however, at length afford a clue to those of Selim. That Osman, to whom her father has pledged her, and whose arrival she anticipates with horror, is, perhaps, no less odious to him. Under this impression, she suddenly changes her manner, and, in a calm but determined tone of voice, deliberately binds herself, by a solemn oath, not to become the wife of any man without the free consent, and even the solicitation of him who has been the companion of her infancy, to whom her whole heart has been always devoted, and from whom she is incapable of withdrawing any portion of her affection.

Selim, starting from his trance, and catching Zuleika in his arms, claims an equal share in this oath, which, he tells her, has bound them irrevocably to each other; he exhorts her to firmness and constancy, relates the affront which he had received from Giaffir, obscurely hints at some other cause which has aggravated his indignation, confirms her in her abhorrence of Osman, conjures her to conceal the sacred engagement which she had voluntarily contracted, tells her that he has 'arms and friends' to protect her against the unworthy suitor who claims her, and cautions her not to think that her Selim is really what he has hitherto appeared.

Zuleika, though accustomed to rely implicitly on his judgment, to adopt all his opinions, to sympathize in his grief, and rejoice in his joy, was, in the present instance, bewildered by his incoherent language, and incapable of sharing the sudden and inexplicable tumult of his emotions. Why did he now receive, with such rapture, the assurance of that affection which he never could have doubted, which had never suffered a moment's change, which even from her infancy she had so frequently expressed with the same fervour and sincerity? Why was she directed to cloak in mystery a vow which she had called on Heaven to witness, which the authority of her father could not annul, and which his justice could not condemn? She wished to avow to Giaffir the solemn obligation which she had contracted, to proclaim her invincible antipathy towards Osman Bey, and, strengthened by the approval of her own conscience, to brave the indignation which her frankness might possibly excite; but, feeling that concealment and dissimulation were incompatible with innocence, she implored Selim either to recal his injunction of secrecy, or at least to explain and justify his motive for exacting it.

The appearance of Giaffir and his troop, who were now returning from the field, compels Selim to delay this explanation. He entreats her to retire for the present, and promises that he will, at night, conduct her to a more secure place of conference in the gardens of the Haram, and dispel every doubt and scruple which may

may have been awakened in her mind by his late ambiguous conduct. Thus terminates the first canto.

‘ The winds are high on Helle’s wave,  
As on that night of stormy water  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos’ daughter.’

The night was unusually cloudy and dark, the moon was far advanced in the wane, and, until the late hour of her rising, no ray of light was discoverable on the shores of the Hellespont, excepting the lamp which glimmered in the lonely tower of Zuleika. There, on a silken ottoman, were thrown the amber beads of her rosary; the holy amulet, the gift of her mother, studded with emeralds, but more precious from the mystic text engraven on it; a finely painted koran; rolls of poetry, not less gaudily illumined; and the lute which, till now, she had seldom thus neglected. The lamp of fretted gold cast a light which, though faint and almost expiring, was sufficient to display these splendid objects, as well as the rich carpets of Persia, and costly Chinese vases, which diffused the sweet fragrance of living flowers, or the stronger scent of perfumes from Sheiraz. Every thing indicated luxury and opulence, but every thing wore an appearance of gloom during the absence of Zuleika, the animating spirit of this fairy mansion.

Defended against the cold by a vest of the thickest sable, but trembling with anxiety, and sometimes with fear of some unknown danger, which the moanings of the wind, and the darkness of the grove appeared to menace, she was conducted by Selim to a grotto, the favourite scene of her musical studies and of her youthful reveries. Immediately elevated above the sea-beach, and alternately presenting to her eyes the varied prospect of the Hellespont, and the fragrant gardens of the Haram, it had often suggested to her fancy, many visionary pictures of that Paradise which was obscurely promised to her sex by the koran, but which she trusted that she should share with Selim, whose bliss, even in other worlds, must be imperfect without her. Far different, however, were the visions which, at this lonely hour, the same spot was calculated to awaken. Piles of arms of uncouth shapes, some of which seemed to be rusted by the stain of blood, and a large goblet filled to the brim, but not, as it appeared, with any lawful beverage, were the most conspicuous objects that reflected the wavering and yellow flame of a lamp. Zuleika started, and, turning to her conductor with a look of inquiry, was scarcely able to recognize her beloved Selim.

## IX.

' His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,  
 But in its stead a shawl of red,  
 Wreath'd lightly round, his temples wore :—  
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
 Were worthy of a diadem,  
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced.  
 And from his belt a sabre swung,  
 And from his shoulder loosely hung  
 The cloak of white—the thin capote  
 That decks the wandering Candiote:  
 Beneath—his golden plated vest  
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast—  
 The greaves below his knee that wound  
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.  
 But were it not that high command  
 Spake in his eye—and tone and hand—  
 All that a careless eye could see  
 In him was some young Galiongée.'—p. 32.

Zuleika gazed on him in silent wonder, and listened, with an air of melancholy foreboding, whilst he reminded her of the hints by which he had endeavoured to prepare her for seeing him in a different character, of the voluntary oath by which she had made him the arbiter of her fate, and of the duty thus imposed upon him to guard her from the pursuit of the unworthy Osman, and to intrust her with every secret of his heart. He then, after again adjuring her to reserve the disposal of her hand, prefaced the story which he had promised to communicate, by the solemn assurance that he was not her brother.

This assurance was wholly unexpected. Selim, she was very sure, had, from the time of her earliest recollection, been always recognized by Giaffir as his son; as such, he had been educated with herself in the Haram, and had been, up to that hour, and with Giaffir's full concurrence, the constant companion of all her studies and amusements. It was true that her father had often behaved to Selim with a harshness which, to her, had appeared unnatural, and had thus inflicted on her, whose heart was inseparably attached to her supposed brother, the only miseries which her youth had hitherto experienced. She had very recently witnessed the deep resentment which rankled in the mind of Selim. Hence she inferred that herself, as Giaffir's daughter, was also become an object of that resentment, or, at least, that the affection, for which she had partly been indebted to the supposed tie of consanguinity, might

might be much diminished. This was a misfortune that she dreaded more than even death or slavery, and, in her reply to Selim, she expressed this fear with her usual frankness and simplicity, and earnestly conjured him to recollect that she remained unaltered, that she was still his sister, his friend, his Zuleika.

It was easy to relieve her from this imaginary terror, but even the most solemn vows of attachment from the lord of her affections, and the prospect of being united to him by ties which were wholly unobjectionable, were insufficient to support her courage during the recital which she was now condemned to hear.

Selim, it seems, was the son of Abdallah, Giaffir's brother, and Giaffir was the murderer of that brother. Both were distinguished by their intrepidity, by their military skill, and by the dignities which such qualities usually confer. At the commencement of Paswan Oglou's rebellion, these candidates for fame and power were amongst the first Pachas who led their contingents to the Sultan's army, and whilst they were encamped at Sophia, the insidious Giaffir caused Abdallah to be poisoned in the bath. By the artful distribution of his treasure, he procured the investiture of the pachalic which had belonged to his victim, and as his crime was only known to the agent whom he had employed, and to Haroun, the principal slave of Abdallah's haram, he was perfectly sure of impunity. Haroun, indeed, far from being able to revenge his master, had no means of saving his own life, and that of the infant Selim who was left in his charge, but by propitiating the powerful Giaffir, in which he was so adroit and successful that the Pacha, who had no son of his own, consented to adopt his nephew, and to place the child, and afterwards Zuleika, under Haroun's care in his haram in Asia Minor, to which he transferred his own residence, from the estates which he occupied on the banks of the Danube.

The same policy which prompted Giaffir to become the adoptive father of his brother's child, induced him, also, to watch over the boy's education, to debar him from all manly exercises, and to instruct him only in those accomplishments which were compatible with his confinement within the walls of the haram. It was probable that habits of luxury and effeminacy, carefully fostered in childhood, would endure through life, and that the dangerous spirit of Abdallah would never revive in the degenerate Selim. But when the Pacha, on the point of setting off for a distant campaign, thought it necessary for the security of Zuleika, to establish her within the walls of Brusa, Selim, to whom her presence had alone endeared the scenes of their mutual captivity, became impatient of his solitary prison, and obtained from the compassionate Haroun his permission to enjoy a few months of freedom, under



the solemn promise of re-entering the haram before the return of Giaffir.

From Haroun he also learnt the atrocious conduct of Giaffir, against whom he now conceived a deep and implacable hatred. But disdaining to rely for vengeance on the arm of an assassin, and hopeless of resisting, by any ordinary means, the influence and power of the Pacha, he resolved to seek, during the short period of emancipation which was allowed to him, the only instruments capable of promoting the execution of his designs. The neighbouring islands abounded with pirates, men of desperate courage, who, acting in concert, and led by an artful and enterprizing chieftain, could scarcely fail of success in a sudden attack on any individual pachalic. To these he instantly addressed himself, and soon captivated them by his boldness, by his eloquence, by his present liberality, and by the dazzling prospect of pillage and conquest, which he held out to them as the sure reward of their union and discipline. He had concerted with them, before his return to the haram, such sure means of communication, that from his retreat he continued to direct all their motions. By them were brought those arms which she had viewed with such alarm, and which were reserved for the use of some trusty adherents whom he had gained within the palace; for their lips was intended that cup from the sight of which her eyes seemed to fear pollution. They were ready at a short distance, perhaps even now within hearing, for the purpose of conveying her to the asylum which he had provided and ornamented for her reception. But her determination must not be delayed, since nothing but immediate flight could save her from the arms of Osman, or prevent the decision of the mortal feud between her father and her lover.

## XXII.

‘Zuleika—mute and motionless,  
 Stood like that statue of distress—  
 When, her last hope for ever gone,  
 The mother hardened into stone;  
 All in the maid that eye could see  
 Was but a younger Niobé!—  
 But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
 Essayed to speak, or look reply—  
 Beneath the garden’s wicket porch  
 Far flashed on high a blazing torch!  
 Another—and another—and another—  
 “Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!”  
 Far—wide through every thicket spread  
 The fearful lights are gleaming red;  
 Nor these alone—for each right hand  
 Is ready with a sheathless brand:—

They

They part, pursue, return, and wheel,  
 With searching flambeau, shining steel;  
 And last of all his sabre waving,  
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,  
 And now almost they touch the cave—  
 Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?—pp. 49, 50.

He stood unappalled. One only hope remained. The sound of his pistol might perhaps be heard by his comrades. He fired it in the air, imprinted one kiss on the lips of Zuleika, conjured her to retire from the scene of danger, promised to respect the life of Giaffir, and, springing from the wall upon the beach, attempted to cut his way to the boat which was rapidly approaching to his rescue. Zuleika spoke not, wept not, stirred not; she was insensible to his parting exhortation, and even to his last caress; her eyes alone seemed eagerly to pursue his retiring image, and when that was lost in darkness, one wild shriek announced the termination of all her terrors. Selim, covered with the blood of his pursuers, and still unhurt by their weapons, reached the edge of the water, and was already joined by the foremost of his friends, when a shot, from the unerring carbine of Giaffir, passed through his heart.

'Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
 Go—seek them where the surges sweep  
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep  
 And cast on Lemnos' shore:  
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay—  
 As shaken on his restless pillow,  
 His head heaves with the heaving billow—  
 That hand—whose motion is not life—  
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife—  
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
 Then levelled with the wave—  
 What reck's it? though that corse shall lie  
 Within a living grave?  
 The bird that tears that prostrate form  
 Hath only robbed the meaner worm!  
 The only heart—the only eye—  
 Had bled or wept to see him die,  
 Had seen those scattered limbs composed,  
 And mourned above his turban-stone—  
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—  
 Yea—closed before his own!—pp. 54, 55.

The poet has wisely abstained from expatiating on the fate of Giaffir, who, in the moment of his triumph and exultation, is thus abruptly deprived of the only object of his tenderness and hope of

his ambition, and is left, a solitary childless wretch, to endure, for the remainder of his declining life, the incessant reproaches of a guilty conscience. In lieu of this odious picture Lord Byron has borrowed, we know not whether from some eastern legend, or from his own invention, a little fabulous incident which forms a far more graceful and appropriate conclusion to the poem.

## XXVIII.

' Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress glooms  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamped with an eternal grief;  
Like early unrequited Love!  
One spot exists—which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove.—  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale,  
It looks as planted by Despair—  
So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem—in vain—  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears.  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour  
And buds unsheltered by a bower,  
Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower  
Nor woos the summer beam.'—pp. 57, 58.

This miraculous rose springs, of course, from the virgin grave of Zuleika; and it seems that the feathered Selim has taken care that her remains shall not be decorated with any more vulgar ornament.

' There late was laid a marble stone,  
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!  
It was no mortal arm that bore  
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;  
For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—  
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
Denied his bones a holier grave—  
And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,  
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head—  
And hence extended by the billow,  
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"

Where

Where first it lay—that mourning flower  
Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour—  
Alone—and dewy—coldly pure and pale—  
As weeping Beauty's cheek, at Sorrow's tale!—pp. 59, 60.

Having devoted so much time to the contents of these poems, we have little to add by way of comment. The public, we think, are seldom very culpably prodigal of their admiration, and the almost universal, though not quite unqualified applause with which the poetical compositions of Lord Byron have been received, affords, in our judgment, an undeniable proof of his distinguished talent. The only doubt, therefore, which we have felt ourselves interested in solving, is, whether this tide of success has appeared to produce a beneficial or mischievous effect on the mind of the favoured poet; whether it has seduced him into negligence, or excited him to greater exertion; whether it has confirmed him in a love of paradox and disdain of received opinions, or conciliated in him a more charitable and tolerant spirit. It was with a view to this question that we included his two poems in this article, the reader being thus enabled to follow us more conveniently, in our examination of their respective merits.

This examination may be completed in few words, because the poems to be compared are merely varieties of a single species, being both tragical love-tales, of which *Leila* and *Zuleika*, the *Giaour* and *Selim*, are the parallel characters.

Of *Leila* we know nothing but that she was a beautiful Circassian slave, highly seducing, and, like most slaves, easily seduced; sufficiently adroit in devising means to meet the wishes of her lover, but finally detected in her attempt to escape with him, and drowned, in conformity to Turkish custom, by her master. Whatever interest she inspires arises, partly from the atrocious cruelty of which she is the victim, and partly from the strange effect produced by her death on the mind of the *Giaour*.

These effects, however, as her lover himself informs us, were the result, not of her merits, but of his own peculiar temperament. He observes that 'the cold in clime are cold in blood,' but that his passions resembled 'the lava-flood that boils in Etna's breast of flame.' Thus reduced to the alternative of satisfying all his desires, or of being consumed by them, he naturally chuses the former; and because every religion, and code of laws, and system of morality, is, more or less, hostile to the unlimited enjoyment of sensuality and revenge, he rejects them all, and adopts a scheme of ethics more congenial to his constitution. Had *Leila* proved refractory, it follows, from his antipathy to ceremonious love, that he must have obtained her favours by force. Had she been subsequently faithless to him, he tells us that he must have murdered

her; but, being deprived of her whilst their attachment was mutual and unabated, he pines and dies under this disappointment. In the agony of remorse he *sometimes* wishes that she had not returned his love; but the reflection which soothes him on his death-bed, and to which he recurs with exultation, is, that he had been happy—that he had possessed her.

The heroine of the other poem, the blooming Zuleika, is all purity and loveliness. Never, we think, was a faultless character more delicately or more justly delineated. Her piety, her intelligence, her strict sense of duty, and her undeviating love of truth, appear to have been originally blended in her mind rather than inculcated by education. She is always natural, always attractive, always affectionate; and it must be admitted that her affections are not unworthily bestowed. Selim, when an orphan and dependant, is never degraded by calamity; when better hopes are presented to him his buoyant spirit rises with his expectations; he is enterprising with no more rashness than becomes his youth; and when disappointed in the success of a well concerted project, he meets, with intrepidity, the fate to which he is exposed through his own generous forbearance.

Now we presume that Lord Byron, who had the option of giving the priority of publication to either of these poems, must have preferred the *Giaour*, from an impression that what is strange and terrific and anomalous is best suited to the higher class of poetry. But although the rapid demand for many successive editions of the work was well calculated to strengthen this impression, the author has embraced every opportunity of introducing new interpolations for the purpose of softening what was too coarse in the first sketch, or of supplying what was defective, or of explaining what was obscure. We need not inquire whether these additions were dictated by his own maturer taste, or by his deference to the sentiments of others, because the two suppositions are equally creditable to the candour of the author.

The second poem affords still more conclusive evidence in his favour, since it does not contain a single offensive passage. To us, indeed, the *Bride of Abydos* appears to be in every respect superior to the *Giaour*, though, in point of diction, it has been, perhaps, less warmly admired. We will not stop to argue this point, but will simply observe, that what is read with ease is generally read with rapidity, and that many beauties of style which escape observation in a simple and connected narrative, would be forced on the reader's attention by abrupt and perplexing transitions. It is only when a traveller is obliged to stop on his journey that he is disposed to examine and admire the prospect.

ART. IV.—*De l'Allemagne*. Par Madame La Baronne De Staël Holstein. Seconde Edition. 3 tom. 8vo. 1813.

**F**EW pieces of literary history are more curious than those connected with the present volumes. In themselves, whether we consider them as a review by a native of France of the vast circle of German authorship, or as the work of a woman 'de omni scibili,' (for, in truth, it is not easy to name that branch of human inquiry which does not find its place in some part or other of the following pages,)—their appearance is a phenomenon that fully justifies the interest which they have excited. Nor was it possible that this interest should not be much augmented by those singular acts of jealous power which sought to strangle in its swaddling clothes this formidable assertor of German eminence. The regular censors of the press in France (as Madame de Staël informs us, in an indignant and, to Englishmen, a sufficiently gratifying preface) were contented, indeed, to authorize its appearance with the exception of some few passages, which in the present edition are marked with inverted commas. This permission was in fact equivalent to an unqualified approbation of the whole; since the passages thus singled out are, in general, so little obnoxious either to praise or blame, so little distinguished from the rest of the work, and so easily spared from it, that the erasures may seem to have been made more from the desire of doing something than the impression that any thing was necessary to be done. Such harmless critics, whether before or after publication, are little qualified to disturb an author's tranquillity. But there exists in modern France another and a very different judge of literary questions, by whom the daughter of Necker was regarded with no kindly nor impartial eye,

Πικρὸς λυτὴρ νεικεῶν

Ξεινὸς ἐκ πυρὸς σὺδεὶς σιδαρὸς.

The will of this patron of literature was soon made manifest, in an order from the Lieutenant of Police to destroy the whole impression which the censors had sanctioned, and on which, thus authorized, the publisher had risked his property. This was followed by a polite message to Madame de Staël herself, requiring her to surrender the original copy of her work, (a demand which how she evaded we are not told,) permitting her, at the same time, to visit foreign countries, and allowing her, at first, twenty-four hours, afterwards, in excess of kindness, seven or eight days, for the arrangement of her affairs, and to bid adieu for ever to her paternal home and her native soil. This rigorous sentence was imposed, General Savary assured her, not as a punishment for having omitted the Emperor's praises in her last work, but because the air of

France did not, in the General's opinion, agree with her, and because the French people were not as yet reduced to seek for models among the nations whom Madame de Staël admired. To these circumstances we owe the present residence of this lady in England, and the publication of her persecuted work by a London bookseller.

In all this there is nothing which, under a government like that of France, could reasonably excite surprise, except the tone and character of the publication, on account of which a woman of elevated rank, and still more elevated literary character, has incurred a treatment so severe. For, though General Savary affects in his letter to attribute her exile to her general conduct, and though 'post hoc, ergo propter hoc,' is not in logic a legitimate inference; still it is plain, from the expressions of Savary himself, that her work on Germany was the immediate cause which drew down on her head those thunder-clouds which only lowered before, and which had seemed to respect the ancient privilege of her laurel chaplet. Yet, of all publications, the present work might seem least likely to have attracted the storm, did we not recollect that eminence of every kind is hateful to despotic power. It is strictly and truly what it professes to be, a critical and philosophical treatise. On every subject which could inflame the public mind in France, or give a moment's well-grounded offence to any form of government, a guarded silence is observed; and, as we have General Savary's assurance that it is not absolutely expected by the police that every work published in Paris should contain the author's confession of his faith in the Emperor, we can only suppose what will excite, perhaps, the surprise of future generations, that it was in the nineteenth century regarded as treasonable in France to bestow any praises on, not the government but, the literary and moral character of the English and Germans.

To imitate or to extol Europeans is in China, we believe, illegal; but in Europe it would be difficult to find another instance where an author was, under pain of banishment, forbidden to criticise with fairness or favour the writings and morals of foreigners; of foreigners, above all, whose nations, in every instance but one, were at that moment the allies of her own. Yet, in truth, the policy of such prohibition is altogether consistent with the interests and hazards of an empire built mainly on opinion, and whose ascendancy relies, as that of France so lately did, on a supposed superiority over all the earth in literature no less than in arms. 'Let France,' it might be said by the sages of the Thuilleries, 'let France be brought to perceive that other nations have any thing either great or wise or illustrious which they have not borrowed from herself, and half her confidence is gone. Let the rest of Europe

Europe be convinced that in any point they equal their masters, and the yoke is so far broken." France is not, like Rome, so firmly seated in her empire by the prescription of ages as to afford, like that great model, to other lands the praise of science and poetry, and content herself with the monopoly of conquest and government. Her claims to eminence are not, in any one instance, so undoubted as to permit her to be careless of the remainder.

It is thus, we conceive, that the liberal opinions of Madame de Staël were accounted dangerous to the duration of the sacred empire, and that the majesty of France was alarmed on being informed that she had any thing to learn from barbarians: not that, in the present volumes, their author has in the cosmopolite forgotten the patriot, or merged in her admiration of exotic institutions or genius the natural and laudable pride of a Frenchwoman. We do not detect, in any single instance, a desire to rob of one well-earned laurel that illustrious people, from whose intellect Europe has received almost as much instruction as she has suffered of misfortune from their corruptions and their turbulent ambition. On some points, which in the course of the work it will be our duty to notice, we can even distinguish certain traces of early prejudice, and passages in which an Englishman or German would, perhaps, accuse her of partiality to the composed and uniform stateliness of the models of her own country over the more natural and original characters of Teutonic composition. But it is not, surely, the conduct of an enemy or a traitor to disabuse her countrymen of that overweening and exclusive spirit which, even more than years of usurpation, has armed against France the hostility of mankind, which shuts out knowledge at every entrance but one, and proscribes, as disaffected or ridiculous or unfashionable, all desire to profit by whatever genius or wisdom is not impressed with the stamp of the *universal language*, or which has not received the *imprimatur* of the Parisian circles. Even so far, indeed, as national feeling is concerned, a laudable partiality to the peculiar taste or more illustrious models of our native country is not likely to decline by a competent acquaintance with those of other nations. Of the few distinguished names, respecting whose precedence it is worth the while of empires to contend, the greater part present in fact but few features on which their admirers can institute a comparison. Those mighty spirits, who divide among themselves the upper seats of immortality, have mounted that proud eminence by very distinct and devious paths, and, in the rounds of fancy or of reason, in the defence of virtue or the pursuit of error, have marched, like the angelic guards of Milton's Eden,\* by opposite

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\* Paradise Lost, Book III.



alleys, to meet in the same triumph. There are, accordingly, two leading objects which appear throughout the present work to have occupied its author's anxiety; the first, to remove all narrow rivalry of each other's renown from the admirers of French and Teutonic literature by demonstrating the wide dissimilarity and intrinsic merit of the walks which they have respectively chosen; the second, to justify German taste and genius from the aspersions, with which the ignorant and selfish critics of Paris have for a length of years assailed them.

It would be long, and it is unnecessary, to recall the dull jests against dulness, the ignorant imputations of ignorance, which, from the reign of Lewis the XIVth to that of Napoleon, have afforded a cheap and ignoble triumph to the wits and even the graver writers of France over a nation perhaps more wise, certainly more learned and more moral than themselves. It is, however, not to Frenchmen alone that a work like the present may be serviceable, since it cannot be concealed that, even in England, and among a race of kindred language, and of genius very little dissimilar, the literature of Germany has experienced scarcely less unworthy treatment. To the learned labours of their hellenists and antiquarians our students have, indeed, been ever ready to render ample praise, but to the generality of English readers their best historians have remained altogether unknown; while their poets and philosophers, their plays and their romances, have been abandoned to the indiscriminate charge of folly and impiety, the scorn of the wise and the terror of the virtuous. The forms of contempt and religious alarm are, of all others, perhaps, the most frequent *avatars* of the mighty goddess Ignorance; and it may be reasonably supposed that many, both in England and France, were not sorry to spare themselves the trouble of acquiring a difficult language by declaring, beforehand, that it contained nothing but heresy and nonsense. There were, however, many other circumstances which, in this country, operated to depress the renown of our Teutonic kindred, and which, in the opinion of the best informed among themselves, afford no inconsiderable excuse for the hard measure of which they complain.

The period at which German literature was first introduced into general notice in England was, it will be remembered, the moment of those tremendous convulsions in the political and moral world, under whose effect (though in the hands of Providence they may doubtless lead hereafter to the happiness of all) human nature at this hour is smarting; and when the abyss of error was pouring forth all her brood of serpents to corrupt or annoy the champions of religion and order.

‘ Her

' Her vomit full of books and papers was  
 With loathly frogs and toads which eyes did lack,  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy grass :  
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has !' \*

So widely, indeed, was the land overspread with this pestiferous deluge, that many of the most wholesome herbs, and the fairest indigenous flowers, received a taint in its progress ; and it would be easy to instance some of the most illustrious names both in England and Germany, whose early productions were impressed with feelings which they have long since unlearned, with hopes which they soon found it but too necessary to abandon. Of these, not only the unpopular politics, but the harmless or admirable peculiarities, were regarded with unjust, though not unnatural suspicion ; since the defenders of existing institutions, while every wind brought to their ears the extending death-howl of anarchy and atheism, while they past their days on the watch-tower, and slept with the sword girded and the helmet on the head, were ready to suspect in every novelty a secret as dangerous as the Trojan horse, and to treat even their own friends as enemies if they appeared in the armour of the Greeks.

But, besides this leading cause of jealousy and ill-will, there were others which contributed to increase or prolong the undue depression of the German character in England. In both countries the present generation has seen the establishment of a new school in composition, and in neither country, at the period to which we refer, had this school attained either perfection or consistency ; its founders had, as yet, neither completely gained the public ear, nor perhaps very perfectly themselves understood the innovations to which their examples conducted. First essays are almost always faulty. England was obliged to submit to a long and nauseous course of diablerie and sentiment, before these morning shadows gave way to the sunshine of Thalaba and the Last Minstrel ; and the eccentricities of the Robbers and Gortz von Berlichingen were, in like manner, the precursors of those mighty efforts of tragedy which have placed the Teutonic muse on a level with Æschylus, and little below Shakespeare. In both nations, in fact, the transition was of the same kind and nearly contemporary ; it consisted in a reference to other models than those of France or Rome, and it is remarkable that the same was in the one attacked as English, which in the other was stigmatized as German. But, though in their native soils the heroes of the new school have been completely triumphant, their merit is still unknown or contested beyond this range, and the parts beyond the sea are to each of them ' partes in-

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\* Faery Queene, Book I. Canto i.

*fideliūm.* For this another reason may be assigned. A new style, like a new religion, seldom makes its earliest progress among the wise and learned, or those whose bundle of opinions is already made up and ticketed for reference. It always is first popular with those who read to please themselves, the young, the idle, and the ignorant; and the favour which it may acquire among judges of this description is in itself a pretty strong obstacle to its reception with graver critics. The herd of readers too, though in the leading points of genius and feeling they are almost always right, are in the adjuncts of style and language not sufficiently informed to be fastidious; and those who cater for them are often but little disposed to furnish better wares than the mass of their customers require. Accordingly, neither in selection nor execution can our English translators of the popular German authors be said to have done justice to the soil, of whose produce they brought us specimens. With few exceptions, and those not very considerable, (the *Oberon* of Wieland is, perhaps, the only one worth particular notice,) the stock of German literature for the consumption of London has been furnished by the vilest hacks of Grub-street, or the idlest of our dilettanti poets; to the terror of nurseries, the corruption of boarding-schools, the lamentable disparagement of the king's English, and the utter dismay of teachers, parents and guardians, who looked round in vain for the help of *Don Quixote's* housekeeper, in the midst of this mighty maze of forests and dungeons and songs and ghosts and post-waggon and waltzes.

All this while, we were not aware in England that the trash whose adoption we deprecated was that which our neighbours had thrown away; much less that, like the merchants in *Bedlam*, the rival nations were gravely bartering filth for filth:—that while we judged of them by *Kotzebue*, they formed their notions of us from *Messrs. Thompson and Lawrence*; and that the *Minerva* press of the ingenious *Mr. Lane*, '*magna mater fœcum*,' was trafficking its '*tons of midnight work*,'\* in return for the imported offal of *Leipsic* and *Weimar*. To dispel these mutual errors is a task of little less importance than the negociation for a general peace.

*Madame de Staël's* introduction is chiefly engrossed in discussing the distinction of character, which she assumes as existing between those nations who formed a part of the original Roman empire, and derived their instruction from the yet pagan *Capitol*, and those whose introduction into the arts and habits of civilized life attended or was subsequent to their adoption of Christianity. In the first of these classes, *France*, *Italy*, and the *Spanish peninsula* are comprised; in the second, the *Gothic* and *Germanic* nations,

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\* *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

with their colonies in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The nations of eastern Europe, whom she somewhat vaguely calls Slavonian, (though Hungary, one of its most distinguished regions, be peopled by a different race,) are foreign from the present inquiry. We shall only observe, that though her assertion of the recent admission of Russia into civilized Europe be certainly true; yet both Poland and Hungary would, as well as Bohemia, appeal against this sweeping sentence as applied to themselves; and that in all these countries the German and Italian character, far more than the French, may be said to be blended with the Asiatic. It is however an undoubted fact, that these nations present to our notice very little originality of genius or composition; and that intellectual Europe may be pretty accurately divided into the Roman and Germanic families. The first of these she regards as more active, more sensual, and greater adepts in the arts of ambition; the second as more speculative and fanciful, and as deriving greater pleasure from tales of wonder and knight errantry.

‘ Leur imagination se plaît dans les vieilles tours, dans les créneaux, au milieu des guerriers, des sorcières et des revenants; et les mystères d’une nature rêveuse et solitaire forment le principal charme de leurs poésies.’—vol. i, p. 3.

To this distinction it has been objected, we conceive, with more speciousness than solidity, that during the middle or, as they may be called, the chivalrous ages of Europe, no difference can in this respect be traced between the inhabitants of Italy and the north; that the most renowned troubadours were of southern extraction; and that the provincial Roman was the native tongue of that style of composition which Madame de Staël considers as peculiarly adapted to the sensorium of a German warrior. It should be remembered, however, that the taste for such recitals, and the manners which they represent, had been previously transplanted from the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, and that the bards of Provence, and Lombardy, and Naples, sang to please Teutonic or Norman masters. At a very early period too we may perceive the character of the southern race predominating in their *Lais* and *Fabliaux*, which are less frequently employed in exciting terror or chivalrous interest, than in painting the domestic manners of the age, in satyrizing the monks, or recounting ludicrous stories of Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Virgil. As the memory and institutions of the northern conquerors declined, the tales of ‘fierce war and faithful love’ were heard with increasing indifference; and though the intercourse with Germany through the Ghibelline faction prolonged, perhaps, their reign in Italy, and gave birth to the noblest of all romantic poems, the wonderful Orlando;—yet no sooner did that interest decline, and the revival of learning af-

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ford access to the imagery and allusions of ancient poetry, than the Celtic Arthur, and the Roger, Charles, and Roland of the north were abandoned, perhaps too soon, for a school congenial to the race and climate, and the field relinquished to the Novel and Pastoral of Italy, and those longwinded chronicles of courtship, the Clelias and Cassandras of more modern France.

Another fact, which may seem to countenance the notion of a very general difference in taste and habits between the rival races, is the complete success which the revival of a taste for chivalrous models and romantic poetry has met with in England and Germany, contrasted with the apparent indifference which the contemporary efforts of St. Palaye and Tressan have experienced in France. But above all, and what may be regarded as a complete and familiar *shibboleth* by which to try the question of this intellectual variety of the human species—let any of our finest northern descriptions of the wild; the marvellous, the romantic, or the terrible, selected, as it may happen, from the works of Shakspeare, Milton, or Spenser, be administered to the best judges south of the Rhine; and it will be easy to observe how little their sensibility will accord with our own, or with that of a circle of Germanic critics.

We regard then Madame de Staël's opinion of this native Teutonic taste for the marvellous and romantic, as founded in a very accurate knowledge not only of character but of history; and, when we consider the scarcely dubious connection between the Gothic and Persian nations, we cannot help being forcibly impressed by a circumstance in which they so remarkably resemble each other, and as remarkably differ from that which we may call the classical family of mankind.

As the Germans are, according to Madame de Staël, the least practical and most speculative of all the nations which compose their stock, it will follow that many traits in their character and writings will, even with English judges, appear unusual or preposterous, while, on the other hand, they may doubtless expect from us a more patient hearing than from the people to whom the present work was in the first instance addressed. More active and ambitious than the one, more studious and contemplative than the other, England may be said to form an intermediate link in the chain of which France and Germany are extremities: and, while we are frequently tempted to ridicule or neglect the phlegmatic reveries of our elder brethren, there is still so much general likeness of character and feeling, that, either in passing through German scenery and society, or reading German authors, we shall find undoubtedly less to disgust, perhaps even less to admire, than one whose taste and habits have been formed on models so totally different, and whose feelings are continually and alternately kept in play

play by the offence or charm of novelty. This observation has often occurred to us in the course of the present volumes, and in no instance more forcibly than in the following beautiful description of the general aspect of Germany; which, though it illustrates with admirable force and justice the difference between France and the provinces beyond the Rhine, might appear overcharged to a native of England, and still more of Scotland or Scandinavia, who should visit the same scenery without the advantage of so strong a contrast.

‘La multitude et l’étendue des forêts indiquent une civilisation encore nouvelle: le vieux sol du midi ne conserve presque plus d’arbres, et le soleil tombe à plomb sur la terre dépouillée par les hommes. L’Allemagne offre encore quelques traces d’une nature non habitée. Depuis les Alpes jusqu’à la mer, entre le Rhin et le Danube, vous voyez un pays couvert de chênes et de sapins, traversé par des fleuves d’une imposante beauté, et coupé par des montagnes dont l’aspect est très pittoresque; mais de vastes bruyères, des sables, des routes souvent négligées, un climat sévère, remplissent d’abord l’ame de tristesse; et ce n’est qu’à la longue qu’on découvre ce qui peut attacher à ce séjour.

‘Le midi de l’Allemagne est très bien cultivé; cependant il y a toujours dans les plus belles contrées de ce pays quelque chose de sérieux qui fait plutôt penser au travail qu’aux plaisirs, aux vertus des habitants qu’aux charmes de la nature.

‘Les débris des châteaux forts qu’on aperçoit sur le haut des montagnes, les maisons bâties de terre, les fenêtres étroites, les neiges qui, pendant l’hiver, couvrent des plaines à perte de vue, causent une impression pénible. Je ne sais quoi de silencieux dans la nature et dans les hommes resserre d’abord le cœur. Il semble que le temps marche là plus lentement qu’ailleurs, que la végétation ne se presse pas plus dans le sol que les idées dans la tête des hommes, et que les sillons réguliers du laboureur y sont tracés sur une terre pesante.’—pp. 9, 10, 11.

To the manner in which Madame de Staël was affected by the Gothic and chivalrous monuments of Germany the same observations will apply. Those who are familiar with Wales or Northumberland will feel little wonder at the ancient castles on the Rhine or the Elbe; and if our infancy have been conducted, as generally happens to English children, to visit the rarities in the tower, we shall hardly experience ‘une impression pénible’ at the sight of ‘warriors of painted wood clothed in their armour,’ even though ‘the casque, the buckler, the cuishes, the spurs, are all according to ancient prescription;’ and though ‘we are led up and down in the midst of these upright corpses, whose elevated arms seem ready to strike their adversaries, or who hold in like manner their lances in the rest!’

The fruit-trees, however, which are planted by the side of the principal

principal high-ways, and whose produce (though not, as Madame de Staël was led to suppose, *intended* for the benefit of travellers,) is, generally speaking, both offered with a cordiality, and plucked with a moderation most honourable to the owner and the passer-by; the whimsical and tawdry neatness of the houses, and that attention to landscape-gardening in which they imitate and, in some few instances, almost rival England:—these circumstances,—to which we may add the lazy sleekness of the horses and cattle, and the evident good understanding which subsists between the animal and rational population, are undoubtedly characteristic and amiable traits in the Teutonic coup-d'œil; which, though they may not be relished by the fastidious eye of a Winckelman, or the impatient wheels of a modern traveller, evince, as is here observed, a love of nature and hospitality far preferable to greater alertness and purer taste.

The political divisions of Germany, and the want of some such common focus of interest and intellect as, in the case of London or Paris, stamp a decided and uniform character on the general mass, make it impossible to give in one view an accurate picture of all; but there are certain traits (many of them indeed resulting from the partition of territory and the diminutive size of the smaller states) which may, to a considerable extent, be regarded as characteristic of the whole Teutonic confederacy. Of these, a want of nationality of spirit is the most obvious, and this want is conspicuous in their literature as well as in their politics. Madame de Staël considers the absence of a great and common tribunal of taste and reasoning as favourable to the essays of genius and imagination; and we are inclined to agree with her. On the other hand, as every man writes to please himself or the little provincial circle of which he is the oracle, he is often too secure of pleasing; and, conforming himself to the palate of those from whom his immediate harvest of praise is to spring, is more solicitous after novelty than taste or judgment. The distinction of ranks, and the total want of intercourse between the busy and studious classes, is in like manner injurious to both of these. The imagination, more than the reasoning faculty, is the natural forte of the Germans; and this is not corrected by that collision of solitary meditation and active knowledge of the world, which is produced by a well-mingled society.

‘L'esprit est un mélange de la connoissance des choses et des hommes; et la société où l'on agit sans but, et pourtant avec intérêt, est précisément ce qui développe le mieux les facultés les plus opposées. C'est l'imagination, plus que l'esprit, qui caractérise les Allemands. J. P. Richter, l'un de leurs écrivains les plus distingués, a dit que *l'empire de la mer étoit aux Anglais, celui de la terre aux Français, et celui de l'air aux Allemands*: en effet, on auroit besoin, en Allemagne, de donner

ner un centre et des bornes à cette éminente faculté de penser qui s'élève et se perd dans le vague, pénètre et disparaît dans la profondeur, s'anéantit à force d'impartialité, se confond à force d'analyse, enfin manque de certains défauts qui puissent servir de circonscription à ses qualités.'—p. 19.

A more honourable characteristic which our author ascribes to the whole German nation is probity.

'On a vu souvent chez les nations latines une politique singulièrement adroite dans l'art de s'affranchir de tous les devoirs ; mais on peut le dire à la gloire de la nation allemande, elle a presque l'incapacité de cette souplesse hardie qui fait plier toutes les vérités pour tous les intérêts, et sacrifie tous les engagements à tous les calculs. Ses défauts, comme ses qualités, la soumettent à l'honorable nécessité de la justice.'—p. 18.

The whole people may be considered as more capable of continued than sudden or vigorous exertion. Madame de Staël makes honourable mention of their power of labour and reflection in the study ; and she might have added, that in the shop or the manufactory the same persevering ingenuity is easily distinguishable. But where immediate activity is required, they know not how to contend with difficulties ; and, when pressed beyond their natural pace, they find difficulties in every thing. 'You hear the word "impossible" a hundred times in Germany for once in France.' A native of France indeed experiences this more forcibly, since not only the contrast is greater with all that they have left behind, but the common people, who have a mulish antipathy to being hurried by any body, are still more stubbornly inert when their tormentor is 'ein Welcher.'—Neither money nor threats will on such occasions quicken them ; and as Madame de Staël herself (p. 124) appears to have suffered under their pertinacious slowness, there is something almost ludicrously candid in the consolation which she draws from it, that 'cette fixité en toute chose, est une excellente donnée pour la morale !'

We know not whether we may attribute in any degree to this tranquillity of mind and body, which naturally inclines them to sedentary and soothing amusements, that universal relish and talent for instrumental music in which the Germans so remarkably differ from their kindred in England or Scandinavia. We meet with harpsichords in the meanest alehouses ; public bands perform in every town on market days ; the wandering gipsies all carry harps ; and the Austrian herdsmen amuse their leisure with the flute or the horn. In many parts of England we still retain the custom of those winter carols which our author supposes peculiar to Germany ; but it is in the custom only and not the harmony that there is any parallel. In their church music and ours the difference is



equally striking. An organ is with them as necessary an adjunct as a pulpit; and even their Calvinists, wiser than those of Scotland, do not disdain this delightful auxiliary to devotion. It is very true that music is to a certain extent a part of general education, even in the charity schools; but, as our author sensibly observes, if there were not a predisposing genius for it, such an education would never suffice to render peasants expert performers.

Their old-fashioned Sunday-clothes, and the formal awkwardness ascribed to their manners, as they naturally arise from the provincial and scholastic tone of their societies, need not detain us long. A still more singular trait of character is the warmth of clothing and habitation to which all classes are accustomed, and the consequent reluctance with which they expose themselves to cold and hardship. Our southern neighbours have sometimes taunted us with an excessive dread of that fatal malady 'le catch-cold;' but in Germany and Scandinavia this principle is carried infinitely farther; nor is it too much to say that some valiant officers of those nations would face a cannon with as much composure as a draft of air. Even the labouring classes partake in this species of effeminacy. Their stoves, their beer, and the fumes of their tobacco form round them a hot and heavy atmosphere, out of which they breathe with reluctance; and the ingenious contrivance by which the turnpike-keepers avoid the necessity of leaving their chimney corner to open the gate or receive the toll, was one of the earliest features which attracted Madame de Staël's notice on her leaving the borders of France. She imputes these peculiarities to the nature of their climate: we would rather seek their cause, so far as the peasants are concerned, in the superior easiness of their condition to that of many other nations, which gives them both leisure and ability to attend to minuter circumstances of comfort and luxury. From whatever cause, the fact itself is singular, and it makes the ordinary class of German soldiers far less adapted to the severities of a military life than their strength and stature, their patient courage and characteristic discipline, would seem at first to promise. The army is in fact a favourite pursuit with the governments rather than the people: the marked distinction maintained between the different ranks of society, (though softened by the content of acknowledged superiority on one side, and by the national acquiescence in established forms on the other, yet) by confining all promotion to certain circles, depresses of course the military ardour of the remainder; and Madame de Staël is even inclined to doubt whether the habitual indulgence of imagination does not make danger more formidable, and the strength of domestic affection increase too powerfully the attachment to life.

She finds more satisfactory causes in the want of adequate motives

tives to martial daring, of that national feeling which a divided empire cannot have; that thirst of glory which is mainly cherished by the applauses of a numerous and concentrated society; that love of liberty which the Germans have not as yet had occasion to learn, either by its full enjoyment or its painful loss. Religion, lastly, which is the fourth great stimulus, has at present in Germany a character of dreaminess and universalism, which makes it rather a meditative than practical spirit, and deprives it entirely of those definite and exclusive features for which alone mankind are willing to fight. The studious and theoretic habits of the middling classes contribute in her opinion to increase this disinclination, and she concludes her second chapter with these memorable words.

‘L’étendue des connoissances dans les temps modernes ne fait qu’affoiblir le caractère, quand il n’est pas fortifié par l’habitude des affaires et l’exercice de la volonté. Tout voir et tout comprendre est une grande raison d’incertitude; et l’énergie de l’action ne se développe que dans ces contrées libres et puissantes où les sentiments patriotiques sont dans l’ame comme le sang dans les veines, et ne se glacent qu’avec la vie.’—p. 33.

Her portrait of the German females is exquisitely, though slightly sketched; but she seems to have overlooked the principal cause of their romantic character, which may be found, we apprehend, in the provincial nature of the circles in which they live. With us, the misses of a country-town are as much occupied in love and novels as any other branch of the Teutonic family; and cards and visiting and domestic cares employ their maturer age as fully in one country as the other. Nor, even in England, are those young ladies who have never passed beyond one narrow circle remarkable for their timidity. The reserve of an English female is more commonly found among those who, to a certain extent, have been initiated into a really numerous society, and who have just seen enough of their countrymen to feel that superiority which Madame de Staël so kindly ascribes to us, but which, as it proceeds from habits of active employment or feelings of political interest, is chiefly met with in the intercourse and conversation of the capital.

In morals however the Englishwomen as yet may claim undoubtedly the preference; since the facility with which in Germany the scene may be changed from one little state to another, when scandal has made the first too hot to hold their frailty, the injudicious readiness with which divorces are granted, and above all perhaps a certain coldness of temperature, which, as it has little previous love to conquer, easily transfers that little, and transgresses not from passion but from vanity;—joined to the studies in which their youth is generally passed;—lead them to treat those occur-

rences as of very little consequence, which in England would produce heavy legal damages; in Spain the dagger or the bowl; and in Turkey a moonlight voyage in a sack from this world to the next.

The immorality of the German females resembles however the Italian rather than the French school of profligacy; the *cicisbeo* is unfortunately a too common character; the man *à bonnes fortunes*, the most hateful of all possible shapes of vice, who, wherever he is tolerated, inevitably fixes the last stamp of degradation and misery on the female name, is as yet but rarely found beyond the Rhine, where women continue to experience a degree of respect which is incompatible with prostitution, and which Madame de Staël, in an eloquent chapter, is anxious to trace from the times and feelings of chivalry. But that chivalry, which feudal forms comprize; which is exhibited in the holding of a manorial court, or the homage of a copy-holder; the chivalry of attornies and proctors, (and such only can be found in the institutions of modern Germany,)—can have no possible effect on the state of manners or morals. The simple fact is, that the one people are less depraved than the other, and the obvious cause is not to be found in any institutions of courtesy, but in the influence which religion still retains on the habits or recollections of the nation. To revive that influence, and to exclude that influx of guilt which their intercourse with France and their imitation of French manners had been daily augmenting, resistance, and the national spirit which successful resistance must engender, has been, since the resurrection of their hopes, their obvious, their honourable, and, we may exultingly add, their successful policy.

The south of Germany, it is prettygenerally supposed, is inferior to the other half in literary talent; and it is certain that the most celebrated scholars, poets, and philosophers, have issued from the universities north of the Maine.

Madame de Staël is willing to suppose that this difference might not have existed if the sovereigns of Austria and Bavaria had taken any real interest in letters, though, at the same time, she would rather ascribe the deficiency of the south to its mild and equable climate.

‘ Il faut en convenir, les climats tempérés sont plus propres à la société qu'à la poésie. Lorsque le climat n'est ni sévère ni beau, quand on vit sans avoir rien à craindre ni à espérer du ciel, on ne s'occupe guère que des intérêts positifs de l'existence. Ce sont les délices du midi ou les rigueurs du nord qui ébranlent fortement l'imagination. Soit qu'on lutte contre la nature, ou qu'on s'enivre de ses dons, la puissance de la création n'en est pas moins forte, et réveille en nous le sentiment des beaux-arts ou l'instinct des mystères de l'ame.’—p. 53.

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This is sufficiently eloquent, but we are not sure that it is altogether just. It is, in the first place, inconsistent with her complaints in the preceding page of the heavy and monotonous society of Bavaria and Franconia; since, according to her present hypothesis, their temperate sky, while it withheld the faculty of poetry, should promote that of conversation; and if climate produce any sensible effect on either, what is the material difference between the climates of Paris and Munich?

The influence of the Catholic Religion, though it exists in Germany under its mildest and most rational form, and has indeed in some of its most essential points undergone a virtual reformation, has, undeniably, retarded the progress of the southern universities, while both in literature and society their defects have been exaggerated, by their own countrymen in the north from a prejudice of religion and dialect, and by travellers, on account of the imperfect and barbarous pronunciation of French which our author has noticed: but, these circumstances overlooked, the rising academy of Munich, and the varied society of Vienna, will not yield, we think, in the comparison with the generality of their northern neighbours, nor is there any situation in which an Englishman would find less occasion to regret his native soil than one or other of these capitals.

We omit with reluctance the character of the Austrian government, a system of routine, of moderation, and of timidity, uniting and displaying all the virtues and many of the vices attendant on the old age of an empire: but we cannot refrain from extracting the following excellent observations on the impotency and ill-effect of restraint in matters of literature, which here, as in the kindred governments of Spain and Portugal, is most conspicuously exerted in excluding foreign publications.

‘ On défendoit à Vienne de représenter Don Carlos, parcequ’on ne vouloit pas y tolérer son amour pour Elisabeth. Dans Jeanne d’Arc, de Schiller, on faisoit d’Agnès Sorel la femme légitime de Charles VII. Il n’étoit pas permis à lire l’Esprit des Lois: mais, au milieu de cette gêne, les romans de Crébillon circuloient dans les mains de tout le monde; les ouvrages licencieux entroient, les ouvrages sérieux étoient seuls arrêtés.

‘ Le mal que peuvent faire les mauvais livres n’est corrigé que par les bons, les inconvénients des lumières ne sont évités que par un plus haut degré de lumières. Il y a deux routes à prendre en toutes choses: retrancher ce qui est dangereux, ou donner des forces nouvelles pour y résister. Le second moyen est le seul qui convienne à l’époque où nous vivons; car l’innocence ne pouvant être de nos jours la compagne de l’ignorance, celle-ci ne fait que du mal. Tant de paroles ont été dites, tant de sophismes répétés, qu’il faut beaucoup savoir pour bien juger, et les temps sont passés où l’on s’en tenoit en fait d’idées au patrimoine,

de ses pères. On doit donc songer, non à repousser les lumières, mais à les rendre complètes, pour que leurs rayons brisés ne présentent point de fausses lueurs. Un gouvernement ne sauroit prétendre à dérober à une grande nation la connoissance de l'esprit qui règne dans son siècle ; cet esprit renferme des éléments de force et de grandeur, dont on peut user avec succès quand on ne craint pas d'aborder hardiment toutes les questions : on trouve alors dans les vérités éternelles des ressources contre les erreurs passagères, et dans la liberté même le maintien de l'ordre et l'accroissement de la puissance.'—pp. 62, 63, 64.

But, whatever may be the errors and weaknesses of the Austrian government and people, the one would seem to confer and the other to enjoy more orderly, more tranquil, more moral happiness than most other regions of Europe can produce. Religion has retained a stronger or at least a more visible influence here than in the north ; and in Vienna, the crowded streets and busy faces, the industry and comfort of the lower classes, and the substantial appearance of every thing which met the eye, before its recent distresses, not unfrequently put us in mind of London. The mildness and justice of the executive power supplied in no small degree the place of constitutional freedom ; a practical equality of rights subsisted in the nation, which ill accorded with the usual notions of German aristocracy ; and neither in the streets, the theatre, the public library, nor the Prater,

(Αλση δε τις ποῦ τοιαῦτ' εσχ' ἄλλη πολις ;)

were any of those distinctions visible, by which the nobles of France were accustomed to outrage the feelings of their countrymen. Even the follies of England and Austria are not perhaps dissimilar ; and though the stimulus of political discussion and the more general attention paid to literature give a greater zest to our society than theirs, yet do not the fashionable pursuits of Vienna materially vary from those which modern taste has sanctioned in London : nor, in the morning's unvaried promenades, the neglected theatre, and, above all, in those wearisome crowds of well-dressed persons, who flock, like gregarious rather than social animals, from one drawing-room to another ; do we know which metropolis can lay best claim to the cap and bells. The following pathetic description Madame de Staël may have already found but too applicable to Hanover Square as well as to the ' Herren Gasse.'—

On perd un certain temps pour la toilette nécessaire dans ces grandes réunions, on en perd dans la rue, on en perd sur les escaliers en attendant que le tour de sa voiture arrive, on en perd en restant trois heures à table ; et il est impossible, dans ces assemblées nombreuses de rien entendre qui sorte du cercle des phrases convenues. C'est une habile invention de la médiocrité pour annuler les facultés de l'esprit, que cette exhibition journalière de tous les individus les uns aux autres. S'il étoit

étoit reconnu qu'il faut considérer la pensée comme une maladie contre laquelle un régime régulier est nécessaire, on ne sauroit rien imaginer de mieux qu'un genre de distraction à la fois étourdissant et insipide : une telle distraction ne permet de suivre aucune idée, et transforme le langage en un gazouillement qui peut être appris aux hommes comme à des oiseaux.—p. 78.

The parties of Vienna, it must be owned, are rendered still more insipid by the prevalent affectation of a foreign manner and language, and a fruitless aspiration after those peculiar and inimitable characteristics which make up the charm of a Parisian circle ; but which when transplanted must lose their bloom, because they only please where they are characteristic and national. The general adoption of the French language in elevated society has produced an ill effect, both in banishing the men of business or letters, (who, neither from leisure nor early habit having the power of conversing in it fluently, affect to despise those coteries in which they are not qualified to shine,) and in destroying no small share of ease and raciness of conversation even in those who remained behind. For, it cannot be denied that those who converse, however fluently, in a language in which they do not think, (and few men think in any but their native tongue,) are almost inevitably driven into the barrenness of compliment and the detail of hackneyed pleasantry ; or that, at best, their discourse will have all the stiffness of translation, and present but the lifeless and colourless shadows of those ideas which, in their original state, were forcible and elegant. It is this want of immediate connection between the tongue and the heart, which makes the German girl in Goethe's novel doubt her lover's constancy, because he has written to her in French. Not, as Madame de Staël incautiously suggests, that French is more adapted to deception than the subtle distinctions and perplexed construction of the German periods ; but because a man, who really feels with warmth, will seldom volunteer a translation of his feelings into a foreign language.

In successful imitation of the language and manners of France, the native Viennese are far excelled by the emigrants from Poland ; who, since the unfortunate fall of their country, being more attached or rather less hostile to Austria than the other partitioning powers, have flocked in great numbers to Vienna. These are in truth far better apes than the Germans can pretend to be ; since, having no genius, but for imitation ; no learning, but in grammars and vocabularies ; no accomplishments, but singing and dancing ; no principle, except animal good-nature ; nor any feeling, but that of vacant curiosity ; they transmit, like a colourless fluid, every tint of the surface over which they glide ; and assume in the course of a fortnight whatever tone of manners may be in most request with their

entertainers. The Germans, having a character of their own to lose, as well as a foreign character to learn, are far more clumsy mimics; and, as generally happens in cases of mimicry, the Gallo-Teuton, like the Gallo-Briton, is a caricature rather than a likeness of the being whom he admires. His *persiflage* and *badinage* are as absurd and often as rueful as Malvolio's 'gravity playing at cherry-pit with Satan.' He is more frivolous, more immoral, than the real Frenchman; and, while he thinks to astonish by his acquaintance with the intrigues and pleasantries of Paris, oppresses him by obsolete *bon-mots* and anecdotes of Mademoiselle de Fontanges and Madame de Montespan. If a man of real talent, he gives up all that charm of originality which is so grateful to every intelligent foreigner. If a blockhead, he can only froth up his stupidity into the more offensive form of folly, and exchange his native and therefore not ungraceful shyness, for that confidence of deportment which (like a national domino) gives an uniform exterior to Frenchmen of all descriptions; and in them is only not intolerable, because, being the costume of their tribe, it implies no affectation in the individual. Even that peculiar sprightliness and vigour of conversation, of which Parisian society offers the perfection; (the nature and producing causes of which Madame de Staël has discussed with all the philosophy of a German professor, and all the ease and vivacity of a Frenchwoman;) that dextrous fencing with words, that science of effect, and that quick penetration into the feelings of an audience, which warns the exhibitor on what points, and how far to insist, or to be silent;—these, however graceful in themselves, can only be possessed by a people whose philosophy is to escape from painful sensations; among whom discourse is not so much the vehicle of information, as the stimulus of life; who study and meditate, not for the pleasure of new ideas, but as acquiring arms for future fields of discussion; whose highest notion of renown, is that of possessing the ear of the world; and who fear no danger, but that of being in a minority of opinions. Such accomplishments, and such a state of public feeling, it must require in any nation the lapse of ages to bestow; and such would be dearly, very dearly purchased by the surrender of originality of character, independence of sentiment, a capacity for the higher enjoyments of imagination and feeling, and that peculiar cast of humour, which is as appropriate to the Teutonic race as their language and their physiognomy; which, far different from the wit of France, is conversant not with terms but things, and is manifested not so much in readiness of retort, as in a quiet and far-sighted contemplation of the characters and passions of mankind.

The north of Germany, with its frosts and fogs, and tobacco and tardiness, does not, we have already observed, present many exterior attractions

attractions to a native of France; and Madame de Staël, whose first visit was paid under circumstances of private grief, was perhaps too deeply impressed with the melancholy of the land of her sojournment. Undoubtedly in her 13th chapter she hardly does justice to the aspect, accommodations, and general society of the north; and appears inclined to degrade considerably beneath their real level the little mercantile republics which form one of the most striking features in the country. A female like herself, whose sex and connections, and previous habits, would bring her naturally into literary or fashionable society, is not perhaps so competent a judge of the tastes and acquirements of the great body of the middling and commercial classes, as those who have been thrown into contact with both descriptions. But she might have recollected, that in a country where a general spirit of inquiry and a general knowledge of literature pervades even the inns and custom-houses, it was hardly to be supposed the merchant alone would be hermetically sealed against its influence. No traders in the world are more alive to the discussion of general politics and commercial theories, than those of northern Germany. Chemistry and mineralogy are considerably more common studies with them, than with those of the same class in England or France. Among the younger men, the love for theatrical entertainments amounts almost to a passion; and their reading clubs, though originally confined to newspapers and magazines, have been gradually opened to other works, with a liberality which, though it be far from rivalling the magnificent institutions of Liverpool, is yet highly creditable to the taste and spirit of their frequentors.

The authors by profession, however, form, beyond a doubt, the most interesting feature of northern society; and of these the little capital of Weimar, and the almost adjoining university of Jena, have presented the most brilliant and remarkable concentration that any place or period of European history can shew. Dresden, notwithstanding its beautiful neighbourhood, and the admirable opportunities of study and relaxation which its library and gallery supplied, has always been a dull gossiping town; and Berlin, though to all intents and purposes, both social, political, and literary, the metropolis of northern Germany, is doubtless a more tiresome as well as a more immoral place than Vienna. Men of letters of the very first eminence may indeed be met with in its circles; but they are lost too effectually in the crowd to impart much of their leaven to conversation; and, with all the obligations which Prussia has to Frederic the Great, (and so far as relates to her internal government, and the impulse given by him to her general improvement, these obligations are far more durable than is often allowed by those who merge the able and diligent ruler and legislator



legislator in the darker shades of his ambition and tyranny,)—the present sovereign, estimable in so many points of view, is the first who has encouraged a taste for the German language and literature. Nor was the general military character, forming the only link of that heterogeneous empire which the founder of Prussian greatness left behind him, adapted to produce an estimable tone of national manners. The young officers are, generally speaking, both idle and ignorant; the elder have formed their habits in the camp or the garrison, and find their most agreeable relaxation in dining at a table d'hôte, or lounging in clubs or play-houses: and while the prostitution of the lower and middling class of women extends to a degree which is almost inconceivable, this circumstance has taken away no small share of that respect and deference which the higher rank of females might expect, and which the sex in other parts of Germany still continue to receive. With all these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the uninteresting character of Berlin as a town where every thing is modern, and where neither buildings nor institutions offer any recollections of past grandeur, or any promise of future stability, an Englishman would, as a continued residence, prefer it to the favourite Weimar of Madame de Staël, as being a place where existence is not so dependant on the notice and hospitality of a sovereign however amiable; where literary society may be found, if sought after, in its highest perfection, without our being condemned to the incessant exercise of literary disquisition, or to that eternal chit-chat of *dillettante* poetry and criticism, of which we have heard many sensible Germans complain.

But in all these towns, and the other principal cities of northern Germany, the quantity of human intellect and the general, we might say, the national diffusion of a certain degree of instruction through all classes of men, is indeed most remarkable: and as the system of education which produces such effects must be with most of her readers an object of rational curiosity, and as the arrangements of a German university deserve in many respects to be better known not only in France but in England; we shall look we own in another edition for something more detailed than that general praise, which, however gratifying to those who are thus celebrated, is to others of very little value. In one respect alone she gives us real and valuable information. The Germans, like the English, either in ignorance or utter disregard of the sapient anathemas by which certain more northern luminaries have assailed acquirements which themselves did not possess, have made the study of the ancient languages the basis of their national education; and, though yielding to none in their successful prosecution of the sciences, continue to esteem it of more consequence to imbue the  
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minds of youth with lofty imagery and generous sentiments, than to breed up a generation of chemists, mineralogists, and mechanists. All these find their places and their followers in the universities; but it is when the previous education of their youth has sufficiently grounded them in Greek and Latin. Nor are any of these considered as the exclusive path to honours and patronage; but, as in Oxford, the career of his further ambition is left to the choice of the individual, who may, with equal prospect of honour and advantage, emulate the renown of a Wallis or a Tyrwhitt, a Wolff or an Euler. The disadvantages of a contrary system, the impoverishment of intellect attendant on mathematics, when their study is too early commenced or too exclusively followed; and the still more fatal frivolity occasioned by that premature dabbling in experiment, which, however it may amuse the eye or fill the memory, can teach neither attention nor ratiocination, Madame de Staël has admirably, though perhaps too refinedly exposed. The first, by exercising the mind in one single direction, has a natural tendency to weaken the other faculties, and the direction thus given is one which has really very little relation to the concerns of a political and moral being. The problems of real life are altogether of a different nature from those which fall under the cognizance of numbers and algebraic signs; and the most acute geometer may, in matters of interest or duty, be the worst of all possible reasoners. Voltaire observes, in his character of Des Cartes, that by mathematics nothing but mathematics can be taught; and Pascal is instanced by Madame de Staël as having deplored, in his own case, that early predilection for geometry, 'whose forms of demonstration only teach, in a thousand different ways, propositions,' so far as reason is concerned, 'identically the same.'

The experimental system by which children are taught 'to amuse themselves with method, and to study superficially,' she attacks with still more force and reason; and, long as is the following extract, we cannot refrain from transcribing her sentiments, in the hope that such an authority may discountenance a system which is the offspring of idleness and false indulgence, and which the prevalence of these two principles at one time threatened to make universal.

'L'éducation faite en s'amusant disperse la pensée; la peine en tout genre est un des grands secrets de la nature: l'esprit de l'enfant doit s'accoutumer aux efforts de l'étude, comme notre ame à la souffrance. Le perfectionnement du premier âge tient au travail, comme le perfectionnement du second à la douleur: il est à souhaiter sans doute que les parents et la destinée n'abusent pas trop de ce double secret; mais il n'y a d'important à toutes les époques de la vie que ce qui agit sur le centre même de l'existence, et l'on considère trop souvent l'être moral

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en détail. Vous enseignerez avec des tableaux, avec des cartes, une quantité de choses à votre enfant, mais vous ne lui apprendrez pas à apprendre; et l'habitude de s'amuser, que vous dirigez sur les sciences, suivra bientôt un autre cours quand l'enfant ne sera plus dans votre dépendance.

‘Ce n'est donc pas sans raison que l'étude des langues anciennes et modernes a été la base de tous les établissemens d'éducation qui ont formé les hommes les plus capables en Europe: le sens d'une phrase dans une langue étrangère est à la fois un problème grammatical et intellectuel; ce problème est tout-à-fait proportionné à l'intelligence de l'enfant: d'abord il n'entend que les mots, puis il s'élève jusqu'à la conception de la phrase, et bientôt après le charme de l'expression, sa force, son harmonie, tout ce qui se trouve enfin dans le langage de l'homme, se fait sentir par degrés à l'enfant qui traduit. Il s'essaie tout seul avec les difficultés que lui présentent deux langues à la fois, il s'introduit dans les idées successivement, compare et combine divers genres d'analogies, et de vraisemblances; et l'activité spontanée de l'esprit, la seule qui développe vraiment la faculté de penser, est vivement excitée par cette étude. Le nombre des facultés qu'elle fait mouvoir à la fois lui donne l'avantage sur tout autre travail, et l'on est trop heureux d'employer la mémoire flexible de l'enfant à retenir un genre de connoissances, sans lequel il seroit borné toute sa vie au cercle de sa propre nation, cercle étroit comme tout ce qui est exclusif.

‘L'étude de la grammaire exige la même suite et la même force d'attention que les mathématiques, mais elle tient de beaucoup plus près à la pensée. La grammaire lie les idées l'une à l'autre, comme le calcul enchaîne les chiffres; la logique grammaticale est aussi précise que celle de l'algèbre, et cependant elle s'applique à tout ce qu'il y a de vivant dans notre esprit: les mots sont en même temps des chiffres et des images; ils sont esclaves et libres, soumis à la discipline de la syntaxe, et tout-puissans par leur signification naturelle; ainsi l'on trouve dans la métaphysique de la grammaire l'exactitude du raisonnement et l'indépendance de la pensée réunies ensemble; tout a passé par les mots et tout s'y retrouve quand on sait les examiner: les langues sont inépuisables pour l'enfant comme pour l'homme, et chacun en peut tirer tout ce dont il a besoin.’—pp. 167, 168, 169.

When Madame de Staël, however, contrasts the perfect equality of ranks in the German universities with a supposed contrary practice in our own, she falls into a mistake very common with foreigners, who are not aware that no distinctions are known among our students in points either of discipline or instruction, and that young men of different gowns associate as familiarly with each other as if no such variety existed. The costume, no less than the whole discipline of an English university, is, even in these days of universal relaxation, beyond comparison more appropriate and sensible than that misrule which makes the streets of Halle and Wittenberg little less than dangerous to females, or those absurd  
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and costly trappings, the furs, the helmets, and the sabres, by which the students of Germany distinguish their respective clubs or nations. It is whimsical indeed that societies so sober, so peaceable, and so frugal, should tolerate the many mischievous and even fatal consequences arising from this idle parade of war in the seats of learning; and it is no less singular how soon, on their leaving the university, the ardent spirits of these 'angry boys' relapse into the quiet and studious character which is the pervading tone of the nation, excepting in those scenes where we should most expect to find it.

But it is not the education of the higher ranks alone which is thus studiously attended to in Germany. The children of the poor are far better instructed than in the southern countries of Europe; and the singular system which Pestalozzi first introduced into Switzerland has emanated from his school into many of the neighbouring states, and appears peculiarly adapted to the habits and feelings of a nation so orderly, quiet, and religious, as the humbler rank of Germans. Of these institutions, and of the charitable inventions of Baron Voght at Hamburg, Madame de Staël speaks with merited praise, but, as before, without sufficient detail to satisfy the imitative curiosity of an Englishman: and, with all our unfeigned respect for this last named gallant and unfortunate town, we cannot help observing, that the taxes in Hamburg are not so entirely left as she supposes to the discretion and patriotism of individuals. They are indeed permitted to assess themselves, but the amount of their contribution, and the general state of their property, are known, we believe, to the ten commissioners of revenue who have the entire controul of the taxes, and are bound by an oath of secrecy. The probity of these commissioners, who are every five years chosen by the great body of inhabitants, is more fortunately remarkable; since, though they are, strictly speaking, accountable neither to senate nor people, they have never violated their oath, nor has defalcation or abuse of the public property been laid for three hundred years to their charge.

Madame de Staël commences her second section with an inquiry into the causes which have impeded the reputation of German literature in France and England; in which, as we have already given our opinions, we do not think it necessary to follow her. At the time of writing her account of the spirit of English poetry, she does not appear to have been aware of the revolution which public taste has experienced, or that the sententious and Horatian style of Pope and Addison had so completely given way to wilder and more fanciful beauties. But as we are less anxious to account for the present unpopularity of the German authors than to prove that they ought to be received into favour, we hasten to attend on the eloquent

eloquent review of their leading names which occupies the succeeding chapters.

The earliest school of German composition is, as might be expected, poetical; nor is it very materially different from that which during a corresponding period prevailed in England. The loves of ladies who are any thing but chaste, and knight-errants whose courtesy is most conspicuous in their carving; cruel sisters and master-cooks; tyrannical uncles; children deserted in infancy and afterwards recognized by a ring or a mantle; a reasonable allowance of Troy town and Alexander the Great; visions of the court of Love; and rhythmical admonitions against the seven deadly sins;—amused or edified the childhood of the one as well as the other nation. They retained to a later period than ourselves the long alexandrine verse, though their poets rarely indulged in the varieties of which it is capable; and their usual ballad metre was formed, like ours, by the solution of a long into two shorter lines, with or without alternate rhymes. The beautiful translation of the Scriptures by Luther contributed, like the version which at a later period was completed in England, to fix the standard of the language, and to improve by the gorgeous imagery of the east its capacity for eloquence and poetry; but the wars which followed retarded with the Germans that literary career which with us immediately succeeded; and in their imitation of the terse and unimpassioned style which distinguished the age of Lewis the XIVth, their authors were far less successful than those of England. In the last century however the study of Milton and Shakspeare was sufficient to open their eyes to the real genius of the Teutonic race and language; and, notwithstanding the opposite example of Wieland and the temporary discredit brought on the English school by the freaks of some of its disciples, the prevailing style of German composition is not at present very dissimilar from the rhythm and diction which characterise with us the age of Charles the First. Wieland indeed, though among the most successful of Voltaire's imitators, was not likely to be long extensively popular with a race who had much either of poetical or moral feeling. With less wit than his master, he has full as much abominable wickedness; while, in serious composition, his heart is too debased to suffer his fancy to become sublime, and he wearies as well as offends by his constant ambition after that cold-blooded *persiflage* whose delight is to destroy by the rattle of its cap and bells the interest which it has itself excited. With his own countrymen, the hoary blasphemer has already survived (for he yet lives) whatever share of reputation he once possessed. In England his Oberon, though the best of his works, has been only saved from oblivion by the genius and taste of its translator. In France his romances

mances and tales have doubtless many admirers, but we cannot and will not bring ourselves to believe that Madame de Staël is one of them. The general tenor of her volumes is a noble refutation of such a doubt, and we can only regret the indiscriminate good nature which has induced her to speak without indignation of works so different from her own.

To the formation of the present school of German literature something was no doubt contributed by the bold criticism of Lessing, who ventured to attack, even in the height of his renown, the gigantic despotism of Voltaire. But to Lessing's own dramas we cannot assign so high a rank as Madame de Staël is anxious to give them. His characters (not excepting even Nathan) are the mere common-places of sentiment and liberality, or their equally common-place opposites; and his idle prejudice against metrical tragedy, contributed for a length of time to fetter the early genius of Schiller himself. But Madame de Staël has with great good sense remarked, that the example and authority of Winckelmann exerted a very extensive and beneficial influence not only on the arts but the learning and genius of Europe. That classical maniac, who hated his own country on account of its garret windows, and shuddered at the sight of a roof exceeding the Vitruvian proportions, by the accuracy of his eye and the enthusiasm of his descriptions inspired beyond doubt a taste for Grecian beauty which the world did not possess before, and by calling the attention of mankind to the original models of elegance, instead of their French and Roman copies, shook in one material bulwark the strength of that literary Babylon which the rest of Europe had till then admired with unsuspecting credulity.

The philosophic poet Haller was the father perhaps of the new school in Germany, and amply merits the praise bestowed on him. Gessner, amiable and accomplished in private life, is deficient in nerve as an author; and, although his Idylls may still be popular in France, the Teutonic race have ceased to live in Arcadia, or to find delight in scenes which have neither the charm of reality nor fancy. But from these *Diis minorum gentium* we turn with delight to the mighty names of Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, a triumvirate which no country perhaps, except our own, can equal, and of whose splendours even the outermost skirts are as yet but imperfectly known by the English reader.

Of Klopstock's character, indeed, though not of his works, the purity and excellence have become familiar to our nation from the writings of Miss Smith, and the letters of his first wife to Richardson. The following account of his poems, as connected with that personal character, is one of the most fortunate paintings in the present volumes.

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‘Tous ses ouvrages ont eu pour but, ou de réveiller le patriotisme dans son pays, ou de célébrer la religion : si la poésie avoit ses saints, Klopstock devroit être compté comme l'un des premiers.

‘La plupart de ses odes peuvent être considérées comme des psaumes chrétiens, c'est le David du Nouveau Testament que Klopstock ; mais ce qui honore sur-tout son caractère, sans parler de son génie, c'est l'hymne religieuse, sous la forme d'un poème épique, à laquelle il a consacré vingt années, *la Messiade*. Les chrétiens possédoient deux poèmes, l'Enfer, du Dante, et le Paradis Perdu, de Milton : l'un étoit plein d'images et de fantômes, comme la religion extérieure des Italiens. Milton, qui avoit vécu au milieu des guerres civiles, excelloit sur-tout dans la peinture des caractères, et son Satan est un factieux gigantesque, armé contre la monarchie du ciel. Klopstock a conçu le sentiment chrétien dans toute sa pureté ; c'est au divin Sauveur des hommes que son ame a été consacrée. Les Pères de l'Eglise ont inspiré Le Dante ; la Bible, Milton : les plus grandes beautés du poème de Klopstock sont puisées dans le Nouveau Testament ; il sait faire ressortir de la simplicité divine de l'Evangile un charme de poésie qui n'en altère point la pureté.

‘Lorsqu'on commence ce poème, on croit entrer dans une grande église, au milieu de laquelle un orgue se fait entendre, et l'attendrissement, et le recueillement que les temples du Seigneur inspirent s'emparent de l'ame en lisant la *Messiade*.

‘Klopstock se proposa, dès sa jeunesse, ce poème pour but de son existence : il me semble que les hommes s'acquitteroient tous dignement envers la vie, si, dans un genre quelconque, un noble objet, une grande idée signaloient leur passage sur la terre ; et c'est déjà une preuve honorable de caractère, que diriger vers une même entreprise les rayons épars de ses facultés, et les résultats de ses travaux. De quelque manière qu'on juge les beautés et les défauts de la *Messiade*, on devroit en lire souvent quelques vers : la lecture entière de l'ouvrage peut fatiguer ; mais, chaque fois qu'on y revient, l'on respire comme un parfum de l'ame qui fait sentir de l'attrait pour toutes les choses célestes.—pp. 230, 231, 232.

His whole epic is in fact a continued religious exercise, and its conclusion is celebrated by him in a strain of rapturous thanksgiving which resembles rather, we are afraid, the pious effusions of Mrs. Rowe than the sober dignity of Milton. Hymns and meditations, of which the baser alloy is often conspicuous among the genuine silver of his own genius, composed the favourite studies of his retirement ; and the English reader will not fail to observe, what Madame de Staël cannot be expected to know, that when he has been led astray, as she expresses it, ‘among the tombs,’ his guide has not been Young, but Hervey. Of his great work, the *Messiah*, our author suggests with much good sense, that a more interesting poem might have been formed by embracing a larger portion of the earthly life of Christ, instead of beginning at the

the moment of the last conspiracy against him, by painting in forcible colours the character of the east, and the condition of mankind under the Roman empire; and by throwing round the person of the Redeemer himself some portion of that awful mystery which, during his residence on earth, exercised, we know, the curiosity and the fears of the mighty. The gradual development of his divine character, the suspicion, the hope, the fear, the uncertainty which both men and spiritual beings would feel as to the nature and conclusion of so awful a visit to mankind, might be described with wonderful effect, and surely without profaneness. But Klopstock had taken for the ground-work of his story the spurious Gospel of Nicodemus, which is the favourite religious novel of the lower classes in Germany, and which in its pictures of Hades has so many beauties as easily to attract the imagination of a poet, while long discourses between disembodied spirits are doubtless more easily represented than the actions and passions of men. The unearthly nature of his story will not, however, satisfactorily account for its want of interest. Milton can be charged with no such deficiency, and Southey has since succeeded in giving animation to the day-dreams of Indian mythology. But Klopstock had no knowledge of mankind, and could not describe those evil passions to which his own breast was happily a stranger, and whose demonstrations in other men he had few opportunities of studying. He could paint, indeed, with exquisite, perhaps matchless beauty, the characters of tenderness or religious hope, or the agonies of despairing penitence, the resuscitation of Cidli and Semida, the Death-Bed of Mary, the interesting dæmon Abbadona; but to represent the horrible workings of jealousy, ambition, malice, or pride, something more is necessary than a good conscience and a lively fancy. His Pharisees, his fiends, and his Judas are all meagre sketches; and, even where he most closely imitates Milton, in describing the amusements and factions of Pandæmonium, he has drawn, instead of the warriors and statesmen of the *Paradise Lost*, the tamer devils of a German university or a German court, who speculate in atheism, metaphysics, and free-masonry, or amuse themselves in tactics and landscape gardening. With all these faults, however, the *Messiah* is a noble work; there runs through the whole a preserving spirit of piety and poetry which amply compensates for occasional languor or mysticism; nor is it too much to add, that there are some descriptions, and still more effusions of eloquent feeling which the admirers of Milton will find it hard to parallel.

The early compositions of Schiller are in a sort of bombastic prose which the influence of Lessing had made popular in Germany; less stately, but not less removed from nature, than the rhythmical tragedies of France or England. There are too in most of



them a wildness of invective against restraint of every kind, a crazy exaltation of sentiment, and an eagerness after stage-effect and violently contrasted characters, which were in part the natural imperfections of a mighty genius not yet matured, in part the symptoms of that fermenting lava which found its vent in France, or of that morbid feeling with which Sterne, Rousseau and Diderot for a time infected Europe. Those English readers who have only known him by the Robbers, Fiesco, or Cabal and Love, will be unwilling, perhaps, to believe that the tenor of his private life was as amiable and blameless as that of Klopstock, or that the productions of his riper muse are to be ranked but little below Shakspeare. For the faults of his early compositions, the taste of the day, and the degraded state in which he found not only German but English tragedy may be allowed to obtain a pardon, while, even in the Robbers, there is a rich vein of fancy which afforded surely no unfavourable promise of the treasure which lay beneath it. These hopes were accordingly amply justified by Don Carlos, which, though too long, too perplexed, and too declamatory, was undoubtedly at the time of its appearance, the finest play which Europe had seen for above a century. At this eminence most men would have sat down contented, but the mind of Schiller was neither to be lulled nor wearied; in the height of his popularity he still regarded himself as a learner, and that may be said of him, which few voluminous writers have ever deserved, that his death came but too soon for a genius which was daily refined by meditation and study, and a fame to which every succeeding work gave a firmer foundation as well as a more extended range.

As an historical essay in the style of Sallust, his history of the thirty years war is sufficient to establish the character of a meaner man; but it is as a tragic poet that he is chiefly to be considered, and we regret that our limits forbid any more than a passing tribute to the good sense and sound criticism with which Madame de Staël has examined the general principles of the school which he thus revived. To an Englishman, indeed, such observations are less necessary, because we have not the same prejudice in favour of the regular drama, as it is absurdly called, which in France has survived the shock of every other ancient etiquette, and by the rules of which Shakspeare, no less than Schiller must be abandoned as extravagant and barbarous. We suspect, indeed, that something of this indigenous feeling may be traced in Madame de Staël herself, when she prefers so decidedly his Mary Stuart to his Wallenstein, and speaks with so little toleration of the chorus in the *Bride of Messina*.

In conformity with the general opinion of her country, (an opinion which a more accurate acquaintance with the poets of Greece has

has long since destroyed both in Germany and England,) she supposes that the gorgeous language and rigid character of the drama which the genius of Racine has carried to the highest pitch of excellence of which it is capable, is a copy of the ancient Athenian theatre. Yet, in truth, its most remarkable features may be vainly sought in those tragedies which it professes to imitate, while those against which it most inveighs as barbarous, have a far better claim to the prescription of antiquity. The mixture of comic or vulgar characters with kings and heroes, is sanctioned by the examples of the watchman in Agamemnon, with his jests about his lady's secret, the drunkenness of the king in the Bacchæ, the dialogue between Hercules and the servant of Adrastus, and the jocose sentinel in the Antigone. For a death on the stage, the Ajax is an ample authority, and the bleeding eyes and face of Œdipus must have presented as horrid a spectacle to an Athenian audience as the similar situation of Gloster does to an English one.

Even the unities, to the maintenance of which so much is sacrificed, are only founded on the wrong interpretation of a passage in Aristotle, and were violated by the Greeks as often as the circumstances of an open theatre would allow. The scene is changed once, if not twice, in the Ajax. In the Eumenides the hero passes from Delphi to Athens; and in the action of the Agamemnon a space of some weeks is necessarily supposed between the taking of Troy which opens the play, and the arrival of the hero in his native country which occupies the middle of the story. Nor is the uniformity of the French alexandrine less different from the variety of the Grecian anapæstic and chorus measures, and the wieldy simplicity of the iambic. If then the French drama be confined by chains, they are chains which they have forged for themselves, and for which the ancients (the Greeks at least) are nowise responsible; and those dramas which they call classical (whatever may be their other beauties, and we allow them to be great and numerous) are no more copies of the real antique than the famous statue of Hercules in a full-bottomed wig was of the Hercules of Phidias.

But if the rules of the French drama be thus unsupported by authority, they can still less recommend themselves by any inherent advantage or convenience. The illusion of the stage, which they fear to destroy by changing a scene, exists in no case, and therefore cannot be destroyed; but even if it really existed, what can more effectually annihilate it than the gross improbability which imparts the secret of a conspiracy in the street, or holds a cabinet-council in an anti-chamber? Or what more reasonable than the impatience of the Italian audience who, when a battle (according to the Horatian rule) was described as passing behind the scenes, cried out aloud to the actors 'to draw the curtain and let

them

them see it for themselves?' We cannot, therefore, concede to Madame de Staël that the French 'are, of all nations, the most dexterous in the management of theatrical effect,' any more than that in the set speeches and tedious details of their heroes, heroines, and confidantes they have at all succeeded in 'évitant les longueurs.' It is to these prejudices, more than to the unbending tone of the alexandrines, that we ascribe the monotony of French dialogue. In comedy the alexandrines have not prevented vivacity, variety, or feeling; and if the famous scene between Joas and Athaliah had been as much copied by French poets as the declamation in the *Cid*, they would have found their national measure as tractable in the one case as the other.

Another defect to which the Horatian prejudice has subjected the French drama is the necessity of exhibiting, as Madame de Staël's friend, Monsieur Constant, well observes, not so much 'character as passion.' We acquire no more familiarity with the hero than is possible at a single interview; we see him, indeed, engaged in the most remarkable action of his life; but for his general disposition we must take his own word, or the word of his long-winded confidant. Shakspeare, on the other hand, and Schiller, by throwing him before our eyes into many different situations, and by evincing the effect which he produces on those around him, make him act his disposition instead of telling it; and by those minute inadvertencies, those careless words and actions in which in real life a man is always undisguised, enable us, instead of hearing a lecture on his character, to elicit it by actual experiment for ourselves.

There is something of Parisian prejudice in the following observation, but it is one which we never met with before, and which displays a very intimate knowledge of nature as well as of her favourite poet.

'Shakespear, qu'on veut appeler un barbare, a peut-être un esprit trop philosophique, une pénétration trop subtile pour le point de vue de la scène; il juge les caractères avec l'impartialité d'un être supérieur, et les représente quelquefois avec une ironie presque machiavélique; ses compositions ont tant de profondeur, que la rapidité de l'action théâtrale fait perdre une grande partie des idées qu'elles renferment: sous ce rapport, il vaut mieux lire ses pièces que les voir. A force d'esprit Shakespear refroidit souvent l'action, et les Français s'entendent beaucoup mieux à peindre les personnages ainsi que les décorations, avec ses grands traits qui font effet à distance. Quoi! dira-t-on, peut-on reprocher à Shakespear trop de finesse dans les aperçus, lui qui se permet des situations si terribles? Shakespear réunit souvent des qualités et même des défauts contraires; il est quelquefois en-deça quelquefois en-delà de la sphère de l'art; mais il possède en-

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core plus la connoissance du cœur humain que celle du théâtre.—  
tom. ii. pp. 14, 15.

Of these opposite systems, if the object of theatrical poetry be, as it surely must be, to please, the following fact may decide at once the relative merits. 'En Angleterre, toutes les classes sont également attirées par les pièces de Shakespear. Nos plus belles tragédies en France n'intéressent pas le peuple.'

In none of Schiller's plays has he so closely copied Shakspeare as in the three dramas which, together, give the history of the famous Imperial Commander Wallenstein. In spite of the political divisions of Germany, the poet has succeeded in making his hero interesting to every party and every nation contained in its confederacy; and the Camp of Wallenstein, which is the first of the series, has been of late years more than once represented at Berlin, as a popular spectacle, at the beginning of a war.

'Les paysans, les recrues, les vivandières, les soldats, tout concouroit à l'effet de ce spectacle; l'impression qu'il produit est si guerrière, que lorsqu'on la donna sur le théâtre de Berlin, devant des officiers qui partoient pour l'armée, des cris d'enthousiasme se firent entendre de toutes parts. Il faut une imagination bien puissante dans un homme de lettres pour se figurer ainsi la vie des camps, l'indépendance, la joie turbulente excitée par le danger même.'—pp. 51. 52.

The Camp of Wallenstein is (Madame de Staël observes) an ingenious introduction to the two other plays; 'it fills us with admiration for the general of whom his soldiers are for ever talking, as well in their sport as in their peril; and when the subsequent tragedy begins, we retain the impression of the play which has preceded it, as if we had been witnesses of the history which the poet is about to embellish.'

She is mistaken, however, in supposing that the introduction of the Capuchin friar among this motley group is merely intended to amuse by the 'absurd and soldier-like eloquence of the preacher, and the rude and ignorant piety of those who hear him.' The friar is one of those secret emissaries whom the miserable and jealous Court of Vienna employed to sap, in its own army, the dangerous popularity of its own general; and this sermon, which begins with good advice to the soldiers, ends by calling their commander 'an Ahab, a Jeroboam, a wizard, and a King Saul.' The admirably painted riot which follows is occasioned by the contest between the Walloon or mercenary troops threatening the libeller with death, and the Croats defending and applauding him; and we thus are very artfully prepared for the dissensions which are afterward described, and the treachery which Wallenstein meets with from the Croatian commander Isolani.

The second play, which may be properly enough called a tra-

gedy, and for which the heartbroken struggles of the younger Piccolomini afford a sufficient denouement, is partly occupied by unfolding the stately character and ambitious projects of Wallenstein, partly by the political intrigues of his secret enemy Octavio Piccolomini, and partly by the mutual loves of that enemy's son and Wallenstein's interesting daughter. The craft and ambition of maturer age were never more beautifully contrasted with the guileless tenderness of youth, and in the disjointed materials with which the general hopes to build his guilty greatness, we already anticipate his fall.

The third play represents that fall with its immediate causes, among which the superstitious precautions of Wallenstein are artfully made the most prominent. It comprizes the noble death of the younger Piccolomini; the retreat of the affectionate Thecla to a nunnery; and lastly the assassination of Wallenstein himself by his most confidential friends, the circumstances of which are worked up to a degree of horror which Macbeth only can excell. Madame de Staël, if we understand her rightly, supposes that the three plays were acted in one night. It may have been so on their first appearance at Weimar, but we certainly do not consider them so necessarily dependant on each other as to require it; and we apprehend so large a demand on the attention and feelings of an audience would hardly be endured even in Germany. At present they are performed, as separate plays, like those consecutive dramas of Shakspeare from which they are closely and avowedly modelled.

Mary Stuart departs less widely from the usual rules of the drama than Wallenstein; but there is one scene which, though strikingly beautiful in the closet, would not be for a moment endured on an English theatre, and in Germany was only, we believe, tolerated once at Weimar. Melville, the page of Mary, has secretly made himself a priest to elude the order which denied the dying queen the comforts of her own religion, and not only confesses and absolves her, but administers the sacrament on the stage. This may be apologised for by the example of the Spanish poet Calderon, and Schiller was far from treating the subject with irreverence. But the common sense of mankind cries out against the flagrant indecency, and in spite of the modest defence which our author is inclined to make for it, the voice of the people is in all points of natural and reverential feeling, the voice of Nature and of God.

In the Maid of Orleans, Schiller has violated unnecessarily the truth of history, making her die at the head of the French army, and in the moment of victory. In William Tell he has shewn admirable taste and judgment in his principal character, whom he  
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paints as a bold and honest mountaineer who, far from a hero of romance or a talking patriot, is only roused to fury by the intolerable and immediate pressure of tyranny.

One of the most extraordinary efforts, however, of this great tragedian, and one of whose merits, we think, Madame de Staël has hardly shewn herself sufficiently sensible, is *The Bride of Messina*, a tragedy on the antique model, and the only modern tragedy of the kind with which we are acquainted where the chorus is any thing more than a dead and useless incumbrance. So perfectly has its author imbibed the spirit of the ancient drama, that many of the choric songs might pass as translations from some recovered fragments of Euripides; and so perfectly at the same time has he mastered its difficulties, that the chorus is throughout an efficient actor in the scene, and the general effect is as popular as it is novel and extraordinary. Madame de Staël attacks the two semi-chori as being composed of chamberlains, instead of which they are, in truth, the jarring factions of the city, and are just so much parties in the quarrel of its princes as to unite them with the interest of the plot. She complains with more justice of the confusion of different religions, and the vagueness of the point of time at which the poet fixes the action; though even here it may be urged, that destiny, which is the pervading principle of the drama, is the religion of all ages and nations, and that Schiller has plausibly apologised in his preface for the union of classical, chivalrous, and Moorish customs, and by the supposed situation of Sicily a few years subsequent to the establishment of its Norman dynasty. The preface, indeed, for its learning, taste, and good sense, is almost as remarkable as the play, since it is rare to see such distinct qualities united as the genius of a Shakspeare and the classical erudition of a Tyrwhitt.

After all, we are not sufficiently fond of antiquity to desire that this solitary instance of success in the revival of ancient tragedy should produce many imitators, though the full stage and gorgeous spectacle be peculiarly adapted to the colossal scale of our London theatres, and though a chorus mounted on horseback might perform their strophes and antistrophes with infinite applause and popularity. To be serious, and not only serious but melancholy, we never felt so deeply the miserable and degraded state of theatrical exhibitions at home, as when we have compared them with the contemporary productions of that stage, which the prejudice of England so long inveighed against as absurdly sentimental or impiously blasphemous. That surely cannot be a sound state of the public mind, which can turn from Shakspeare to batten on trash of which pantomimes are the most amusing as well as the most harmless specimens, or which has perverted the theatre from the

scene of rational recreation to a raree-show for children at Christmas.—But strictures like these are in no degree applicable to Germany.

Goëthe, whose character is ably depicted by our author in her first volume, is, perhaps, of all men now living the most extraordinary, if we regard the variety of his attainments and the universal pliancy of his genius. He has some traits of talent in common with Gay, with Swift many more, but in learning, and when he pleases, in pathos, neither of these writers can compare with him. With the mind of Sterne that of Goëthe has great affinity, while his poetry sometimes resembles that of Scott, and sometimes, though rarely, may be suspected to have furnished a model for Southey. His admirers in Germany are not satisfied with these praises, but claim for him the glory of having caught no inconsiderable portion of the poetic fire of Shakspeare, and his *Goetz of Berlichingen* is usually quoted as an instance.

For ourselves, we cannot perceive the similarity, since neither in language nor sentiment is an approach to Shakspeare pretended; and since the adoption of a chivalrous story for the foundation of the drama is a circumstance too vague to be even set on a level with the renowned coincidence, 'Good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant!' As a writer for the theatre, indeed, except in the single play of *Clavigo*, Goëthe has lamentably failed. His *Egmont*, which Madame de Staël would gladly praise, is, even setting aside its immorality, so dull as to defy a second reading. *Stella* our amiable author will give up, we think, without regret, as too harmlessly absurd to effect the mischief for which it seems intended; and *Iphigenia*, though it contains many passages of rare merit, is as a whole even more ponderous and long-drawn than the generality of imitations of the ancient tragedy.

His smaller poems, numerous as the sands of the sea, we have neither time nor inclination to criticise in detail. Most of them have some sort of whimsical originality, many have considerable pathos, and all are more or less immoral. The marvellous is with him a very favourite source of effect, and his extensive reading has enabled him to draw largely not only on the superstition of the middle ages, but on those of classical and oriental paganism. The fancies of the German peasants furnished him with the *Erl-King*; the tale of the student in magic and his wooden water-bearer, is circumstantially taken from the *Philopseudes* of Lucian, as is the *Spectre* *Bride of Corinth* from the story of *Philinnium* and *Machates*, quoted in many old *dæmonologies* from *Phlegon Trallianus de Mirabilibus et Longævis*. Few of these, perhaps, deserve translation; and even if they deserved it better, translation would be almost impossible, where the greater part of the charm consists in  
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a boundless command of the German language, and an authority still more extraordinary over every species of rhythm of which that language is susceptible. Werther, his earliest romance in prose, the delightful pastoral of Hermann and Dorothea, and the marvellous dramatic poem of Faustus, are sufficient, indeed, of themselves to serve as a foundation for no common fame; and it is by these, in our opinion, and these alone, that his renown is to be extended in foreign countries, or prolonged to any remote continuance in his own.

Of Werther, we know not why, the maturer age of the writer himself has expressed no favourable opinion. The immorality of its tendency can hardly, we think, have produced this change in his sentiments, since the author of *Stella* and the *Bayadere* exhibits rather caprice than conscience in condemning his first publication; which if it really may be accused of painting suicide in too interesting colours, conveys at the same time to a well-constituted understanding, an useful and far more obvious lesson, to repress the first impulse of wandering passion, and to avoid betimes that intercourse which, however delightful, is to ourselves and to the object of our regard, replete with danger and misery. The taste, indeed, for sentiment which Sterne and Rousseau made general, has, fortunately for Europe, declined, and its thumbed and dirty volumes have descended from the drawing-room to elicit tears from the lady's maid or the milliner's apprentice. But, amid the usual faults of a young author, and all the miserable taste which was fashionable at the time of its appearance, Werther contains a spirit of vitality, which will establish its claim to notice, so long as warm description or natural feeling continue to interest mankind.

Herman and Dorothea, with some traits of the undeservedly neglected Gentle Shepherd of Ramsay, may be considered as the perfection of that style which Gay and Somerville conceived but could not execute. Without meanness, bombast, or parody, it is a real rural epic, valuable as a faithful and animated representation of the costume and manners of the lower class in Germany during the eighteenth century, valuable still more for those beauties of style and language, and those genuine lines of nature which are not confined to any age or country. The first notion of the style was given by Voss in his *Louisa*, but it surpasses considerably that beautiful poem in taste and simplicity of language, and the judicious rejection of those Homeric epithets which were the stumbling block of Voss, and which, when applied to rural or domestic economy, are first burlesque, and then intolerably tiresome. The Herman and Dorothea is a happy instance of what may be done by perfect simplicity of language and plot, united with good taste and feeling. It is a picture on which the mind loves to repose, and

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in every respect, except talent, most dissimilar to the third great work of this eccentric genius, the whimsical and portentous Faust.

This personage, who was a professor at Wittenberg, and is known to the learned as a competitor for the honour of having first invented printing, is familiar to the children of England as well as Germany under the name of Doctor Faustus; and his alliance with the devil was, in the time of our parents, a conspicuous feature in almost every puppet-show. Marlow, our English tragedian, composed a serious drama on his history in the reign of Elizabeth, and the name Mephistopheles, which Goëthe gives to the familiar spirit who seduces and attends the unfortunate 'Master Doctor,' is frequently alluded to by Shakspeare and other contemporary authors. The old demonologies indeed are full of his exploits, and we have seen a little Low Dutch volume, '*die Waraghtighe Historia van Doctor Johannes Faustus*,' to which, or to its German original, Goëthe, who read every thing good, bad and indifferent, is, as well as Marlow, considerably indebted. But the lamentable history of Margaret whom Faust seduces is, we believe, original; and the display of fiendish character in Mephistopheles, his infernal pleasantry, and the hideous frankness of villany with which he insults over the victim whom his arts have secured, are as novel in the conception, as admirable in the execution.

'Milton a fait Satan plus grand que l'homme; Michel-Ange et Le Dante lui ont donné les traits hideux de l'animal combinés avec la figure humaine. Le Méphistophélès de Goëthe est un diable civilisé. Il manie avec art cette moquerie légère en apparence qui peut si bien s'accorder avec une grande profondeur de perversité; il traite de niaiserie ou d'affectation tout ce qui est sensible; sa figure est méchante, basse et fausse; il a de la gaucherie sans timidité, du dédain sans fierté, quelque chose de doucereux auprès des femmes, parceque, dans cette seule circonstance, il a besoin de tromper pour séduire; et ce qu'il entend par séduire, c'est servir les passions d'un autre; car il ne peut même faire semblant d'aimer. C'est la seule dissimulation qui lui soit impossible.'—p. 179.

Such a drama is, of course, not intended for representation, and even in the conception of such a character we are not sure that a degree of immorality is not involved; but Faust, with all its horrors, may be read without danger though not without a painful feeling. The seduction of poor Gretchen inspires a degree of pity for her, and abhorrence for her betrayers, almost amounting to agony. The hatred and loathing which Mephistopheles is made to inspire, deprive his characteristic blasphemy of all power to harm; and the feeble ambition, the joyless vice, the tasteless success, and hopeless struggles of Faustus, with whom, though we  
 pity

pity him, we never sympathize, afford a splendid and awful moral of the blindness of human desires.

Voss, whom we have already mentioned, is chiefly remarkable for his success in the use of German hexameters. His translation of Homer has all the accuracy and all the lifeless coldness of a cast taken from the features of deceased beauty. Werner, eminent in many respects, has written some very fanciful historical essays, and several very successful tragedies, in which an English reader may recognize much of the peculiar and pathetic tone of Lillo. The 'Twenty-fourth of February' only differs from the Fatal Curiosity in those peculiar circumstances of horror which suppose the family to have been accursed from generation to generation. The idea of laying the scene of a tragedy in humble or private life, though it be not novel on the English stage, is contrary to the received etiquette of the Parisian theatre; and our author, who, as we have already hinted, with all her sensibility to the beauties of foreign poetry, is not without a natural and laudable predilection for that school to which she has been most accustomed, fails not to exclaim against this injudicious condescension of the tragic muse. In her opinion,

'L'éclat du rang, et la distance des siècles, donnent à la scélératesse elle-même un genre de grandeur qui s'accorde mieux avec l'idéal des arts; mais quand vous voyez le couteau au lieu du poignard; quand le site, les mœurs, les personnages peuvent se rencontrer sous vos yeux, vous avez peur comme dans une chambre noire; mais ce n'est pas là le noble effroi qu'une tragédie doit causer.'—p. 242.

On a question of taste it is doubtless hazardous to differ from Madame de Staël, but we confess we cannot perceive any advantage in removing the illusion of the stage still farther from reality; and we conceive that the dignity of tragic horror must depend on circumstances very different from the rank of the characters represented. The domestic nature of a story may increase the poet's difficulties, since bombast is less offensive in the mouths of kings and princes, than when it proceeds from a private gentleman or a peasant among the Alps, while the opposite extreme of meanness is in every one's mouth disgusting. If, however, an author have sufficient skill to avoid these errors, and to express in impassioned and elevated yet natural language, (for in all ranks of society the language of strong feeling is eloquent,) such actions and passions as really belong to human nature in general, the costume in which he clothes it is of little importance. 'Cette tragédie,' says Madame de Staël, speaking of one which, like the Twenty-fourth of February, lays its scene in domestic life, 'Cette tragédie feroit un effet prodigieux s'il s'agissoit de personnages célèbres: mais on a de la peine à concevoir des passions si violentes pour l'héritage d'un château sur le Tibre.' And is not then the baron's castle or the peasant's

peasant's cottage as dear to the inheritor as the empire of the world to its heir apparent? or are we less interested in the efforts of Ulysses to recover his little island, than in a conspiracy which was to decide the fate of the Persian sovereignty? Wherein, if rank or power be estimated, do the heroes of Grecian tragedy excel the petty lords of English or German romance? or how, on such grounds as these, would a Parisian critic tolerate the Eumæus of Homer? For ourselves, we cannot wish that the scene of Otway's Orphan were transferred from the country house of a private gentleman to the palace of the Cæsars; nor are we ashamed to confess that we could weep and tremble over Arden of Feversham, or Ford's Witch of Edmonton, as readily as over the dangers or sorrows of all the kings and princes of Racine. Madame de Staël is, however, near the truth in the assertion that there is great advantage in taking a tragic story from history, not because the rank of the parties concerned is more elevated, but because we sympathize more keenly in the passions of those with whose name and character we are previously acquainted.

Tiech and Gerstenberg are mentioned with just and discriminating applause; but Ælenschlager, the Dane, who is rather an imitator of the French than Teutonic style, is surely out of his place if instanced among the German literati. In the review of Kotzebue Madame de Staël will excuse us from following her; he is already known in England as much as he deserves, and it must be confessed that his insipid sentiment, and noisy 'shew-plays,' to use an emphatic German expression, are admirably adapted to our present theatres, and to the taste of that public who grew tired of Coleridge's Remorse and found comfort in Aladdin.

The declamation of the best German actors is like the national character, quiet, grave, and sometimes monotonous. It resembles, we apprehend, the style which was popular in England before the time of Garrick, and which, if we believe our grandfathers, was carried to its perfection by Betterton, Booth, and Quin. They are rather anxious to impress by the general result of a part than by any more prominent clap-trap, and are generally most successful in plaintive or misanthropic characters. Schröder, who is now dead, was perhaps a better Lear than England can boast; and, when performing the Abbé de l'Epée, made so much of even the common-place sentiment of the character, that he was always applauded by tears.

As we have already observed that the present style of German composition has many points of likeness to that which prevailed in our own country during the age of Charles the First, it will not surprise our readers to learn that Müller's Chronicle of Switzerland may, in several respects, be not unfavourably compared with the

History

History of the Türks by Knolles. But Wilhelm Schlegel, amiable, learned, enthusiastic, eloquent, and patriotic is a character whom no age nor country can claim to itself, inasmuch as his store of information makes him master of all the past, and his genius renders him the common property of all future ages and countries. He is not a Burke indeed, but he is what Burke would have been had he remained professor of history at Glasgow; he has only wanted that stimulus of political ambition and opportunity which an Englishman alone can enjoy.

The musical composers of Germany are too well known to need applause. Its artists, with Mengs at their head, have undoubtedly kept pace of late with the improvement of their country in other respects, but the arts are altogether modern there. Classical ruins are not to be expected; and even their Gothic monuments (notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which Madame de Staël appears to regard them) are far inferior both in size and beauty to the cathedrals and abbies of England.

Here terminates Madame de Staël's second volume; and we must now accompany her through far more arduous disquisitions. The shades of dialectic vapour deepen round us with tenfold horror, and we confess, we did not pass without a species of shuddering regret from the meads of Asphodel through which she had hitherto led us, and the poetic spirits who inhabit them, to the thorny intricacies and palpable darkness of the philosopher of Königsberg.

‘Per altra via mena *la savia duca*

Fuor della quete nell’aura che trema

E vengo in parte ove non era che luca.’\*

The prophets of old had no honour in their own country; the metaphysicians of Germany have been depreciated far more than they deserve every where but in their native land. The readers of the northern circles have indeed too good an appetite for speculations of all kinds to be easily rebuffed or disgusted either by obscurity of style or extravagance of hypothesis; and a far greater allowance of both than is found in the writings of Kant and his followers would have been endured and admired by the hardy and patient scholars whom they addressed. The blame of extravagance, however, must be confined to the imitators of Kant, since the founder of the school has undoubtedly the merit of calm and cautious investigation. He is not so free from censure on the score of obscurity, since not only is he utterly careless as to the clearness of his style, but he has embarrassed himself so terribly with new terms, or terms unusually applied, that even a native of the empire finds himself a foreigner in his volumes; and we might almost fancy, that to deter

\* Dante, *Inferno*, Canto 3.

the idle and frivolous from the tree of knowledge, he had purposely hedged it round with thorns. His system, however, has been unjustly represented as a mere revival of the ancient idealism, since it is rather an attempt to mediate between the principles of Leibnitz, who derived all our notions from the mind, and those of Locke, who considered them all as originally transmitted through the senses. Kant takes a middle course, and has attempted, by a more accurate investigation of the inherent qualities of the mind itself, and of the laws to which all ideas however acquired are subject, to determine what truths, if any, may be conceived by the soul without the aid of bodily perception. Leibnitz, in commenting on Locke, had observed, that when this last maintained that there was nothing in the understanding but what had been transmitted through the senses, he ought to have excepted the understanding itself: an observation, which Locke himself would hardly have combatted, excepting as a needless proviso, since, even on materialist principles, and allowing his own comparisons of the white paper and dark room to apply correctly to the soul, it is plain in either case, the recipient must have a previous aptness to admit and retain impressions; and whether the soul had any thing to meditate on or no, the faculty of thought must at least have been there. But if, as Locke no less than Leibnitz allowed, the soul were an intelligent being distinct from matter, it might be a reasonable subject of inquiry whether certain truths might not be perceived by the soul, even anterior to all aid of the senses; and if there were not in fact certain truths, of which we are conscious, and which our experience of the material world is incompetent to convey.

The ideas which Kant supposes to answer this description, are in his technical language called subjective, as those which are excited by external sensations are styled objective; and in the first of these classes he puts the simple modes and relations, as Locke would call them,—such as number, space, duration, the connection between cause and effect, possibility, reality, &c. These *categories*, to which our perceptions are all submitted, and without a reference to which we can conceive nothing, he considers as necessary notions inherent in the soul itself, not in the objects on which our understanding sits in judgment, and that the intellect in these respects gives laws to material nature, instead of receiving laws from her. On these subjects, and on these alone, he considers certitude as attainable, and to mathematics and logic only he is inclined to give the name of intellectual science. The first of these, which depend entirely on the notion of space and duration, that is, on the laws of our intellect anterior to experience, he considers as more than a simple analysis, as a ‘science synthetical,

cal, positive and creative in itself, and capable of certainty without reference to experiment.' Logic, though it teach nothing of itself, yet as it depends immediately on the laws of our intellect, is in its principles incontestible, though not in the application of those principles. The principles therefore are innate, the application experimental. For want of a sufficient attention to Kant's distinctive line between innate faculties and external knowledge, he has been accused unjustly of maintaining that men could know a thing before they had learnt it. He departs, however, in fact, much less from Locke than is imagined; and the question on which they differ may be resolved into this:—whether the common modes of perception be the prism through which we contemplate objects, or the features in which all objects agree; and whether our notions of these modes be intuitive or acquired by abstraction.

The same observation may be extended to his moral philosophy. Instead of supposing that a knowledge of good and evil, a belief in the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of human agency are derived from comparison and observation of external objects and sensations, he ascribes to the soul a consciousness of its own destiny and duties, which though it be only called into action by external sensation, has yet an instinctive power of determining whether these sensations be good or evil, and which is therefore as much an innate sense of the intellect as sight or feeling are antecedent to all experience of inherent qualities of the body. To this quality of the soul, which, as it is uniform in all men, must therefore be unerring, he refers (as to the only competent judge) all those questions in which, according to his system, as they transcend all bodily experience, ratiocination must be vain; and Madame de Staël very eloquently expatiates on the noble self-denial of a philosopher, who 'forbids to the science which he himself professes an entrance into the sanctuary, and who uses all the force of abstraction to prove that there are regions in which abstraction has no place.' It was, doubtless, any thing rather than indifference to the cause of natural religion which induced the philosopher of Königsberg to leave the arguments for and against its principles in an equilibrium whose scale was to be turned by sentiment only; but for our own parts, we confess, we have no such cowardly distrust of the powers and principles of analogy, as to doubt that the visible and tangible world affords in all its phenomena sufficient evidence that what we see and feel are not the bounds of nature; that some cause distinct from matter must be inferred from the existence of those effects which material organization is incompetent to produce; and that the principles of mutual preservation may guide in some degree both men and meaner animals to the knowledge of their relative duties. How far the soul may be capable of appreciating primitive

tive truths without the aid of external sensation, or how small a quantity of the latter may suffice to communicate their outlines, we shall not take upon ourselves to say, nor do we perceive how, in the present state of human existence, the question is to be satisfactorily determined. Locke, indeed, whom our author has on this point ably refuted in the second chapter of the present volume, was wrong in supposing that any society of human beings can be found by whom these sacred truths are unfelt or unknown; but it may still remain a question, and fortunately for human nature it is a question of curiosity only, whether this universal agreement on certain points of opinion and duty, be the effect of principles engraven on the soul, or events so disposed by nature as to produce on every soul the same impressions; whether they are the fruit, in short, of uniform instinct or uniform experience. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that no truths can be named which may not have been acquired by the latter, since no sentient being can be produced divested of external sensation. The deaf and dumb boy brought forward by Madame de Staël, had at least his eyes and fingers to guide him to truth; and those thoughtless persons whom she instances as knowing their duty by instinct, are probably in some measure indebted to an education which was, we presume, carried on through the medium of external sensations. We all know where Ensign Northerton retained the marks of Corderius; and it may admit of a doubt whether the *καλὰ ἔθνη* of no small proportion of the world have not been originally traced in bloody characters on the same honourable tablet. To education indeed, and to that universal tradition which has in every country guided education, the universal knowledge of man's duties and destiny may be boldly referred by those who regard the inferences of experience, or the workings of sentiment as the auxiliaries, but not the parents of religious knowledge; who believe that the Almighty has on certain occasions revealed himself and his will not only to the soul, but to the bodily senses of his creatures; and that all the traces of transcendental truths which the human race have retained, are derived by tradition or historical testimony from that time when the maker of the world was also its instructor.

Nor is the liberty of man in reality more endangered than the distinction between good and evil, by those who refer all knowledge to external impressions. If the sceptic urge, that while the choice is determined by external impression, the human will and human actions must follow the course of events; the answer will be, that events are so ordered that, in point of fact, no situation can be found where a rational being has it not in his power to choose between more objects of pursuit than one. It is of little consequence to urge that the course of events may enslave or blindfold us, while Providence

Providence has so disposed that course, that his creatures are under no circumstances deprived of light or liberty.

As to the motives of human actions, and what is called by its enemies and its indiscreet admirers the selfish system, which Kant ably impugned, and which Madame de Staël has chastised through many pages of indignant eloquence; it is a dispute about words, and words only, which never would have arisen except from the poverty of human language, and the confusion of ideas excited by applying the same terms to the coarsest and the most exalted sensations of our nature. We all of us sufficiently understand what is meant by disinterested benevolence, disinterested advice, disinterested service: we apply this term to such actions as are *intended* at least to make others happy without any further reference to ourselves; and it is something very like sophistry to say that a man acts in consequence of a hope which he himself does not feel.

It may be said, indeed, that the sight of others in distress is painful, and that we seek our own ease by relieving them; and it is most true that compassion, love, and gratitude are in themselves painful or oppressive sensations which we are prompted to get rid of or lighten by the actions or expressions which naturally give them vent. But where no other gratification or ease is expected than that which spontaneously flows from the happiness of another, we are willing to give the name of disinterested virtue to such conduct and such only; because, though virtue may be said to be its own reward, the idea of the reward and the virtuous action are so inseparably blended, that we cannot think of the one without the other, and are in fact too much engrossed with the happiness of our fellow-creatures to have time to feel our own. But no action will be called disinterested which has not a reference to some other sentient being: that virtue which respects ourselves must necessarily depend on a wise and useful calculation of consequences; and so singularly are we constituted, that this calculation can only have a negative power on the impulses which arise in our hearts whether virtuous or vicious. Calculation can no more make a man a philanthropist than it can give him a good appetite. A view of the consequences of vice may enable us to resist temptation, but will not render us actively virtuous; and even Religion, whose motives of action have been sometimes too rashly resolved into hope and fear, would very little deserve the thanks of the universe, if her influence extended no further, or if that character which a belief in her doctrines generates were not a love of God and gratitude to him which prompts the Christian to give up all for his sake. The active virtues, it should not be forgotten, are passions, not principles; and though ease be the consequence of complying with their dictates, the absence of the passion itself is



undoubtedly not painful, nor should we despise the man who wanted it as foolish, but as unfeeling and unprofitable to society. That the pleasure arising from such stimuli is greater than the calm which belongs to their non-existence; and that it is therefore wise to acquire or strengthen the benevolent passions by the same process as that by which other passions are acquired or strengthened, is a very different proposition; and, if this were not, as it generally is, done for us in our childhood, it is thus far only, and at the very threshold of virtue and piety, that a prudential or selfish motive can be addressed to teach us, in the sentiments of Aristotle, 'to find a pleasure in those pursuits where it is for the interest of mankind, as well as for our own happiness, that we should find it.' It seems then to us equally unphilosophical to assert that self lurks at the bottom of every virtuous action, when the habit of virtue is acquired, or to deny that our own hopes and fears are the only principles which can be addressed in order to the acquisition of such a habit. It is certainly unfortunate for the patrons of an innate moral sense, that children are, till taught the contrary, uniformly selfish; and that it is by praise, by punishment and reward, that we train them up to actions and habits at first of apparent, but at length no doubt of real and genuine disinterestedness. Self is the leading-string to virtue, but if virtue be not crippled, she will by degrees be able to go alone; fear and hope are the schoolmasters, but love is the science which they teach, and though happiness follows love, yet love is too much occupied with her own pursuits to attend to the services of her handmaid.

On the question of expediency as a guide to duty, Kant pursues a line of morality sufficiently severe and positive. As the sense of duty is according to him innate and definite and unalterable, he conceives that it can want no interpreter; and he is so far from allowing that we may do evil that good may come, or, what is nearly the same, that good and evil are only good or evil with a reference to their consequences, that he would not allow a man to tell a falsehood, even to save his friend from the hands of a ruffian. Jacobi, one of the most illustrious of Teutonic metaphysicians, who, before the appearance of Kant's work, had combated the selfish system, runs into an extreme directly contrary; and while he admits an innate moral sense, differing only from that of Kant, as being blended with a visionary sort of religious feeling, he denies the existence of any fixed or definite rule, by which this interpreter of God in the heart of man is bound. He claims for the conscience in the full prerogative of royalty a dispensing power over all established law, and commits in every case the reins of the conduct to an impulse which cannot err, because it is the voice of God himself in the heart. There are many circumstances in this theory

theory which wonderfully suit the German character, and which have produced very singular fruits. In England it is not likely to be so prosperous, nor can any better antidote be given than the following excellent observations of Madame de Staël.

‘Jacobi est si bien guidé par ses propres sentiments, qu’il n’a peut-être pas assez réfléchi aux conséquences de cette morale pour le commun des hommes. Car, que répondre à ceux qui prétendraient, en s’écartant du devoir, qu’ils obéissent aux mouvements de leur conscience ? Sans doute on pourra découvrir qu’ils sont hypocrites en parlant ainsi ; mais on leur a fourni l’argument qui peut servir à les justifier, quoi qu’ils fassent ; et c’est beaucoup pour les hommes d’avoir des phrases à dire en faveur de leur conduite : ils s’en servent d’abord pour tromper les autres, et finissent par se tromper eux-mêmes.

‘Dira-t-on que cette doctrine indépendante ne peut convenir qu’aux caractères vraiment vertueux ? Il ne doit point y avoir de privilèges même pour la vertu ; car du moment qu’elle en désire, il est probable qu’elle n’en mérite plus. Une égalité sublime règne dans l’empire du devoir, et il se passe quelque chose au fond du cœur humain qui donne à chaque homme, quand il le veut sincèrement, les moyens d’accomplir tout ce que l’enthousiasme inspire, sans sortir des bornes de la loi chrétienne qui est aussi l’œuvre d’un saint enthousiasme.’—pp. 221, 222.

It would indeed be preposterous, if it were not unfortunately so common, to observe the propensity of mankind to establish some certain criterion or foundation of morality, in the assumed existence of innate principles, or the blind guidance of temporary feeling, while they studiously withdraw their attention from so obvious a source of human obligation as the revealed will of a superior and a benefactor.

We have no room to follow Madame de Staël in her view of the principles adopted by Kant’s successors, Fichte and Schelling, who have torn their master’s mantle asunder, and set up each of them for himself with an opposite corner of his system. Nor can we accompany her through those effects on the national character of Germany which she deduces from the peculiarities of ideal philosophy. For ourselves, indeed, we are apt to suspect that the prevalence of a peculiar system of reasoning is the symptom, not the cause of such or such national character, and the phenomena which our author notices in the modern Teutonic character she had previously much better accounted for from the circumstances of their society and political situation.

The natural philosophers of Germany are too well known to need commendation ; but Madame de Staël is by far too indulgent to such ignorant and interested quacks as the craniologist Dr. Gall, and the magnetist De Mainaduc, if she regard them in any other light than impostors. What she says however of the science, which

the former has warped into a mere vehicle of flattery, is doubtless highly reasonable, and draws a very just line between the opposite pretensions of the ideal and material systems.

‘ Si l’on considère les organes de la pensée comme différents d’elle-même, c’est-à-dire comme les moyens qu’elle emploie, on peut ce me semble admettre que la mémoire et le calcul, l’aptitude à telle ou telle science, le talent pour tel ou tel art, enfin tout ce qui sert d’instrument à l’intelligence, dépend en quelque sorte de la structure du cerveau. S’il existe une échelle graduée depuis la pierre jusqu’à la vie humaine, il doit y avoir de certaines facultés en nous qui tiennent de l’ame et du corps tout à la fois, et de ce nombre sont la mémoire et le calcul, les plus physiques de nos facultés intellectuelles, et les plus intellectuelles de nos facultés physiques. Mais l’erreur commenceroit au moment où l’on voudroit attribuer à la structure du cerveau une influence sur les qualités morales, car la volonté est tout-à-fait indépendante des facultés physiques : c’est dans l’action purement intellectuelle de cette volonté que consiste la conscience, et la conscience est et doit être affranchie de l’organisation corporelle. Tout ce qui tendroit à nous ôter la responsabilité de nos actions seroit faux et mauvais. ’—p. 154.

There is one important consideration which arises from this review of German literature. The division of labour has, in other countries of Europe, been followed during the last century with an exactness so scrupulous, that even mediocrity of attainment in more than a single branch of study is rarely discernible in a single student. In Germany, where the habits of application are severe and continual; where change of study holds the place of relaxation; and where men read not as an engine of discourse, but for the sake of those new ideas which are their own reward, no great name can be mentioned in any branch of knowledge, who has not also been eminent in others. They read all books, they think and write on every subject; poetry, metaphysics, languages, all lend their aid to make up the Teutonic notion of the ‘scholar armed;’ and they assail whatever subject may fall under discussion with all the hands and weapons of an Indian divinity; with authorities from all possible quarters, too often applied at random; and with subtleties of metaphysical refinements, whose frequent tendency is rather to distract than explain.

The division of literary labour has produced the better artists; but the varied store of diffused erudition must necessarily form the greater men. The works of the first are confined in their interest to the narrow limits of a profession; those of the second are the common property of intellectual nature, the storehouse whence every species of talent may derive advantage and delight. But it is only among a frugal and laborious race that such variety of pursuit is desirable, since it is only with such that it can have time

or opportunity to bring its fruits to any sort of perfection. In England we are grown, it may be feared, too idle and too convivial to hope for eminence in more than one pursuit; and he who aims at more is in danger of a sort of encyclopedic shallowness, which can never rise beyond the fame of a drawing-room, and into which even the critics of a drawing-room very soon begin to penetrate.

From philosophy the present inquiry naturally conducts us to religion; and the religion or enthusiasm of the Germans, for Madame de Staël appears in some doubt which of these names it may best deserve, occupies the fourth and concluding section of her review. Those will be however much mistaken who expect from her an abridgment of creeds and disciplines, after the manner of Dr. Evans; and even those will be disappointed who look for a philosophical and general statement of the influence which the different professions of christianity retain on the minds and habits of the modern Germans. Among many passages distinguished by beauty of feeling and diction, many not a little tinctured with that style of oratory which the English call cant, and the French *onction*, and many more of virtuous indignation against the wicked wits and selfish politicians of the last and present century, if the reader is able to form any opinion as to the religious principles of our Teutonic kindred, it will be, we apprehend, that they have no definite principles of faith or practice whatever; and that for the confessions of Augsburg and Geneva, or the Decreta of the council of Trent, they have substituted, as a mezzo-termine, not those points in which all christians agree, and which may doubtless be a bond of charity among all, but *the sentiment of infinity, the admiration of ideal beauty*, and that sort of pantheism which finds the divinity 'in the features of a father,'—'the innocence of a child,'—'the heavenly countenance of Raphael's virgin, in music, in poetry, in nature, "n'importe!"' This sort of speculative devotion is indeed far better than the shameless and grovelling infidelity; the deadness to all but the selfish impulses of animal nature; the affected contempt for patriotic or religious feeling, for all that raises man either in hopes or practice above the beasts that perish, which we have lately seen in our own country mismatched to poetical genius, worthy of a far better alliance; but both the feelings of christianity, and the experience of man's wants and weakness, would lead us to consider the German vagueness of opinion, and substitution of sentiment for conviction, as the next greatest misfortune to absolute infidelity which could befall a country.

The case is not however so bad with the Germans, as some of Madame de Staël's expressions might seem at first to imply; and there are few countries where, taking one class of society with another, a greater diffusion of religious knowledge as well as reli-

gious feeling may be found, than in the protestant districts. Yet, it cannot be denied that the piety of the higher ranks, if it may deserve a name so serious, is often an admiration of the picturesque and poetical beauties of christianity, rather than a practical sense of its truth and importance. The simplicity of patriarchal manners, and the splendour of oriental poetry; the deep and glowing faith which inspired the genius of Milton and Klopstock; the picturesque groups assembled by village devotion, and the interesting labours of the hoary pastor, are indeed not unfrequently in their mouths or memories; but they consider them, it is plain, as matters of taste and feeling only, as a species of sacred Arcadia, chiefly valuable as a subject for the arts or the muses. The parent of fêtes champêtres, and of novels, its spirit is suffered to evaporate in a little reverence for long-drawn aisles and pealing organs, or in exclamations on the goodness of providence and the happiness of all mankind, without in any material degree interfering with those peculiar kinds of happiness which the devout individual may himself prefer. Not that like the catholics, the higher ranks in northern Germany are anxious, by an attendance on religious ceremonies, to atone for the neglect of religious duties: the rites of the protestants are too few and too simple to supply to them the necessary stimulus; and though the churches in Berlin and Dresden are filled, it is the lower class chiefly who attend them. Among these a fermentation, not very dissimilar to that which during the same period agitated England, has, though in a less perceptible form, distinguished the conclusion of the last century. This has been erroneously regarded as the revulsion produced by the awful events of the French revolution; but its spirit may undoubtedly be traced in the earliest writings of Klopstock and Lavater, and it has been making a silent but somewhat rapid progress from the establishment of the Moravians in Saxony, and the first association of the Pietists at Halle. It was, indeed, the natural effect of opposite opinions which had become popular with the great body of lutheran and calvinistic clergy; and here, as in England, had materially loosened the influence of those corporations on the public mind. Infidelity, absolute and avowed, though favoured by the example of Frederic the Great, never made any wide progress in the north; but the rational theologians, as they are called, of Germany, and by far the greater number of the more eminent professors in their universities, had not only desisted in their sermons from every topic which peculiarly distinguished christianity from a code of merely human morality,—every thing which could warm the passions or interest the faith of their hearers,—but had shewn a disposition to sacrifice one by one, to a love of system inherent in the nation, and a desire to conciliate, the main points of difference between the  
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Christian and the infidel, the inspiration of the sacred books, and the miraculous nature of the events recorded in them.

If they thus desired to gain over the deists, they were undoubtedly mistaken, since it is easier and more rational to reject the Scripture entirely than to surrender our faith to a revelation divested of all those awful evidences of Omnipotence, which it were but reasonable to expect as a stamp and characteristic of whatever discovery God might be pleased to make of himself, his nature, or his will. If God be supposed to give a law to mankind, what proof can mankind have but miracles that such law proceeds from one superior to nature? And if the circumstances of wonder or terror under which the revelation is made be resolvable into natural causes, it is apparently an imposture of the grossest kind. It is true that Christianity came forth unhurt from this philosophical crucible, and that the inquiries of Michaelis and his followers, as all inquiries must do when carried far enough, were of eventual service to the cause of truth, but they did not therefore fail to offend the majority of their countrymen; nor can it be omitted that a concealed and qualified deism was as prevalent in the German universities as it is said to be in some still more northerly; and that the rational theologians, as they were called, who in the professor's chair were the avowed defenders of, at least, a mutilated christianity, would, in their hours of confidence and conviviality, throw aside even this remaining regard to the professions and institutions of their country.

The natural reactions of these scandals, and the apparent necessity which existed for an offensive and defensive alliance between all who maintained the essentials of Christianity, have produced in Germany a somewhat more than toleration, so far as the ancient religious distinctions are concerned, which the peculiar enthusiasm of the two classes of religionists whom we have already mentioned had an evident tendency to increase. Madame de Staël calls it mysticism, and though its professors would disclaim all approach to those peculiar tenets, which from the time of Origen to that of Madame Guyon have been ascribed to, or inferred from the notions of the mystics; they apparently resemble this last in the importance attached by them to devotional feeling, and in the excessive application of animal passions to the objects of christian hope and confidence. We say the *excessive* application; because in a certain degree, and under the names of fervour, zeal, gratitude, and hope, it is the intention of every Christian community to excite them; and that is, as Madame de Staël well observes, a very dry and useless manner of teaching, which is contented with giving us rules for our practice, without communicating that force of affection and that elevation of spirit which can alone enable us to observe them. If, however, these feelings be made the principle, instead of the sti-

mulus—if devotion be founded on passion and not on conviction, and this will often be the case where more attention is paid to sentiment than opinion,—the strength thus communicated, like the refreshment of spirituous liquors to a hungry man, will not only be liable to misapplication in the first instance, but will in the end be absolute weakness.

The Moravians have much of this mysticism, but it is no necessary part of their principles or discipline; which last is in truth nothing more, as Madame de Staël observes, than the monastic system adapted to Protestant feelings, and which, as it appears at Herrnhutt, and has been displayed in its several missions in Greenland, Labrador, and Africa, has retained the *esprit du corps*—and the other advantages of conventual union, with few of those inconveniences which in Catholic countries arise from it. They are not in fact a sect, but a religious order, and now that they have unlearned those wilder traits of enthusiasm, which at the first institution of their society gave rise to abominable but groundless suspicions, may deserve to be cherished, on certain accounts, as a common benefit, not only to Protestantism, but to Christianity, and to civilization itself.

The Pietists, on the other hand, whom Madame de Staël does not mention, though in many respects they deserve her notice, were only prevented by the conciliatory spirit of mysticism, and in some measure, perhaps, by the unambitious character of their founder, from becoming, like our own methodists, a powerful and fanatical party. They began at Halle, a little before the time in which the Methodists arose in Oxford, and seem to have given to Wesley many of the leading hints for that formidable system of religious polity which is, perhaps, likely to become one of the most striking features in the history of the nineteenth century. Even the stimulant of persecution was not wanting to their rising greatness. They had their confessors as well as the Quakers, and the temptations of St. Anthony were hardly more ludicrous than the buffetings which were inflicted on the venerable Franck their founder, by the profane and tyrannical wit of Frederick the Great. But Franck was supported in his opposition to the profligacy and infidelity of the age by a strong party of Lutheran clergy: he himself appears to have been very far from the ambition which is so visible amid the real virtues of Wesley; and the bands and classes into which he divided his followers, have pretty nearly fallen into oblivion. It is otherwise with the name of Pietist, which has been applied to all who maintain the strict Solifidian principles, or who incline to that mysticism which was laid to the charge of their founder.

One of the remarkable effects of mysticism has been, that some of its principal supporters in the north of Germany have gone over  
to

to the Roman Catholic opinions. At the same time it must be observed, that not only is the catholicism of Germany less superstitious, less corrupted than that of most other countries of Europe, but the Catholics themselves have in many respects shewn a disposition to meet the Protestants half-way, and the two churches are on better terms at present than they have been since their grand separation. All this, it is unfortunately true, may conduct to doubt or indifference; but whatever indifference exists at present to religion in Germany, may be more safely ascribed to other causes. A more reasonable apprehension is that to which many Protestants are not insensible, that the cause of popery will be eventually a gainer, from the play which its system gives to religious feeling; and that fondness which is universal with the Germans for ceremony and parade. Nor do we know any solid ground of expecting a contrary result, except it be the increased dissemination of the Scriptures both among Protestants and Catholics, by the various Bible societies which, in imitation, and by the assistance, of England, are established in most parts of the empire.

Madame de Staël is mistaken in her supposition that the sect of Anabaptists, 'being rather revolutionary than religious, and owing their existence to political passions rather than opinions, passed away with the circumstances which had produced them.' Under the name of Mennonists, and with many of the peculiar tenets of the English Quakers and the American Dunkers, they are one of the most numerous, and decidedly the most *mystical* sect in Germany. The least rigid are distinguished by a remarkable plainness of dress; the more rigorous let their beards grow, and affect in all their actions an almost savage simplicity. In Westphalia, where they abound, they are distinguished by charity and hospitality, and by the primitive custom of washing the feet of whatever guests they receive. On the other hand, the theosophy of Jacob Boehmen, which she supposes to be still professed by many Germans, has not, we believe, a single avowed follower in the empire.

As many of the higher ranks in Germany are inclined to regard religion as a picturesque ceremony, it is no wonder that some of them should shew a disposition to elevate ceremony into a kind of religion. We did however, experience a little surprise at finding under the general head of Religion and Enthusiasm, the convivial follies of free-masonry, and the fraudulent empiricism of the Illuminati and Ghostseers gravely entered as religious or philosophical sects. The first of these is naturally popular in a country where ribbons and decorations are held in so much honour; but it is chiefly, we believe, popular among those who have little else to think of; and though the tremendous dreams of the Abbé Barruel have clothed it in dragon scales, and excited against it in many kingdoms



kingdoms of the continent a persecution as absurd as those mummeries which were the subject of alarm, free-masonry has remained in most parts of Germany as safe and innocuous as among ourselves. To deduce this association from that of the unfortunate Templars, is so completely in opposition to what we know of the history of both these bodies, that we may be well excused from refuting an opinion, which it is highly probable that Lessing its founder did not himself believe.

The Illuminati were, as Madame de Staël observes, of two very distinct descriptions. One of these, of which Weishaupt and his colleagues were the heroes, was nothing more than a revolutionary club, such as the Corresponding Society of England, but which concealed itself a short time from the vengeance of government under the external mask of free-masonry. This was soon discovered, and has been long since eradicated: indeed the progress of the French revolution so completely undeceived the public mind of Europe, that the re-action thus produced was alone sufficient for its extinction. A few individuals of no good reputation have since attempted to organize fresh institutions of the same kind, but with a motive professedly Antigallican; and a German count, who some years ago visited London, vainly attempted to wheedle money from government for the maintenance of a secret order of knighthood, whose device was a dagger, two eyes, and a mouth closed by a padlock, and whose ramifications, as he boasted, extended over Europe. The other class of Illuminati are mere vagabond empirics, the lineal descendants of Cornelius Agrippa, of Kelly and Cagliostro. They may be found in all countries, but have been more noticed in Germany than elsewhere, because in the small societies into which the empire is divided, the arrival of a magician makes somewhat more noise than in such cities as London and Paris—and because the want of a military or political career, renders the German youth, from idleness, immoderately eager after novelty.

These secret societies are not the only subjects apparently anomalous which our eloquent author has classed under the head of religion. Those who content themselves with inspecting her 'table of contents' will be surprised at finding two chapters 'De la Douleur,' and 'De la Contemplation de la Nature;' and her work concludes with a laboured inquiry into the effects of enthusiasm on the conduct and happiness of mankind. The first of these, however, will be found a magnificent picture of the superior comforts which affliction may draw from Christianity above any which the world or philosophy can afford. The second is a devout, and, at the same time, a sensible attempt to found on the examination of the material world an internal conviction of the reality of that which is spiritual

ritual, and contains passages which cannot be perused without a thrill of delight and veneration.

‘Souvent à l’aspect d’une belle contrée on est tenté de croire qu’elle a pour unique but d’exciter en nous des sentiments élevés et nobles. Je ne sais quel rapport existe entre les cieux et la fierté du cœur, entre les rayons de la lune qui reposent sur la montagne et le calme de la conscience, mais ces objets nous parlent un beau langage, et l’on peut s’abandonner au tressaillement qu’ils causent, l’âme s’en trouvera bien. Quand le soir, à l’extrémité du paysage, le ciel semble toucher de si près à la terre, l’imagination se figure, par delà l’horizon, un asyle de l’espérance, une patrie de l’amour, et la nature semble répéter silencieusement que l’homme est immortel.

‘La succession continuelle de mort et de naissance, dont le monde physique est le théâtre, produiroit l’impression la plus douloureuse, si l’on ne croyoit pas y voir la trace de la résurrection de toutes choses, et c’est le véritable point de vue religieux de la contemplation de la nature que cette manière de la considérer. On finiroit par mourir de pitié si l’on se bernoit en tout à la terrible idée de l’irréparable : aucun animal ne périt sans qu’on puisse le regretter, aucun arbre ne tombe sans que l’idée qu’on ne le reverra plus dans sa beauté n’excite en nous une réflexion douloureuse. Enfin, les objets inanimés eux-mêmes font mal quand leur décadence oblige à s’en séparer : la maison, les meubles, qui ont servi à ceux que nous avons aimés, nous intéressent, et ces objets mêmes excitent en nous quelquefois une sorte de sympathie indépendante des souvenirs qu’ils retracent ; on regrette la forme qu’on leur a connue, comme si cette forme en faisoit des êtres qui nous ont vu vivre, et qui devoient nous voir mourir. Si le temps n’avoit pas pour antidote l’éternité, on s’attacheroit à chaque moment pour le retenir, à chaque son pour le fixer, à chaque regard pour en prolonger l’éclat, et les jouissances n’existeroient que l’instant qu’il nous faut pour sentir qu’elles passent, et pour arroser de larmes leurs traces, que l’abîme des jours doit aussi dévorer.’—pp. 381, 382, 383.

The third will not be understood till the idea which its title excites be defined more clearly. No word, indeed, has borne so many meanings as enthusiasm, and there is none which has been the object of fiercer censure or warmer praise, as it has been applied to different characters. At first, notwithstanding the sublime meaning which Madame de Staël elicits from its Greek derivation, it was employed to express the temporary delirium either felt or affected by the Pagan priests under the influence of Bacchus, Apollo, or Cybele. It was afterwards, with much propriety, applied to the different sects who have in their turn adopted the feelings, if not the opinions, of mysticism ; and, above all, to those who have supposed the existence of an inward light, and conceived themselves the organs of immediate inspiration. When thus applied, there may, in enthusiasm, be much to pity, but there can surely be nothing which we should be led either to imitate or admire. There is no real

real sublimity in madness, and those who have been delighted with its scenic or poetical imitation would lose their raptures, if they were to visit those asylums where it is confined, or those conventicles where it is engendered.

But enthusiasm has been also applied to ardent affections of every kind, by whatever excited, insomuch that by a very common caprice of language the metaphorical has, in common usage, nearly superseded the original meaning. In England it is chiefly used to signify intemperate or excessive zeal for a man's own opinions or his own profession, and has been properly or improperly applied in proportion as the person who employed the term was himself of a warm or cold disposition, attached, or otherwise, to the object which excited his neighbour's eagerness. In Germany, and indeed in most parts of the Continent, it bears a still milder signification, and can only mean, in Madame de Staël's concluding chapters, a susceptibility of warm and generous affections, a thirst of fame, an attachment to liberty, to religion, to truth, and to virtue, in opposition to that spirit of indifference to the welfare of mankind, which might be expected to succeed like a deadly calm to the storm of disappointed hopes and misdirected efforts. This would, in any country, be the natural effect of a revolution terminating in despotism; and in France, where the national character is far removed from all that ardour of fancy which converts the past and future (as it has been observed by Aristotle) into a faint perception of present enjoyment, the chill which would follow an unusual stimulus was, as might be expected, little less than mortal to the finer affections of the heart. To the existence and the cause of this deficiency Madame de Staël could not be insensible, and she has expressed herself in some passages with a boldness to which we should not have hesitated to ascribe her exile, had not the Parisian censors been remarkably, perhaps wilfully, blind to the obvious tendency of her allusions. This conclusion, indeed, both in the object at which it aims, and the force of talent which it displays, is well worthy of the daughter of Necker; and if it be less avowedly patriotic than the famous chapter in Longinus, of which it frequently reminds the reader, it exceeds this last considerably both in depth and dignity of feeling. It is the melody of a bird who sings, in its lonely prison, of love and liberty; the untameable affection of those patriots who hope even when human hope appears to have perished, who, while they cannot look to enjoy political freedom themselves, recal the attention of their countrymen to those principles and virtues from which political freedom must eventually arise, who sow the seeds of a deliverance which cannot but be distant, and 'cast their bread upon the waters, that they may find it after many days.'

We shall conclude by a few general observations, not on the beauties

beauties of this extraordinary work, for on them our sentiments are, we apprehend, sufficiently apparent, but on what are much less obvious features—the faults which we conceive to pervade it.

The most apparent of these is, perhaps, the too general and un-mixed character of that praise which, when so lavishly bestowed, must diminish considerably in value. We do not blame her for the warmth of her zeal in so good a cause as the honour of Germany, but we cannot help regretting that she should have expressed herself so strongly as to resemble an apologist rather than an impartial observer. A constant ambition of style, which is too fond of refining and adorning every thing to give effect to the more prominent and interesting features of her description, is a second, and, perhaps, a more important failing: and there is a want of arrangement in her topics, and a tautology proceeding from this want, which almost convince us that the eloquence of her diction is spontaneous, and that she both thinks and composes with a rapidity which will derive no disadvantage from a critical drag-chain. These are, however, but petty faults when compared with the accuracy of taste, and ‘ardentia verba’ which we have had occasion to notice, or with that depth of thought and purity of sentiment which pervade the present volumes, and which have made the productions of her riper understanding as much superior to those which first introduced her to the world, as the fruits of morality and reason excel the morbid and feverish dictates of capricious impulse and unrestrained imagination.

ART. V.—1. *Some Account of the Life and Writings of James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.* By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 180. London; Longman. 1812.

2. *The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 238. London; Longman. 1810.

THIS pair of portraits by the hand of a learned and ingenious Catholic layman, is evidently intended to represent the features of his own church under their most benignant and attractive aspect, at a period when it has once more become a candidate for no inconsiderable portion of its ancient influence in this country.

The author has selected a couple of contemporary prelates, one the most acute and profound, the other the most elegant and devout that ever adorned the Catholic religion, in order, as it may be presumed, to demonstrate by example, that the doctrines of that church are not inconsistent with the highest reason, or its practices with the most exalted and cultivated piety. For the same purpose every thing revolting to Protestant ears or offensive to Protestant feeling

feeling is studiously suppressed. At the same time the great essentials of Christianity, in which the reformed churches harmonize with that of Rome, are very properly dwelt upon, while an avowed reservation of the authority of the church in matters of faith, silently opens the door to every abuse which the darkest ages have introduced, and closes it against every improvement which may be suggested by the most enlightened. Above all, the tone of conciliation which is maintained throughout, along with the firmest and most conscientious adherence to Catholic principle, is entitled at once to our respect and imitation. In the ensuing observations, therefore, we shall sedulously avoid the rude language and the harsh spirit of controversy, and in bestowing due commendation on these different models of excellence, endeavour to shew that while they do honour to our common Christianity, their defects alone are imputable to the church to which they belonged. In this tribute of praise to two prelates of a faith so hostile to our own, let us not be misunderstood, as conceding any thing to their cause. Nothing is more distinct than persons and principles; there is strength, however, we freely confess in the best spirit of popery to work off and defecate its grosser parts; and the Gallican church, always the freest and most enlightened member of that great body, has ever been most fruitful in such examples. On this subject we may safely receive the testimony of one who had certainly no partialities on this subject to mislead him.

‘We ought not,’ says Bishop Burnet, ‘to deny the church of Rome the just praises that belong to some of the bishops she has produced in this and the last age, who were burning and shining lights; and we ought not to wonder if a church so blemished all over with the corruptions of her clergy and in particular of the heads of them, covers herself from those deserved reproaches by the brightness of such great names, and by the exemplary virtues of the present Pope.\* France has likewise produced in this age a great many bishops of whom it must be said that, as the world was not worthy of them, so that church that used them so ill was much less worthy of them. And though there are not many of that stamp now left, yet Cardinal Grimaldi, the Bishop of Angiers, and the Bishop of Grenoble, may serve to dignify an age as well as nation. The Bishop of Alet was, as a great and good man told me, like a living and speaking gospel.’ And again—‘It will be unjust for any to be uneasy at the praises given to prelates of another communion, who are to be so much the more admired, if notwithstanding all the corruptions that lie so thick about them, they have set the world such examples as ought indeed to make others ashamed that have greater advantages. They have built and endowed seminaries for their dioceses; in which a number of young ecclesiastics are bred at studies and exercises suitable to their profession; and as they find them well prepared,

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\* Innocent the XIIth.

they are by the several degrees of the pontifical led up to the altar, and kept there till benefices fall, and so they are removed from thence as from a nursery, into the several parts of the dioceses. By this means the secular clergy of France have in a great measure recovered their reputation.\*

We shall begin with Bossuet. As this prelate was, beyond all controversy, the ablest advocate whom the church of Rome ever possessed, bold, eloquent, subtle, and learned, his first great work, the Exposition of the Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, was received by his own party as 'absolutely free from error;' and by his adversaries, as an artful attempt 'to disguise the tenets of the Roman Catholic church in order to make them more palatable to Protestants.'

'But surely,' says Mr. Butler, 'this charge cannot be supported. When a body of men so numerous and respectable as the Roman Catholics, (what candid Protestant does not allow them to be both numerous and respectable?) declare, without a single dissenting voice, that a particular work expresses their tenets fully and unequivocally, it is indecent and unfair in the extreme to charge it with disguising them. Should not those who make the charge rather acknowledge that they had misconceived them?'

To find that the old undisguised doctrines of their church were capable of receiving such a varnish, was no doubt matter of exultation to the whole body. The landscape which once was rugged, squalid, and unsightly, or what is worse, deformed and distorted by all the perversities of what our forefathers a century ago denominated taste, is changed in an instant, by 'the omnipotent magician of fashion;' he levels the asperities, removes the prominent parts, elevates the depressed, conceals the unsightly, directs by his wand the lines of light and shade, and in short produces one of those magic scenes of which in our days so many have arisen in this country. What a beautiful landscape has the earth-painter produced!—No—it was always the same, but you failed to perceive it. The Catholic religion being always the same, and M. Bossuet's Exposition absolutely without error, it never had the deformities which you accuse him of having thrown into the shade; your own eyesight is in fault—'your conduct is disingenuous and unfair in the extreme.'

But we hasten to a subject of much more importance. M. Bossuet and his biographer were too acute and too great masters of controversy not to perceive the futility of contending, severally and in detail, for the peculiar doctrines of their church, which have been rejected by Protestants as irrational or unscriptural, when, by maintaining a single outwork, the body of the fortress would be un-

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\* Burnet's Life of Bishop Bedel, A. D. 1685.

assailable. This outwork is the authority of the church to prescribe to the understandings and consciences of Christians in matters of faith.

In stating this question we will endeavour to abridge, as far as the argument will permit, a conference which took place between Bossuet and M. Claude, one of the most acute and learned of the reformed clergy in France, entreating, however, the reader to bear in mind, that the statement is that of an adversary, a candid however and temperate adversary, and therefore to be suspected of no other misrepresentation than what involuntarily adheres to the spirit of party as it exists in the most upright and unprejudiced minds.

'Bossuet, in preparing the minds of his friends for this conference, undertook to prove three propositions—first, that "the Huguenots acted as if they believed the authority of their own church to be infallible"—secondly, "that though they acted in this manner it was a maxim among them, that every individual, however ignorant, was obliged to believe he understood the Scriptures better than all the rest of the church"—thirdly, "that it was an article of the Huguenot creed, that there was a period of time during which a Christian was obliged to doubt whether the Scriptures were inspired by God; whether the Gospel were a truth or a fable; and whether Jesus Christ were an impostor or a teacher of salvation."

It was impossible that, preserving any semblance of the reality, the doctrines of an adversary should, by any sophistry, have been placed in a situation so disadvantageous for the defendant. It remains to be seen how this exquisite dialectician maintained his ground, and how his attacks were parried by the dexterity of his antagonist.

'Bossuet began by asking, if it were not among the articles of the reformed church of France, that disputes on faith should, if possible, be determined by the Consistory; if not, by the National Assembly; and that those who refused to acquiesce in the determination of the last, were to be declared out of the pale of the church, and excommunicated. He further asked if the circular letter of the reformed churches, when they sent their deputies to the National Assembly, were not expressed in the following words: "We promise before God to submit to all that shall be resolved in your holy assembly, convinced as we are that God will preside over it, and guide you by his holy spirit into all truth and equity by the rule of his word." The facts were admitted by M. Claude; but he denied the conclusion. He said, that the different assemblies had different degrees of jurisdiction, but that in all it was a jurisdiction of discipline, and that the intrinsic value of their decisions, and even of the decision of the National Assembly, depended solely on their conformity with the word of God; and thus, according to M. Claude, an ultimate power of enforcing discipline, but no infallibility in doctrine, was vested by them in the General Assembly.—Bossuet now said, that if he understood M. Claude rightly, submission was only

only conditional, that is, if the party thought the determinations of the church conformable to the will of God.—To this Claude assented.—Then, said Bossuet, the profession of submission might equivalently be couched in these words: “I swear to submit to what you shall decide, if I think your determination conformable to the word of God.” What does this really amount to? A short silence ensued. Bossuet renewed the conference by saying, you believe that an individual may call in question the doctrines of your church, even when your church pronounces in the last resort.—No, Sir, answered M. Claude, it should not be said that an individual may lawfully doubt in such a case, as there is every appearance that the judgment of the church will be right. To say that there is an appearance, replied Bossuet, is to say that there is a doubt.—But, answered M. Claude, there is more than an appearance; Jesus Christ hath promised that they who truly seek shall find him. Now, it should be presumed in favour of the assemblies, that they seek him truly, and will therefore be certain of finding him. If, however, it should appear that there are cabals in the national synod, the confidence in it might be lessened, or absolutely withdrawn.—Then let us leave these factions and cabals, said Bossuet, out of the question; let us suppose that there is nothing improper, must its decision be admitted without examination?—M. Claude admitted that the right of examination existed.—Then, said Bossuet, you admit that every individual may and ought to believe that it may happen to him to understand the word of God better than a national assembly, or even a council assembled from the four quarters of the world. For, on what can this right or duty of examination depend but that the individual may justly conceive, that he himself understands (may possibly understand) the word of God better than those whose decision he has a right to examine.—This was the second point.—Bossuet now considered that he had set M. Claude between the horns of a dilemma. If M. Claude contended for the duty of submission to the sentence of the National Assembly on pain of excommunication, Bossuet opposed to him his acknowledgment of the right of individuals to try the propriety of that sentence by their private judgments; if Mr. Claude admitted the right of private judgment in an individual, Bossuet opposed to him the assembly's right to excommunicate him for exercising it. The conference, however, proceeded. Surely, said Bossuet, this right of examination, which you recognize in every individual, must be accompanied with the highest individual presumption.—No, said M. Claude, for when the synagogue declared that Jesus Christ was not the Messiah, would not an individual who believed him to be the true Christ have judged better than the synagogue? Could you accuse such an individual of *presumptuously* believing that he understood the Scriptures better than the synagogue?—A more able reply (this is the candid admission of Mr. Butler) cannot be conceived.—After a moment's silence, Bossuet rejoined—When an individual *now* sets up his private opinion against that of the whole church, he sets it up against the highest authority upon earth, as the earth contains no authority to which an appeal from that authority can be made. But when the synagogue condemned Jesus

Christ,



Christ, there *was* on earth a much higher authority to whom the individual might appeal. Truth itself *then* visibly existed among men; the Messiah himself—it was not therefore presumption—it was duty to disobey the synagogue, and to believe in Christ. Bring back to me Jesus Christ in person, and I no longer want the church. But do not take the church from me unless you give me Jesus Christ in person. When he returned to his Father he left us his church, and we are bound to obey her voice.

‘This, according to Bossuet’s account, set his antagonist within a second dilemma; if he said that the sentence of the National Assembly was not to be questioned, Bossuet proved that the Huguenots acted as if they thought the authority of their church infallible. If he allowed that the sentence of that assembly might be questioned, Bossuet’s assertion, that the Huguenot Church maintained that every individual might believe that he understood the Scriptures better than the highest authority in his communion, was equally proved. With much apparent reluctance, M. Claude veered to the latter position.

‘M. Bossuet’s last proposition was, that in the opinion of Huguenots, there is a period during which a *Christian* is under a necessity of doubting whether the Bible be inspired by God, whether the Gospel be truth or fable, and whether Jesus Christ be a teacher of truth or an impostor. On this head, Bossuet asked, if a Christian, when he has the Gospel put for the first time into his hand, must necessarily doubt whether it be divinely inspired, before he can make an act of faith of its being the word of God. M. Claude replied, that in such a situation, a Christian does not doubt, but he is ignorant; and permit me, said he to Bossuet, to put the same question to you, substituting in my question, the church, wherever in yours you introduce the gospel. I therefore ask you, whether a Christian, who has the authority of the church for the first time proposed to him, must not, before he makes an act of faith of it, necessarily doubt and examine the grounds of that authority?

‘The disputants were now fairly at issue on two points, first, whether in respect to the Gospel, M. Claude, by acknowledging the right of private examination, admitted, that while that examination lasted, a Christian must necessarily doubt that the Scripture was the word of God, secondly, whether in respect to the church, the same arguments should not force a similar confession from Bossuet.

‘I aver, said the latter, that according to the principles of your church, there is a moment, (I mean the period of examination,) in which a Christian (I do not speak of an infidel) must doubt of the gospel and of Christ. I have said, M. Claude answered, that he is ignorant, he does not doubt. Can he, then, said Bossuet, when the gospel is thus for the first time presented to him, make an act of faith, that the book presented to him is the word of God? He cannot, said M. Claude; he can only believe it on the authority of his parents, or of some other person; he is a catechumen. No, said Bossuet, he is not a catechumen, he is a Christian; he has been baptized, and the alliance (covenant) which baptism externally sealed on him, has been internally

internally sealed by the Holy Ghost. On that point, said M. Claude, there are two opinions : but M. Claude ingenuously added, I admit it. Then, said Bossuet, it follows that, in virtue of the faith infused into him at his baptism, a Christian who has attained the use of reason, is qualified to make an act of faith when it is presented to him :—I therefore ask you, whether, before he had examined the gospel, a Christian can make this act of faith? M. Claude said, that after the Christian had read the scriptures, he believed it to be the word of God, by divine faith, but that until he had read it, he could (not) be led to this conclusion by human reasoning only. But human reason, said Bossuet, is always fallible : and thus, according to your principles, there is a moment, (that of examination,) during which the *Christian* necessarily doubts, or, if you prefer the expression, is ignorant of what you call the fundamental article of faith, that the Scripture is the word of God; and therefore, during the whole time of examination, he is an infidel.'

Long as this citation must have appeared to our readers, it is no more than the abridgment of an abridgment; but as the authority of the church over the understandings and consciences of men in matters of faith, and the consequent duty of implicit submission to its decrees, is the foundation on which the church of Rome has erected that mighty superstructure which has so long oppressed mankind, we will first consider the doctrine itself, and secondly, the three propositions by which, with so much subtlety and sophistry, M. Bossuet endeavoured to sustain it.

It does not appear that the faculties of man were given for any other purpose than to be exercised; they were all intended to be cultivated, disciplined, restrained, but in no case to be annihilated. The requirement, therefore, of the church of Rome, that the reasons and consciences of men shall implicitly submit to the authority of the church, is contrary to the general analogy of human nature. But, in the next place, the thing itself is impossible; for what, we would ask, governs the conduct of the most devoted child of Rome, in making this submission? Not instinct; not intuition, but a previous act of the understanding and conscience (misinformed, indeed, but still understanding and conscience) teaching the inquirer that it is his duty so to do.

Waving, however, this argument, it may be contended, that implicit submission destroys the very idea of authority : for why do we believe ourselves bound to submit to the decrees of other men in matters of faith, but because we believe these to be the conclusions of sound understandings, diligently and conscientiously applied to the investigation of the sense of Scripture? But those who have acted upon the principle of submission, have submitted to the same voluntary annihilation of conscience and intellect required of us, and therefore are no more authority for us than we are for posterity. In ascending this long chain of authority and submission,

where shall we stop? Assuredly no where, till we arrive at the first step, that is to say, where investigation ended, and where the demand of submission began.

Neither does this argument annihilate, but confirm authority, when properly understood. What, for example, is the authority of the church of England, and what are its effects upon individual judgment and conscience, compared with that of the church of Rome? They differ precisely as servitude differs from rational and enlightened freedom. 'The Bible,' we repeat with our excellent Chillingworth, 'is the religion of Protestants,' and in interpreting the Bible, though in the last resort every man must be determined by his own judgment, yet in conducting the inquiry, authority, with every well constituted mind, will have a very powerful moral influence. But why in this case, and not in that of the church of Rome? Because, in the latter, the individuals who compose that body, acute, and learned, and conscientious in other respects, as they may be, are mere machines, blindly impelled and impelling. The authority of an entire church for ages together, under the influence of this principle, is no more than the indefinite addition of cyphers; whereas, in the former, every honest and intelligent subscriber to its doctrines, adds an unit to the great sum of influence which consists of the aggregate of conscience and understanding, possessed and exercised by all the individuals who have maintained them. Thus the authority of Bossuet himself, the acutest and most profound reasoner which that church ever knew, is reduced to a level with that of the blindest bigot, in the darkest age of his church, because he was antecedently bound to shut his eyes against absurdity, and employ his faculties in varnishing what, if this veil of authority had been removed, he might have exposed as an imposture. And what if an understanding like his sometimes rebelled in secret? But the powerful principles of hope and fear were at hand:—there was merit in submission, while even reflection was rebellion.

Why then, it may be asked, is not authority, so far as its influence extends, equally pernicious to the Protestant and the Papist? This question will best be answered by the proper reply to another: 'What is the nature and extent of that influence which is produced by the authority of Protestant churches?' It neither trenches upon the exercise of the understanding nor the conscience; it invites inquiry, but it imposes upon rashness and presumption a strong moral restraint. In short, it operates upon the inquirer's mind in this manner.—Here are many wise and good men, some of them under the strongest personal inducements to prevaricate, who have thus determined concerning the sense of the holy Scripture: it has pleased God to bestow upon me as well as upon them, reason  
and

and conscience; but as I am in modesty bound to believe, reason less acute, and a conscience less enlightened than theirs. If, therefore, I am tempted to differ from them, I am under a moral obligation to conduct the research with all possible diffidence and caution; but if, after all, I am invincibly led to a conclusion of my own, I have at least followed that light which was born with me for the direction of my steps.—If, after the tyranny of the church was removed from the consciences of our countrymen, the *moral* influence of authority over free agents had been duly respected, few indeed would have been the separatists from our own establishment, for few indeed have been the leaders of separation who appear to have conducted their inquiries with the temper, and on the principles here laid down.

To those, however, who have made so frank a cession of their intellectual faculties to the church of Rome, it ought, perhaps, to be matter of thankfulness, that the yielded right has been exercised with so much reserve. For though a pretty liberal demand upon common sense has been made in the article of the real presence, and some other particulars, yet some acknowledgment is surely due to those who have indulged themselves in virtually abrogating only one commandment of the decalogue. In fact, authority and submission being equally unlimited, there is no conceivable extravagance to which ignorance or arrogance might not have extended them. The danger, indeed, is now at an end, since the Council of Trent, perceiving a flood of light to pour upon them, while they boldly perpetuated the errors of the dark ages, wisely placed a barrier in the way of future additions.

We will now examine the three propositions by which M. Bossuet endeavoured to support the authority of the church, and in which, no doubt, his followers believe him to have succeeded.

The first was, that the Huguenots acted as if they believed the authority of their church to be infallible. Now it must be acknowledged that the language held by that Church was extremely indiscreet.—‘We promise, before God, to submit to *all* that shall be resolved in your holy assembly, convinced, as we are, that God will preside over it, and guide you by his Holy Spirit into all truth by the rule of his word.’ This, however, if proved, instead of affecting the general question, could only have fixed upon the Huguenots a charge of inconsistency in setting up an infallibility of their own against that of the church of Rome. In his answer, however, M. Claude took an impregnable position, from which he very unskilfully departed, and by that means gave his adversary an advantage of which he failed not to avail himself. He candidly admitted the facts, but denied the conclusion. He said that the different assemblies, mentioned by Bossuet, had different degrees of jurisdic-

tion, but that in all of them it was a *jurisdiction of discipline* merely, and that the intrinsic value even of the decisions of the National Assembly depended solely on their conformity to the word of God. This was the proper answer. It was a *jurisdiction of discipline*. But as M. Claude neglected either to explain or follow it up, we will endeavour to supply the defect. The existence of all ecclesiastical society depends on the observance of certain fundamental rules. By these every member is either explicitly or virtually bound. If he can no longer conscientiously observe the rules, or if he presumptuously transgresses them, he must either withdraw himself, or it will become necessary for the society to remove him. And this, as has been shewn by Dr. Balguy, in his Discourses on Church Government, is the origin of excommunication, which, armed with civil pains and penalties, has since assumed so terrific an appearance in other churches than that of Rome. This, therefore, M. Claude very properly calls a jurisdiction of discipline, in submitting to which, the Huguenot only undertook as follows:—‘Believing, as I do, that you have the Word of God for your guide, and the ordinary assistances of the Holy Spirit to lead you into all saving truth, I promise that, *while I continue* a member of your congregation, I will not, by propagating any private opinions of my own, disturb your peace. When I can no longer agree with you, I will withdraw myself.’ This is precisely the jurisdiction of discipline inherent in every society. It implies no infallibility, it merely imposes on every member the obligation of not breaking the peace of his own congregation.

How then does this differ from the language and discipline of the church of Rome?—Thus; ‘You,’ say they, ‘presume to oppose your own individual opinion, or the doctrines of your schismatical congregation, to the faith of the infallible Catholic Church: We therefore not only remove you from our assemblies, but, after you have ceased to belong to us, we will pursue you beyond our pale with pains and penalties; or if, from certain accidental circumstances, this may happen to exceed our power, we do at least deliver you over to Satan, to execute, in our name and stead, what we are unable to do for ourselves.’ This is not a jurisdiction of discipline but of vengeance. From this vantage-ground, however, M. Claude unhappily departed, and, after a vacillating and unsteady defence, half admitting and half retracting his admission of something like infallibility in his own church, he was at last driven, by the dexterity of Bossuet, to the necessity of allowing a right of private examination in the last resort.

This led to the second proposition. ‘Then,’ said Bossuet, ‘you admit that every individual may believe, and ought to believe, that it may happen to him to understand the Word of God better than the

the National Assembly, and even than a general council.' This was a fair inference from M. Claude's last admission, subject, however, to one condition, that the honesty of such assembly or council shall be equal to its skill.

The proposition, however, translated out of the language of party, amounts to no more than this;—that no terms of church communion ought to be imposed which require the sacrifice of understanding and conscience; that no one can avoid annihilating these gifts but by acting as if he believed that the church to which he belongs may err, and that by an honest and diligent use of his faculties, he may attain to the knowledge of the truth. In this case the presumption lies in the abuse, not the use of these faculties. Another question which must occur is, whether we are *safe* in an absolute cession of our faculties; for we must *account* for the employment of them: and if the modest inquirer and the slave of authority are both in error at the last, we may humbly trust that he will be in a better condition who has been diligent, though unsuccessful, in informing himself, than he who has slothfully deposited his conscience with some arrogant neighbour. But the surest test of any opinion is to try it by its consequences. If the right of personal examination is to be annihilated by the charge of presumption, where shall we stop? Error will remain for ever as it is, and truth at best can receive no addition. But whence originates the right of limiting the understanding? The language of inspiration is, 'Search the Scriptures, for in *them* ye have the words of eternal life.' We are called upon to 'prove all things,' and some were even reprov'd for their backwardness in not 'judging of themselves what was right.' It is, therefore, an usurpation of uninspired men arrogating to themselves an authority greater than that of apostles. But the consequences of this doctrine are equally absurd when extended to physics. We know what was the end of Galileo; and had it not been for the Reformation in this country, Newton might have ended his days in a dungeon, or at a stake, and the *Principia* been proscribed by some expurgatory index.

The last of Bossuet's propositions is, if possible, more sophistical, than either of the former: 'That, in the opinion of Huguenots, there is a period during which a *Christian* is under a necessity of doubting whether the Bible be inspired by God, whether the Gospel be truth or fable, and whether Jesus Christ were a teacher of truth or an impostor.' These assertions, tremendous as their first aspect may be, shrink into nothing when it is understood that by the word *Christian* is meant a person who has been baptized in his infancy. For as those doctrines are not intuitive truths, baptized infants, Catholic or Protestant, must be equally

ignorant of them when first proposed. And there is this difference, and this only, between the intellectual process in the two cases—that the Catholic, if he believes at all, by an act of authority and submission, passes at once from total ignorance to blind assent; the Protestant, on the contrary, is allowed and encouraged to inquire for himself. In short, the proposition amounts to no more than this, that all inquiry implies some degree of preceding doubt, and all rational faith implies previous inquiry.

The *valet consequentia et argumentum* of this long deduction is highly illustrative of the French character: 'Thus Bossuet professes to have performed his promise to *Mademoiselle de Duras*. It is extraordinary that so sensible an Englishman as Mr. Butler, did not perceive the air of burlesque which the intervention of a French mademoiselle threw over a grave theological debate.

Would our limits have permitted it, we should animadvert, with freedom on the most exceptionable chapter in the whole book containing the account of Bossuet's celebrated work, the 'History of the Variations,' and the uncandid insinuations against the Wickliffites and Lollards as branches from the old stock of Manicheism; in which connection they are to be regarded as remote authors of the late tremendous revolution in France. To this, for the present, we shall only oppose a simple denial, while, on the behalf of the Church of England, as well as of the Protestant churches through the world, we call upon him to make good his charge. On the subject of the Variations we shall only say, that were every tittle which Bossuet has asserted positively proved, the great points at issue between Papists and Protestants would remain unaffected; that differences and dissensions are evils necessarily resulting from the use of private judgment; and that unity purchased by the sacrifice of reason and understanding is worse than all the divisions of the reformed churches.

The next chapter contains an interesting and curious account of an attempt made towards the close of the seventeenth century for the reunion of the Lutheran and Catholic churches. In the prosecution of this work, the zeal, the authority, and the activity of Bossuet, compelled him to take a leading part: the principal agents on the part of the Lutherans, were M. Camus, and after him the celebrated Leibnitz. Great indeed were the concessions which these men are represented as disposed to make, and great in proportion are the panegyrics which our authors bestow upon them: but no Protestant will regret that the plan came to nothing, when he is informed, on the authority of Bossuet himself, 'that the Church of Rome was ready to make concession in point of discipline, and to explain doctrines, but would make none in respect to defined

defined articles of faith, and in particular to any which had been sanctioned by the Council of Trent.' While therefore the Church of Rome declares any mitigation of her most obnoxious doctrines to be impossible; any invitation to Protestant congregations, to return into her bosom, is only a proclamation to fugitive slaves to place themselves once more under the roof and rod of a tyrannical master.

The next chapter, on the subject of the *Regale*, which drew on the memorable contest between Louis XIV and Innocent XII, on the rights and immunities of the Gallican Church, though drawn up with that correctness and precision which are so conspicuous in all Mr. Butler's writings, is chiefly remarkable, as illustrating one trait of the human constitution; for here we have the same Bossuet, the high unqualifying assertor of the right of Holy Church—the stern imperious demandant of implicit submission—in the new character of a patriot and a courtier, boldly withstanding the claims of his ecclesiastical sovereign.

Placed as he now was between the jarring obligation of serving both masters, he chose the former, by a preference, we doubt not, as honest as it was discreet. On this occasion, the conduct of Bossuet was at once faithful to his king and respectful to the head of the church. The consistency of the principles which he maintained on this occasion, with those which he pressed on M. Claude; may perhaps be doubted. From a discourse preached by him on this occasion, before a general assembly of the church of France, we extract the following propositions.

1st. 'St. Peter was reproved by St. Paul for not walking in the right path according to the Gospel.' The inference plainly intended is, that a portion of the successors of St. Peter may err in like manner and receive a similar rebuke.

2d. 'That a Council held at Lyons, in 1025, stood up against a privilege obtained from Rome, which was thought to be contrary to order.' The Court of Rome therefore may violate the order of the church in a moment of surprize.

3d. 'John the Eighteenth gave a sentence contrary to the rule of the church.' Is infallibility then liable to surprizes—if it be, we should wish to know how often, to what extent they may consist with that quality, and who is authorized to detect them?

4th. 'The decisions of the Pope, in questions of faith, extend over the universal church, and each church in particular; but unless they have the consent of the church they are not irreformable.'

The inference meant to be drawn from this proposition was, that they may be impugned by a particular church even when supported by the church in general, otherwise the proposition was impertinent and inapplicable to the existing circumstances of the church



church of France—and if this be true, a national church may, and ought to believe that, in matters of faith, it may be a better judge than the universal church, which is altogether inconsistent with our author's own proposition when applied to individuals and national councils.

The next chapter is devoted to Bossuet's Funeral Orations—a species of composition neither greatly admired nor cultivated in this country.

On this topic our author's remarks are highly judicious, and he allows that, with some brilliant exceptions, they are the least pleasing compositions to be found in French literature. The truth is, that recent grief, exasperated by all the pomp and circumstance of artificial mourning, is not to be trusted with the expression of its own feelings;—a congregation so predisposed, may be melted into tears by mere puerilities—*ἄνθρωπος δὲ πορὸς κρυετοῖο γοιο*, and what to the hearer seemed pathetic, may to the cooler reader become ridiculous. The following apostrophe to the Prince of Condé, in the oration pronounced at his funeral, is adduced by Mr. Butler as a specimen.

‘There (as seen in his last moments) I shall behold you infinitely more triumphant than you were at Friedberg or Rocroy. Transported with the view, I shall pronounce the beautiful words of the Apostle, “The victory which conquers this world is our faith”—may this be your history—may you enjoy it eternally—may the eternal sacrifice which is now offered for you give you the immediate enjoyment of it—Accept, Prince, the last effort of a voice which was known to you—yes, you shall close these discourses. Instead of bewailing the deaths of others, I shall henceforth endeavour, in imitation of your example, to sanctify my own end. Happy if taking warning from these grey hairs of the account which I must soon render to God, I shall dedicate to the flock which he has committed to my charge the remains of a voice which begins to fail me, of a flame that must soon expire.’

‘This,’ exclaims the biographer, who for a moment suffers himself to be carried away by the same spirit, ‘is the true sublime, the sublime of nature, the sublime of taste, and what crowns all, the sublime of religion!’

This sally of our author is however quickly redeemed by the honest and patriotic contempt which, in defiance of religious prejudices, he expresses for the following passage of his eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal Maury, in his *Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*.

‘An Englishman (however he may endure what his Eminence says of the superiority of the French over the English in pulpit eloquence) must smile at the following exclamation which the Cardinal Archbishop addresses to the English nation on the general merit of their oratory:

Illustrious

Illustrious Insularies! I try to discover an orator, a real orator among your sacred ministers, your writers, your members of parliament of the highest-celebrity. Be it said without offence to your glory, I find no one among you worthy of that name. The intrepidity of this address (they are Mr. Butler's words) is the more striking, as by the Cardinal Archbishop's own confession he is wholly ignorant of the English language.'

Enough of such a profligate apostate.—We proceed to the 'Life of Fenelon.'

This, which as to the facts is principally an abridgment of a much larger work of M. de Bausset, seems to have been an after-thought: but it forms a very proper accompaniment to the life of Bossuet, with great part of which it is inseparably connected. Many of the remarks which would have presented themselves had the present volume appeared singly, have been anticipated by the former, and some which have arisen from the perusal of it, have been reserved for this part of our article. If there is a literary character, which, in compassion to our readers and ourselves, we should wish to hold up to admiration, it is that of a successful abridger; languid diffusion, endless detail, and a disposition to think every subject entitled to a bulky volume, being among the plagues of modern biography. To the dulness or the rapacity of such merciless encroachers on the time and attention of mankind, we oppose, as a lesson and a rebuke, the little work before us. Compiled from two bulky volumes, with equal powers of selection and compression, clear, brief, animated, and sometimes even sublime, at the expense of a short perusal, during which attention will never languish, and curiosity never be suspended, it will put the reader in possession of one of the most illustrious characters that ever adorned the church of Rome. In short works of this nature, the French, with all their incapacity for general history, must be allowed to excel. The simplicity and exactness of their language, eminently adapted to narrative, without much depth of reflexion, would render them the most agreeable biographers in the world, were it not that they are too often unfortunate in the choice of their subjects, and the frivolity or depravity of the characters whom they undertake to adorn. But Fenelon was a man instinct indeed with all the vivacity and fire of the French character; yet devout, profound, discerning and judicious: but as there is always a point beyond which the most exalted virtues have a tendency to verge towards some homogeneous vice, the exalted piety of Fenelon had an unhappy tincture of fanaticism, the story of which and the calamities which it brought upon him, we select out of much interesting matter which our limits compel us to pass over, both as a specimen of our author's powers in stating a theological controversy,

controversy, and of the importance of the subject itself. We shall take it for granted that our readers are acquainted with the spiritual reveries of Madame de Guyon—if not, we must refer to Mr. Butler's text. With respect to the doctrines of mysticism, as they are reduced to some semblance of reason by their more intelligent professors, they may be included in the following propositions.

1st. 'To love God for his own perfections, without any view to future reward or punishment, is the highest effort of the soul. The Quietists professed that they had attained to this habitual state of divine love; they scarcely acknowledged any other virtue.

2d. 'The contemplation of the Deity raises in the soul conceptions and feelings which she can neither express by language nor embody by thought. When these are at their highest elevation, a devotional silence ensues, the most profound act of homage which a creature can render to its Creator. All explicit acts of devotion, even of the purest or simplest faith, respecting the Trinity, the Incarnation, or the particular attributes of the Deity, were below this sublime devotion.

3d. 'A constant spirit of conformity to the Divine will is the duty of every Christian, and enters into every virtue; but, inert and inactive, the Quietist presented himself to the Deity. A formal petition for good, a formal deprecation of evil was, in his view, a degradation from the general submission which he owed to the Divine will, and fell very short of that abandonment of himself to it, which the soul owed to her Creator.

4th. 'That resignation of the soul, which relies on God's infinite mercy for eternal happiness in the next life, and for as much of the good things of this life as is consistent with his welfare, was beneath the virtue of a Quietist. His resignation was a sublime indifference, both for temporal and eternal things, he was to look on both without desire or alarm. Indulging himself in the impossible supposition that such a sacrifice could be acceptable to God, he offered himself to reprobation in this life, and to eternal punishment in the next.

5th. 'So strange a sacrifice was to be followed by as strange a reward. The soul of the Quietist was, even in this life, to assume a new existence, to be transformed into the divine essence, and to be so far individualized' (Mr. Butler's own word) 'with the Deity, as to lose the consciousness of her existence separate from him.'

On this representation it is both curious and important to observe how completely unconnected these extravagancies appear to have been with the peculiar tenets of popery. In fact, they may be traced to an higher and more universal source; the principle of fanaticism in the human heart and understanding, which, instead of being affected by particular modes of truth and worship, is of such an overwhelming influence as to absorb them in itself. The enthusiasm of methodists and papists has been compared by a prelate of our own church—but it was little more than a comparison of identity—the happy stillness of the one being no other than the quietism

quietism of the other, and both being discoverable under different appellations in every mode of religious fanaticism. Warm imaginations, bodily severities, and pertinacious meditation, more especially when the two latter are applied to subdue a constitution naturally and strongly turned into an opposite direction, are almost sure to produce it.

But it is worth while to examine these strange propositions, the lamentable aberrations of a fine understanding and excellent heart, a little more particularly. It must be acknowledged that the love of God is the first and great commandment, and an ability to contemplate supreme excellence, without any selfish consideration, but purely and for its own sake with the highest degree of complacency and delight, is perhaps the surest test by which to try the heart whether it be rightly constituted, and disposed to its Maker.

‘The question (says our own profound and devout Bishop Butler, a man not inferior to Bossuet in penetration, or to Fenelon in deep and solemn views of religion) which was a few years ago disputed in France, concerning the love of God—answers in religion to the old one in morals—and both of them are, I think, determined by the same observation, that the very nature of an affection, the idea itself necessarily implies resting in an object as an end.’

So thought, and truly thought, this excellent man; but the error of the quietest plainly consisted not in indulging the love of God as the highest object of contemplative delight, but in excluding, as motives of conduct, every selfish consideration—all hope of reward and fear of punishment: for this species of self-renunciation is completely done away by the conduct of the deity to his accountable creatures, as discoverable by natural religion, and as actually declared by revelation. He has, in fact, promulgated a code of reward and punishment—he administers the world even at present, though imperfectly, by that code—we are therefore not only permitted, but required to be influenced by it. But, in the next place, an opposite conduct, whatever a distempered understanding may be wrought to on the subject, is unnatural and impossible. We have heard indeed of an amiable, but unhappy poet, of our own country, who, in addition to this strange opinion, really believed himself doomed to eternal misery, and thought he had attained to such a pitch of submission as not to wish a reversal of the sentence. But it is with such cases, as with insensibility to bodily pain. It is only by insanity that the imagination can place itself in a situation of perfect neutrality without the immediate prospect of pain and pleasure—more especially of such pains and such pleasure (intense in their degree and eternal in their duration) as are held forth by the Christian Scriptures.

The

The fifth proposition, besides being pregnant with mischief of another kind, surpasses all the rest in absurdity,—a personal union with the deity—so as to lose all consciousness of other existence separate from him. In what does this self-renunciation end?—in an horrible blasphemy, that every adept in quietism is transformed into the very and eternal God. Let it be remembered that the Son himself always expressed a consciousness of a separate existence from the Father, in which his personality consisted. But fanaticism never stops till it places the disciple above his master.

These enormities (countenanced as they unhappily were by a prelate so beloved as Fenelon) excited an universal alarm in the church of France, and they were examined with great attention and ability by the prelates of that country. In this investigation Bossuet, as might be expected, took the lead—and here we earnestly recommend to every inquirer into human nature, as in the former instance, to watch the progress of fanaticism; in the present, to attend to that of religious bigotry. In the course of this dispute, Bossuet, from the friend and patron, became by degrees, the inquisitor, the accuser, the persecutor, and the calumniator of Fenelon. We say the calumniator, for to the shame of human nature, his rage and raucour were at length wrought to such a pitch as to attempt to blast the moral character of one of the most angelical men upon earth. In this prosecution, the conduct of Louis XIV. who for obvious reasons hated Fenelon, is equally odious and contemptible. To see an abandoned debauchee governed by women, (whose interposition in matters so far above them, perpetually disgusts an Englishman in the perusal of both these volumes,) who knew no love, but that of the world and the flesh, eagerly interposing in a dispute concerning the love of God, influencing the decision of his own national church, and finally intimidating the Pope himself, must sicken the warmest advocate for the interference of princes in matters purely spiritual.

Thus brow-beaten, however, the sovereign Pontiff, Innocent the XIIth, a man of ability and virtue, acted with a dignity and forbearance which became his situation. The subject was repeatedly and ably debated in his presence, and the final sentence of condemnation, which was unquestionably right, dictated by a spirit of tenderness and consideration due to the virtues of Fenelon.

The whole story is related by Mr. Butler with great clearness and precision—and his reflection is unquestionably just, that the only person implicated in the contest, who escaped without imputation, was the Pope. Of him it must be acknowledged, that he held the theological balance with an equity and steadiness worthy of the common Father of the Churches. Of the two leaders, he affirmed with equal wit and truth, that the one erred from too  
much

much love of God, the other, from too little love of his neighbour—to which may be added, that the one had a strong head, the other an excellent heart—that the one was more skilled in the rugged paths of positive theology, the other, in the elegant pursuits of polite literature; but that though Bossuet was more haughty and retired, Fenelon more affable and condescending—both in the midst of study and incessant meditation were active and attentive ministers of religion. In this, and in every view but one, they may be commended as examples to their brethren in our own church.

We take leave of the subject by repeating that the purpose with which these elegant little volumes have been given to the world, at this particular crisis, is sufficiently obvious, namely, to represent, by two illustrious examples, the doctrines and the practices of his own church, in the most amiable and attractive point of view. But, alas! ‘decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.’ With equal effect, that is with none at all, we might oppose in *their* church the names of Maury or Talleyrand to those of Fenelon or Bossuet; and in our own a long catalogue of illustrious prelates, from Cranmer, whom Bossuet has calumniated, to Bull, whom he praised.\* The merits of the cause, however, depend not upon examples. Popery, by the confession of all who understand it, contains the essentials of Christianity, and a few such men as these great prelates will ever be found by toilsome perseverance in removing the incumbent mass of rubbish, to reach the vein of pure and shining ore at last: while the bulk of the people content themselves with poring on the surface, mistaking every grain of marcasite for gold, and contented to accept as such every substance on which their superiors have impressed the stamp or bestowed the denomination.

Meanwhile, as Protestants, we appeal ‘to the law and to the testimony,’ the only assay by which the ore of Christianity can be distinguished from the rubbish, the metal from the dross.

ART. VI.—*Zur Farbenlehre. On the Doctrine of Colours.* By Goethe. 2 vol. 8vo. Tübingen, 1810, pp. 1510; with 16 coloured Plates in 4to.

OUR attention has been less directed to this work of Mr. von Goethe, by the hopes of acquiring from it any thing like information, than by a curiosity to contemplate a striking example

\* In a work of so conciliatory a nature as the present, we are at a loss to conjecture why the biographer should have suppressed Bossuet's letter to Bishop Bull, in the name of the Gallican church, to compliment him for the *Defensio Fidei Nicænæ*.

of the perversion of the human faculties, in an individual who has obtained enough of popularity among his countrymen, by his literary productions, to inspire him with a full confidence in his own powers, and who seems to have wasted those powers for the space of twenty years, by forcing them into a direction, in which he had originally mistaken his way, for want of profiting by the assistance of a judicious guide. Having failed of exciting the attention, and obtaining the approbation of mathematicians and philosophers, he has revenged himself for their neglect, by obloquy and invective: and calling in his powers of versification to the aid of his weakness in argumentation, he has overwhelmed the young gentlemen and ladies, who have been in the habit of reading the almanack of the muses, with epigrams and satires, equally demonstrative with the present elaborate work; equally instructive, and equally poetical.

We shall exhibit the symptoms of this curious case of 'hallucination,' in the words of the patient's own very amusing 'Confession,' after premising a sketch of the plan and contents of the work, which forms so prominent a feature in the malady.

In the first, or 'didactic' part, the author professes to consider colours, with respect to their physiological, their physical, and their chemical properties. Physiological, or 'subjective' colours, are ocular spectra, coloured shadows, and, as he is inclined to believe, the halos seen round candles, especially when the eye is weak; but to us, these coronae appear to depend on particles floating on the surface of the eye, and derived from the secretion of the eyelids, and not to be immediately connected with the physiology of the nervous system. As allied to affections of this kind, Mr. von Goethe mentions the morbid state of the organ, which he calls acyanoblepsia, or the incapacity of perceiving blue light, by which he explains some cases of the confusion of colours, in a manner somewhat analogous to the hypothesis of our countryman Mr. Dalton on the same subject. Physical colours our author thinks little more real than physiological colours, and often merely apparent and transitory. He divides them into dioptric, either by simple transmission, or by refraction; paroptic, sometimes called colours by inflection or diffraction; and eoptic, or depending on the properties of surfaces, as the colours of thin plates. Chemical colours, he observes, are the most permanent; and here he considers the chemical effects of different colours, as nearly related to the subject, together with the chemical properties connected with dying and bleaching. The other divisions of this part contain a 'connected sketch of the doctrine of colours;' a discussion of the relation of chromatics to other departments of science

science; and an examination of the effect of colours, with regard to the fine arts.

Colours, in Mr. Von Goethe's opinion, are intimately connected with the phenomena exhibited by the magnet, the tourmalin, the electrical machine, the galvanic battery, and the processes of chemistry. In all these phenomena, as well as in those of colours, there exists, he says, 'a hither and thither, an inductive separation, a discharge by reunion, an opposition, an indifference, and in short, a polarity; in an elevated, a diversified, a decided, an instructive, and an improving sense.'—Anz. p. 2.

But if we may venture to interpret his opinions into intelligible language, the most elementary of them seems to be, that red is generally and essentially derived from the perception of light, and blue from that of darkness, viewed through a semitransparent medium; a fact by no means universally admissible, and which, where it actually occurs, may be referred to a combination of much simpler causes.

Our author asserts, that colours are the joint production of light, and of the substances exposed to it, or an effect of the modification of light, produced by partial darkness; a modification which, he says, has been overlooked by the authors of the received theories.

The 'polemical' part, which follows the didactic, is a minute and detailed examination and discussion of the optics of Newton, which our author considers as grossly deficient in satisfactory demonstration, and wholly inadequate to prove the compound nature of white light. In this discussion, he has certainly shown no small portion of courage, though little of the better part of valour. He gives us, for instance, in his third plate, a number of coloured objects to be viewed through a prism; in his fourth, a representation of the same objects, as seen through the prism: one of the objects is a space, of which one half is coloured red, and the other blue; and in the representation of the prismatic appearance, the two halves are still placed side by side, and terminated by the same rectilinear outline. This is an 'experimentum crucis:' we have looked through a prism, at the identical figure of the third plate, and it does NOT appear as Mr. Von Goethe has represented it in the fourth; but the blue image is manifestly more displaced by the effect of refraction, than the red.

The second volume of the work is occupied principally by a historical abstract of the discoveries and opinions of all philosophers, ancient and modern, respecting light and colours; in which the author has exhibited some industry, but little talent, and less judgment. He does not fail to triumph over the 'detestable Newtonian doctrines,' on occasion of the discoveries of Dollond; and although he is disposed to admit, that an accident may have



given rise to the experimental error of Newton, he still very truly infers from the circumstance, that 'a great philosopher may have a phenomenon completely within his view, and yet suffer it to escape his observation.' He attempts a 'moral solution of the problem, how so extraordinary a man could have been so egregiously mistaken, as Newton was, with respect to light, and should have continued to labour on the subject of his error, until the end of his life, with self-complacency, with diligence, and with obstinacy, in spite of all warnings, both internal and external; to establish its popularity, and to carry with him, in defiance of reason, so many men of distinguished talent and celebrity.'

We will not compliment him so far, as to hint that his own case may afford anything like an illustration of the supposed paradox; but we shall exhibit his feelings, respecting himself, in an abstract of his 'Confession.'

'The public is not unwilling to allow any man the credit of possessing talents, which he has employed with industry, and with a certain degree of good fortune; but if he wishes to diversify his occupations, and multiply his powers, by the pursuit of different objects, he appears to violate the right which he has allowed the public opinion to acquire over him, and his exertions, in a new capacity, are therefore very seldom received with favour and approbation. There may be some foundation for this disposition, in truth and reason; since every beginning must be imperfect, and so far is one man from being able to make improvements in a multitude of different departments, that the united labours of many men are required, in order to bring any one to perfection. On the other hand, it is certain that some branches of human knowledge are in absolute need of assistance from others, and that a man must possess, within himself, a combination of various faculties, and of various virtues, in order to advance, as far as possible, in the pursuit of intellectual cultivation.

'My poetical attempts had been received with partiality, though I had followed no rules of art: I meditated long, and executed rapidly; a habit which has perhaps given some animation and energy to my productions. But wherever I attempted to seek assistance from the existing rules of art, I found them either wholly wanting, or absolutely useless. I was therefore desirous of finding some other department, connected with my immediate pursuits, in which technical precepts had done more to assist the progress of a student; and I made choice of the fine arts, and of painting in particular; for which, having no natural talent, I was the more in need of rules, and was even the more zealous in the study of them: for it is perfectly certain, that a false taste will often incite a man to more passionate exertions, than a true one; and that *he often takes much more pains in a pursuit which must unavoidably fail, than in another which might easily succeed.*

'From a wish to improve myself in the study of painting, I was induced to undertake a journey into Italy. Here I had to unlearn all that

that I had before learned, relating to the arts, and to begin from the most elementary principles; and by the time that I was obliged to return from my travels, I found myself just far enough advanced to begin to be able to profit by them.

‘Respecting the theory of colouring, however, I could form no distinct idea: I found that the practice of the best painters was governed by their taste only; their taste, by custom; their custom, by prejudice; and their prejudice, by a peculiar turn of mind or of study. I heard indeed of cold and warm colours, of colours that relieved each other, and the like; but all this was confined within very narrow limits, and even within them was very imperfectly understood. In order to relieve the monotony of my conversations with my friends on the subject, having observed the feeble effects of blue tints, I undertook to maintain a paradox, that blue was no colour; and I had the pleasure of having my assertion universally controverted. Angelica only, who had before obliged me by executing a painting in the old Florentine manner, completing the *chiaro oscuro* in grey, and covering it with transparent tints, which produced an uncommonly pleasing picture, though the eye could not discover the manner in which it was painted; Angelica now approved my paradox, and promised me to paint a little landscape, without a particle of blue; and she executed accordingly a very agreeable and harmonious composition, nearly resembling the appearance which the objects would assume to an acyanobleptic eye; and the picture may possibly still be in the possession of some amateur, who may be interested in the anecdote.

‘The experiment however served only to furnish a transitory subject of conversation, and I felt the necessity of considering the nature of colours, as an object of physical research; never doubting the truth of the common opinion, that they were all contained in light. I had indeed formerly attended courses of lectures on natural philosophy, and well remembered the experiments exhibited in them; but for want of sunshine at a proper time, I had not seen those which are commonly employed for the illustration of the Newtonian doctrine of colours.

‘In order to supply this deficiency, I had borrowed some optical instruments of Mr. Büttner, of Jena; but having long neglected to pursue the investigation, I was about to return them in great haste. I determined however to look once through a prism before I sent it away. When I took the prism into my hand, I expected, from the impression that I had received of the Newtonian theory, to see the whole of the white wall of the room coloured in different degrees, and the light, returning to the eye, divided into a multitude of coloured lights. But with no small astonishment, I perceived that the wall remained white as before, and that the colours only appeared in the neighbourhood of a dark part. I was immediately convinced that a limit was necessary, in order to the production of colours, and asserted without hesitation, that the *Newtonian doctrine was false*. I then determined to keep the apparatus, and pursue the experiments.

‘Having no experience in researches of this kind, I requested a natural philosopher, who resided in the neighbourhood, to examine the

results of my arrangements. I had communicated to him my doubts respecting the Newtonian theory, and was in hopes that the first glance would convince him of the truth of my opinion. But what was my astonishment to find, that although he attended to my experiments with complacency and approbation, he at the same time assured me, that the appearances were perfectly well known, and were completely explicable upon the Newtonian theory! That the colours belonged only to the light, the darkness merely affording an opportunity for their separate exhibition, while the white in the middle was a compound of coloured lights, gradually succeeding each other; and that the whole effect was explained by Newton himself, and by other authors who adopted his principles! Nor would he allow the least weight to my objection, that violet was not more refrangible than yellow; nor to any other reason which I adduced.

‘I was deeply interested in the pursuit, and I sought for companions in it: but I found the whole world prepossessed with incredulity of my capacity for the investigation; *every one appeared to entertain an aversion for my labours, which assumed so much the more the form of displeasure, and almost of enmity, as the individual was the more learned, and the better informed.*

‘I have indeed to acknowledge, with gratitude, the kindness and confidence of the Duke of Weimar, Duke Ernest and Prince Augustus of Gotha, and the Prince Primate, who was at that time at Erfurt; as well as of many celebrated anatomists, chemists, scholars, and moralists; but not of a single natural philosopher. I corresponded long with Lichtenberg: for a time he answered my letters; but when I became more urgent, and expressed more violently my abhorrence of the nauseous doctrine of the Newtonian white, he abruptly dropped the subject, and notwithstanding our intimacy, he had not even the friendship to mention my essays in the last edition of his *Erleben*.

‘Being thus left to myself, I examined, at leisure and in detail, the experiments and reasonings contained in Newton’s *Optics*, and the *Lectiones Opticae*; and I became more and more convinced that the phenomena, so much misunderstood, depended actually on a separation and an opposition, which is best expressed under the comprehensive term of polarity, and which appears to take place wherever colours are concerned. I had again arrived at the subject of physiological colours, which was immediately connected with the first objects of my investigation; and in pursuing this subject, I had the happiness of proceeding in concert with my friend Henry Meyer, to whom I had before been indebted for much instruction in Rome; who now undertook to execute a series of coloured drawings, in order to verify the principles which we had before deduced from reason and experience; and who has since, in a second journey to Italy, particularly studied the subject of colouring. The result of his observations are contained in two essays, published in this work; the one speculative or hypothetical, respecting the origin of the art; the other historical, giving an account of its progress in different schools of painting.

‘Having now arrived at the end of my Confession, I should hold myself

myself inexcusable if I concluded it without mentioning the name of Schiller, in terms expressive of the strongest sense of the magnitude of my obligation to the friendship and talents of one, whose loss can never be repaired; and without repeating my acknowledgments for the patronage and protection of the reigning Duchess of Weimar, without whose assistance and encouragement, my labours could not have been reduced into a proper form for appearing before the public at large.'

Much as we have been entertained by the singularity of this statement, we cannot think it necessary to make any serious remarks on it, and shall now take our leave of Mr. von Goethe's work, as far as his own discoveries and opinions are concerned: but we cannot omit to give some account of two short contributions of his friends, which appear to us to be by far the most valuable part of the compilation. The one is by Mr. Meyer, (II. 350,) entitled a History of Colouring, from the time of the revival of the arts: the other by Dr. Seebeck, of Jena, (II. 703,) containing experiments on solar phosphori. It may be necessary to premise to Mr. Meyer's essay, that the harmony of colours, on which so much stress is laid, seems to consist in the choice of such as are complementary to each other, so that the whole of the tints employed, if blended together, should form a neutral or grey mixture, without any preponderant colour. Mr. von Goethe admits also of some latitude for the introduction of 'characteristic' tints, which are separated in the circle of colours by a certain interval, standing next but one to each other; while colours immediately contiguous, as blue and green, like discords in music, have a less agreeable effect when viewed together. We are not prepared to decide positively, how much either of originality or of truth there may be in these opinions; but it was observed in this country, at least twenty years ago, 'that probably those colours, which together approach near to white light, will have the most pleasing effect in apposition.' Ph. Tr. 1793.

'Whether Cimabue, Guido of Siena, or Berlinghieri, was the first, that in the 13th century began to copy nature more closely, it is certain that Cimabue made the most essential improvements in the art, and that his colouring, or rather his colours, though whitish in the lights, and brown and dirty in the shadows, are still more agreeable, clear, and lively, than those of his contemporaries. His scholar, Giotto, introduced warmer carnations; and his shades are somewhat less dirty, and sometimes of a greyish cast. Among the pupils of Giotto, Gaddi's colours were stronger and more contrasted: Memmi made no improvements. Giotto introduced more harmony, together with more blooming and more varied tints, and stronger shadows. Lorenzo di Ricci was fond of clear and lively colours, and kept his local tints pure, and delicately shaded off into each other, so as still to preserve

preserve their distinctness. Massolino improved the art of observing light and shade, and was the first that succeeded well in foreshortening. His scholar, Masaccio, was more correct in his carnations, and employed his colouring in a masterly way, to assist the expression of his figures: his light and dark masses are tranquil, broad, and well distinguished. Giovanni da Fiesole seems to have derived from nature his lovely delicate tints, and a general harmony, which pervaded every part of his pictures. His pupil, Gentile da Fabriano, was still livelier and more blooming, and Filippo Lippi was more energetic: but the reddish shadows of Massolino were too much adopted by all his immediate followers.

‘The improved employment of oil colours, by John Van Eyck, produced a greater softness and fulness of colouring: the shadows became more forcible, more transparent, more dignified, and more animated; so that more shadow was generally introduced, and paintings assumed a darker complexion. This artist was correct and diligent, but little more; and his contemporaries, Schön and Wohlgemuth, are of a similar character.

‘The Venetian school now begins to rise into importance. Some of the latest works of Bartolomeo Vivarino appear to have been in oil: his tints possess a dignified clearness, and already afford a specimen of the characteristic beauty of the school. Bellini had still more bloom and vigour.

‘To return to the Florentines; we find Pietro Perugino, the pupil of Verocchio, adopting a more delicate style than any of his predecessors; but so far inferior to Bellini, as his shadows are greenish and reddish. Leonardo da Vinci, another pupil of the same master, effected a very important improvement, by an accurate attention to light and shade: his colouring has somewhat of a cheerless and feculent appearance, but his middle tints are delicately expressed, and exhibit correctly the relief of the parts; and his shadows have an unprecedented degree of force. Hence the energetic colouring of Bartolomeo was immediately derived; and the Venetian school was not left behind hand. Giorgione employed, with shadows equally strong, still more glowing tints; so that his fellow student and follower Titian had scarcely a step further to advance, in order to arrive at the highest excellence of colouring with which we are acquainted.

‘The admirable works of Raphael and Andrea del Sarto are less distinguished for their colouring, than for their other beauties; and a similar remark may be applied to A. Dürer, Holbein, and L. Kranach. Dürer’s light carnations are sometimes very successful; but his shadows are either faint or greenish. Holbein was more delicate, managed his pencil with greater art, and seldom allowed his precision to degenerate into hardness. Kranach’s colouring was still better, and perhaps the best of any artist’s out of Italy: he had probably studied Titian with diligence, and had approached near to his manner.

‘Although colouring, considered as an imitation of nature, may be said to have been brought to perfection by Titian, yet the harmony, obtained by a judicious selection of colours, was not altogether so completely understood in the Venetian school. It was not however neglected;

neglected; and attention was paid to a proper distribution of the reds, which are the most striking of colours, and were the most generally employed, either near the middle of the picture, or in nearly equal proportions throughout its extent. Yellows and browns were the next in order of frequent introduction; greens and blues were but little used, and only for variety, in order to relieve the others. 'From this preponderance of "active" colours, the whole character of the piece becomes warm and "tranquil;" but the eye is not relieved by the cheerful effect of the harmonious introduction of the whole circle of colours. The Venetian masters observed, almost without exception, the rule, to employ unmixed colours in the draperies, for the more effectual relief of the mixed tints of the skin; and Titian added to this the artifice of constantly introducing a white drapery of linen, between the skin and a coloured drapery of any kind. In the carnation tints, this school was never excelled; but the general effect of colouring was still improved by Correggio.

'Correggio's principal study was the effect of light: he has excelled all others in his soft transitions from light to shade, in the distinct separation of his masses, in the clearness of his shadows, and in the accuracy of his reflections; and he seems to have been the first that attended to the harmony produced by an artificial juxtaposition and opposition of colours. Hence his colouring has more variety, life, and cheerfulness than that of Titian: and the Lombards, who followed him, distinguished themselves in general by the force of their shadows and colours; they employed, as may be exemplified in the works of Parmeggianino, less yellow and purple, but more blue in their draperies, whence their pictures derived a character of seriousness, and vigour of colouring.

"Barocci's manner, though cheerful and agreeable, is rather a caprice than an extension of the art. He employs in his draperies the strongest and most brilliant colours: in the skin, his lights are too yellow, his middle tints too blue, and his reds too gaudy. In many of his pictures, the large masses of light are too much divided. He introduced the mode of endeavouring to remedy a want of general harmony by throwing a yellow tint over the whole picture. Bassano often used varnish colours, especially in his draperies. The works of Paul Veronese exhibit the liveliest play of colours, and those of Tintoret the effect of very dark shadows; but in other respects these artists followed, with little variation, the improved methods of their school.

'The Florentine painters had acquired a mannered style, with unnatural forms and faint insipid colouring, which was in some measure corrected by Chimenti and Cardi, and still more by Allori, whose painting of St. Julian is so justly admired. But about this time the three Carraccis gave to Bologna a decided superiority in all the essential perfections of the art, though their style of colouring was neither new nor peculiarly characterized.

'Caravaggio adopted, without selection, the forms presented to him by nature; his colours were stronger than those of any other artist: in general he introduces more shadow than light, and his beams of light

are confined, and derived from an elevated point. Spagnoletto was one of his most spirited imitators, and employed his local tints with still greater accuracy: but he often descended below the dignity of a great artist.

Quercino or Guercino, though of the school of the Caraccis, adopted the manner of Caravaggio; but his forms and his ideas were more dignified. A simple and affecting loveliness is often combined in his works with force and expression. His colouring is more delicate and pleasing than that of Caravaggio.

The great Guido too, at first, employed very extensive and forcible shadows, accompanied by lighter and more delicate carnations than even those of Guercino. He afterwards represented his objects as situated in a more open space; and a fuller light; and extended, if he did not improve, the art of colouring, by the introduction of a prevailing silver grey middle tint. His contemporary Albani painted too in a full light, with tints as lovely and blooming as any other artist in the school of Bologna. Dominichino has no peculiar merit in colouring; although in fresco his style was agreeable.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the Flemish school had made colouring one of its principal objects; and Rubens and Van Dyck stand in the foremost rank of those who have excelled in it. Rembrandt too is a great master of this art, and still more of that of the management of light, and of shadows interrupted by reflections. Teniers, Ostade, Gerard Douw, Metzù, Terburg, and many others, have also acquired deserved celebrity in this department of the art.

The principal merit of the Flemish school consists not in the execution of the separate parts, for in this the Venetians were superior, but in the tone and harmony of the whole piece, acquired by the observance of a prevalent colour, which produced an effect similar to that of viewing the picture through a coloured glass. This style was first introduced by Barocci, but oftener employed, and much improved, by the Flemish painters.

About the same time, the French school had attained its highest degree of perfection, but none of the French painters was particularly distinguished for his colouring. Claude is indeed in the highest degree animated, delicate, and true: but landscape allows much less scope for colouring than historical painting.

Among the Spaniards, Velasquez and Morillo may be ranked with the greatest masters of their age. Mengs attributed to Velasquez a power of representing the air, and detaching one object from another, not inferior to that of Rembrandt. Morillo was forcible and natural, and his best pieces are in the style of colouring of the Venetian school.

Returning again to Italy, we find Pietro da Cortona inexhaustible in his invention, and rapid, agreeable, and diversified in his execution. In the distribution of his colours for promoting the effect of general harmony, we are disposed to maintain that he is unrivalled. The Venetians, as we have already observed, were somewhat monotonous: Correggio felt the power of the harmony of colouring, but not being aware of its proper foundation, he attempted to obtain it by mixture of colours,

lours, and by a judicious gradation of his lights, or what is termed keeping: and the Flemings substituted a general tone for a perfect harmony; nor has Van Dyck been completely successful in his attempt to supply its place, by the arbitrary introduction of lights and shadows, where an appropriate colour would have answered his purpose much more effectually. Pietro da Cortona had acquired a true sense of the efficacy of a proper variety in producing this harmony: and he knew how to modify it so that the effect should be either melancholy or tragical: but he always placed near each other colours which are naturally allied, and avoided all disagreeable contrasts, as is well exemplified in his picture of St. Paul receiving his sight, at Rome. He appears, however, not to have been capable of communicating his art to his pupils, if we may judge from *Ciro Ferri*, the most celebrated of them. His contemporary *Andrea Sacchi* is considered as having painted in a soft and harmonious style; but it was more from the employment of a general tone, than from the adoption of a well assorted variety of colouring.

*Sacchi's* pupil, the celebrated *Carlo Maratti*, has often introduced full and rich colours, which have destroyed the harmony and tranquillity of the piece: and latterly, when he used lighter colours, he was unable to avoid an insipid tameness of effect. *Luca Giordano* is often a good colourist; but when he has succeeded in producing a harmonious picture, it has been rather from a general tone, than from an artificial distribution of colours.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, a perversion of taste in the arts had pervaded even Italy itself. *Piazzetta*, *Corrada*, and *Solimena*, though men of good talents, were so far led away by it as to introduce the wildest confusion into their pictures. *Solimena* is often grey, cold, and full of disagreeable contrasts; and the greatest of his numerous faults is his neglect of good colouring and harmonious tints. *Romanelli*, *Cignani*, *Franceschini*, *Lotti* and others, have committed fewer errors, but have been distinguished by no peculiarity of excellence.

In France, *Rigaud* and *Largilliere* were considered as great masters of portrait painting; but they were obliged to adopt the harsh and boisterous tints of the day; though they would probably have done but little more in any case, with respect to harmony of colouring, than we observe in the works of *Coyvel*, *Watteau*, *Laneret*, *Restout*, and others. *Jouvenet*, one of the most respectable of the French school, has only acquired that degree of harmony, which is derived from a yellow tone, and well blended tints.

In Germany the French manner was partly imitated, and partly a darker style was adopted, for instance by *Cupezky*: *Gran* and *Holzer* were among the best of the historical painters: they were followed by *Dietrich*, who was too fond of introducing a discordant variety of colours, except where he imitated the Flemish style of a harmonious tone. *Oeser*, who was a little later, certainly possessed great talents: but the harmony of his pictures is only derived from the faintness of his colours.

‘The



'The exertions and example of Mengs, which have acquired him immortal fame, brought back the art of painting to a correct and classical style, especially with regard to drawing. His colouring is warm and beautiful: he was fond of lively, strong, and brilliant tints; but he exhibited no great skill in their distribution, although he sometimes introduced very happily, instead of it, a yellow tone pervading the whole piece. His scholars and imitators, Knoller, Unterberger, the younger Conca, Maron, and others, were also fond of bright colours: but they employed them with so little judgment, as to produce either a discordant and motley, or a cold effect, except where they kept them down by the prevalence of a yellow tint. Angelica Kauffman adopted a style nearly similar: but her natural talents, and her mildness of disposition prevented her carrying it to excess; so that her pictures are always cheerful and agreeable, although the harmony is often interrupted by too bright colours in the neighbourhood of her carnations. Battoni, the rival of Mengs, adopted the "academical" style of Sacchi and Maratti: his colouring is powerful and lively, but leaves the eye too little at its ease.

'Among the English artists, Reynolds may certainly be considered as one of the best portrait painters of the last century; and West has produced some highly meritorious performances. Reynolds appears to have possessed great powers of colouring, and to have particularly studied the effect of light and shade: but of the merits of these painters, with respect to harmonious distribution of colours, we are unable to give an opinion. Fuseli employs an energetic and often gloomy style of colouring, with deep full tints, in unison with the scenes of terror which he is in the habit of representing: he cannot be considered as holding a distinguished rank among colourists; but he has at least the merit of not offending the rules either of colouring or of harmony.

'The insipid sweetness of Boucher, and the sentimentality of Greuze, have been succeeded, in France, by the more serious and dignified style of David. He has studied the contrast of the strongest colours, diffused in large masses of light and shade, rather than the quiet harmony of cheerful tints well assorted with each other; and a similar taste seems to have been adopted by the best painters of Italy, and even of Germany: although a *young artist* at Rome has excited great attention by pictures of a different character, with tints more moderate, more natural, and more delicate; and from the approbation which he has obtained, there is some reason to hope, that other painters will again seek rather to cultivate an agreeable manner of adding to the attractions of beautiful and dignified forms, than to depend on the violent effect of harsh and striking contrasts; and that they will of course feel the necessity of a harmonious arrangement of their colours, and employ themselves in the study of those principles, which are essential to their success in this department of the art.'

We doubt not that such of our readers as are either engaged in the study of painting, or deeply interested in its advancement, will be gratified by the perusal of these original and ingenious, though, perhaps,

perhaps, somewhat fanciful, remarks; and we trust that those, who may be disposed to think the abstract unnecessarily prolix, will consider the inaccessibility of the original work to the English public, as a sufficient apology for its admission here: and, for a similar reason, we shall insert all that is essential of the observations of Dr. Seebeck on solar phosphori, that is, on such bodies as are rendered luminous by exposure to light, so as to remain for some time visible in the dark.

‘I employed,’ says Dr. Seebeck, ‘several kinds of solar phosphori; the Bolognan, prepared according to Marggraf’s method, which afforded an orange-coloured light: a similar preparation from sulfate of strontia, made with tragacanth, and exposed to the open fire of a wind furnace, giving a sea-green light, and some pieces a faint blue: and Canton’s calcarious phosphorus, of burnt oyster shells, some affording a bright yellow light, others a rose-coloured, and others a pale violet. In a very faint light, however, they all appeared to acquire a pale colour, scarcely distinguishable from white.

‘All these substances were exposed in succession to the different colours of the prismatic spectrum; they immediately became luminous in the blue and the violet light, but their appropriate colours remained unaltered: the Bolognan phosphorus exhibited in the dark an orange-coloured light, the strontia a sea-green, exactly as if they had been exposed to the full light of the sun. In the blue they were a little less luminous than in the violet; and just above the violet, where scarcely any light was visible, they assumed as bright a colour as in the violet itself. In the green they became considerably less brilliant than in the blue; in the yellow still fainter, and in the red their light was the weakest of all, and scarcely distinguishable from white. Below the red, too, they often became, in some degree, luminous. When the quantity of the sun’s light was diminished, the red produced no effect at all, while the blue and violet afforded the usual luminous appearances.

‘When light was admitted through a thick blue glass, which only allowed bright objects to be seen through it, the phosphori assumed their usual orange colour; but when an orange-coloured glass was substituted for it, through which all objects could be distinctly seen, they exhibited no luminous appearances, however long they remained exposed to the light.

‘This orange light had also manifestly the power of extinguishing the luminous appearance of the phosphorus; for a piece, which had before remained visible for ten minutes, lost its light in two by exposure to these rays. The effect was the more marked as the sunshine was brighter; and when the light was condensed by a lens of four inches focus, the extinction was almost instantaneous; while the blue light, similarly concentrated, produced an illumination as rapidly as the brightest sunshine. The prismatic red, also, as Wilson, “Davy,” and Ritter have observed, has the effect of diminishing the light of solar phosphori, at least when it exceeds the intensity which would arise from an original exposure to this light only.

‘When

'When two similar pieces of phosphorus were placed in a blue and an orange tube, at the distance of an inch from the balls of a universal discharger of electricity, the piece placed in the blue tube was illuminated by the discharge of a jar, while the other piece remained perfectly invisible. The luminous appearance of these phosphori in the dark is evidently only a continuance of an effect which had commenced in the light; for if we take a piece of Bolognan phosphorus, which exhibits the property in one part only, and expose it to light transmitted through a thick blue glass, it will appear bright and of an orange colour at that part, and blue or violet at all others; so that this emission of light seems to resemble the resonance of an instrument which has been struck, and of which the sound dies gradually away.

'Zanotti long ago obtained results nearly similar. (Comm. Bon. vi. 205.) Beccaria, on the contrary, found the light under blue glasses blue. Wilson repeated his experiments without success. Beccaria himself seems to have found that he had been mistaken, although some collateral authority has been advanced in support of his experiments; but the evidence on the other side is manifestly the stronger, even independently of these experiments.'

Grosser too, as well as Dr. Seebeck, found that even the red light of solar phosphori became most vivid in the blue rays, (Rozier xx. 270); and from his experiments on diamonds, as well as from much earlier observations, it seems difficult to believe that the general cause of these phenomena can be any change of a chemical nature, although the effect of violent ignition in contact with borax, which seems to have produced the phosphorescence, in diamonds which did not before possess it, rather favours the suspicion of some chemical agency.

'It was observed by Schéele, that the blackening of the muriate of silver took place more rapidly in the violet than in the red light of the spectrum. Sénébler compared the times required to produce a given effect; and Ritter discovered that there appeared to be rays beyond the violet, capable of reducing the metal still more rapidly, and that the orange and red had a tendency to re-oxydate that which was already reduced. I have found the colour reddish brown in the violet, and somewhat above it; about the place of the yellow, little altered; and generally pink in the red, and also somewhat below it, at least in such prisms as produced the greatest degree of heat below the red rays. These tints extended several inches on each side, where a faint light was still visible, though without the range of the ordinary spectrum. If we employ muriate of silver which has acquired a grey colour in the light, and is still moist, it becomes darker in the violet and blue light, and lighter in the red; not much lighter, but distinctly and decidedly. If we mix the violet and red of two prisms, the colour often becomes a bright crimson.

'The effects of coloured glasses were nearly similar: when inclosed in blue or violet glasses, the substance was darkened as in the open light, when in yellow and yellow green, very slightly, although the colour

lour was faint: in dark orange it remained long unaltered; but by exposure for weeks to the sun's light in a moist state, it became slightly reddish; and when it had previously been blackened as much as possible, it was soon rendered lighter, and in six hours became yellow or reddish.

'In the open day-light, the colour is at first yellowish, then pale red, afterwards grey, brown, and black. In order to illustrate the dependence of these changes on deoxydation, I inclosed some red oxyd of mercury in three different glasses, dark blue, orange, and white, and exposed them, moistened with distilled water, to the sunshine and the day-light for several months. In the white and the blue glasses the substance was completely deoxydated, partly becoming grey, and partly being reduced to a metallic globule; while the portion contained in the orange-coloured glass was scarcely altered in six months, except that its colour became a little lighter. The colourless nitric acid also, if kept in blue or violet-coloured glasses, becomes yellow; in orange-coloured it retains its natural appearance; and a similar difference is observable in Bestuscheff's nervous tincture, [an ethereal preparation containing iron,] which is whitened in the open day-light, or in a blue glass, but remains yellow in an orange-coloured one.

'In this case, too, it may be shown, as in that of solar phosphori, that the action continues after the cause is removed. This is true in the case of the muriate of silver; but it may be more distinctly exhibited with the muriate of gold: if we apply a little of the solution to two pieces of paper, and having removed the one immediately to a dark place, expose the other for a few minutes to the light, so that it may acquire a very slight change of colour, and then lay it by with the former for half an hour, the difference between the two will be much more marked; and it will increase from hour to hour, until at length the one will have assumed a violet colour, while the other retains its original golden hue.

'It appears, also, from the experiments of Sénébier and Tessier, that plants assume their natural colours in the light which is transmitted by blue glasses, while in a deep yellow light they are blanched or etiolated, as if they grew in perfect darkness.'

We see no reason to call in question the general accuracy of these experiments; and as Mr. von Goethe has remarked on occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's error respecting dispersion, that an excellent philosopher may be mistaken in the observation of a simple fact, so, on the other hand, the example of Dr. Seebeck, who professes himself an Anti-Newtonian, may be sufficient to show, that a bad theorist is sometimes capable of making correct and valuable combinations of experimental investigations.

ART. VII. ΕΡΜΗΣ ὁ ΛΟΓΙΟΣ ἢ ΦΙΛΟΛΟΓΙΚΑΙ ΑΓΓΕΛΙΑΙ,  
*παιδιδος Α. εν βιβνηι. 8vo. pp. 437.*

THE volume before us, being part of a periodical publication, does not naturally come within the pale of our jurisdiction; but several reasons induce us to think, that by extending in its favour the limits of our original plan we shall render an acceptable service to our readers.

To maintain the empire of good taste at home is doubtless the first of our duties: but it is also one, and not the least important, of them, to direct the public attention to the state of learning in foreign countries, and to promote, by all the means in our power, its improvement and expansion. The early productions of an obscure and illiterate people must ever afford matter of interest to those who love to trace in the efforts of unassisted genius the rudiments of future excellence: but this will be materially increased, when we are called upon, as on this occasion, to consider a nation, once among the most powerful and enlightened of the earth, awakening, through a recollection of its illustrious origin, to a sense of its present degradation, and struggling to escape from the intellectual bondage in which it has so long been held.

Our interest was the more strongly excited by the work in question, as it is the first systematic attempt made by the modern Greeks to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to original composition. Hitherto their efforts have been confined almost exclusively to translation, that 'great pest of speech,' as it is called by Dr. Johnson, which, far from reforming the language, has rather tended to render its barbarisms more numerous and inveterate. But considering the prevailing ignorance and absolute decrepitude of the nation, it was, perhaps, most prudent for those who undertook the task of reformation to begin by laying a foundation of foreign materials. It would be vain to attempt the restoration or improvement of a language, without previously diffusing a general taste for literature amongst those by whom it is spoken. There is a period in the education of every one, when he must be contented to rest implicitly upon the opinions of others. We are disposed to hope that the modern Greeks have already passed this period; and that henceforth they will continue to strengthen their minds, and to amend their language, by thinking and writing for themselves.

The Philological Journal 'was undertaken,' we are told, 'at the instigation, and partly at the expense of the Philological Society lately established at Boucoress. Its chief objects are to afford information upon all matters of science and learning,—to remark upon the Greek language, comparing the ancient and modern idioms with

with a view to the purification of the latter,—and to notice such new publications, whether in Greek or other languages, as have any connection with Greek literature, or tend in any way to the promotion of learning.' The studious among the Greeks are encouraged to contribute to the work by the promise that their lucubrations will be published once a fortnight under the names, and in the very words of the respective authors.

The volume now in our hands, the first and, as we believe, the only complete one of the series in this country, comprizes all the numbers successively published in the year 1811.

Of its contents the first, and perhaps the most interesting, is an account of the formation and proceedings of the Philological Society of Boucorest, which, as we are informed, was set on foot in July, 1810, by Ignatius,\* the metropolitan bishop of Moldavia and Wallachia, and is composed of the clergy, nobility, physicians, school-masters, and principal merchants of those two provinces, at that time annexed to the Russian empire.

The purpose of this society is not merely to promote the object announced in the '*Hermes*,' but to superintend a school (ΛΥΚΕΙΟΝ) previously established at Boucorest, and already, in November, 1810, consisting of 244 students; each of whom is instructed in one or more of the following branches of learning; viz. mathematics, experimental philosophy, chemistry, ichnography, metaphysics, logic, ethics, natural history, geography, rhetoric, poetics, history, archæology, as well as in the ancient Greek, Latin, French, German, and Russian languages.

We will not trouble our readers with the detailed account given in the '*Hermes*' of the system of education adopted at this respectable establishment. It will suffice, for the credit of its founders, to say, that the discipline and plan of instruction laid down by them would not suffer in a comparison with those of our first schools and universities. To consult the different capacities of the pupils—to open the mind by well regulated gradations—and to stimulate exertion by the hope of distinction, rather than by the fear of punishment, are the leading principles of their system.

When a scholar has completed one branch of learning, he receives from the master a certificate, which he is to produce at the public examination, occasionally held in presence of the society. If his answers to the questions which are put to him on that particular branch, are approved of, his certificate is sealed by the president. A general certificate, or *δиплома*, is in like manner granted to the scholar, who leaves the school after having gone through the entire course of education with credit.

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\* This prelate is a Lesbian Greek of considerable talent and erudition.

In the regulations above mentioned a considerable share of attention has been directed towards the means of improving the language, and of ultimately restoring it to its ancient purity; and for this end very particular instructions are given with respect to the manner and order in which the classics are to be read, and also with regard to translations, compositions, &c. This, indeed, forms the principal theme not only of many original essays contained in the 'Hermes,' but also of most of the speeches made at the different meetings of the Philological Society.

And here we propose to our readers the novel entertainment of a modern Greek harangue addressed by the bishop, in his character of president, to the scholars of the ΑΤΚΕΙΟΝ, on the occasion of a public examination:—

‘Κόρυι Μαθηταί!

‘ΤΟΥΤΟ τὸ στήμα, ὅπερ τέρα βλῆτις εἰς τὴν Σχολὴν δι’ εἶναι ἄλλο, παρὰ προύμοι ἐκείνη, ἅσαι μετὰ ταῦτα μέλλει νὰ γίνωσι. Διὶ ζητῆται ἄλλο παρ’ ὑμῶν, εἰμὴ ἐπιμέλεια, φιλοπονία, ὑποταγὴ εἰς τοὺς διδασκάλους, καὶ ἄθῃ χρυσῶν, διὰ τὰ καταγεμῆται ἄξιοι ὀπαδοὶ τῆς φιλοσοφίας. “Αὐτὴ ἡ διξιά, ἥτις σήμερον, εὐλογεῖ τὰς προόδους ὑμῶν, δέλει σᾶς εμφανίσῃ μίαν ἡμέραν μὴ δάφην. Αἱ Μῦσαι διὲν λησμονήσαν τὴν παλαιάν τιν κατοικίαν, τὸν “Ολυμπον καὶ τὸν Πάρος. “Εκὶ δέλει πάλιν ἐπιτρέψῃ ὕψιρον ἀπὸ εἶνα τόσοι μεγάλοι γύροι, ὅππερ ἔκαμαν εἰς τὴν “Ευρώπην. “Αν οἱ μαθηταί τῆς Βλαχίας σαδῶσιν ἱκανοὶ νὰ τὰς συγτροφίσωσιν ἕως ἐκὶ, ὅποια δόξα αἰώνιος θίλει εἶναι δι’ αὐτοὺς, καὶ πόσον μέγα κλῆος διὰ τὴν Βλαχίαν! Σοῖς ἡμπορεῖτε νὰ διομασθῆτε δικαίως εὐτυχεῖς, ἐπειδὴ ἔχετε νὰ διατρέξῃτε ἰν γάδον τόσοι λαμπροὶ, ὅππερ οἱ προγενέστεροι, διὲν τὸ ἐξιδῆσαν. Φιλοτιμηθῆτε λοιπὸν νὰ φαῖτε ἄξιοι τῆς οὐραίου ταύτης δωρεᾶς, τῆς προσάσιας, καὶ τῶν ἡμετέρων κόπων.

“Ἡ πατεὶς προσμένει παρ’ ὑμῶν τὴν βελτίμοσίον τῆς, καὶ οἱ γονεῖς προσμένουσι περὶ θάλλῃν εἰς τὸ γράας τιν. Ο κόπος καὶ ἡ ἐπιμέλεια ὑμῶν, ἔτι τὸ μένον μένον, τὸ διυάμενον ἀπακαταῆσαι ὑμᾶς εὐγνώμονας καὶ εἰς τὴν πατρίδα, καὶ εἰς τὰς γονεῖς ὑμῶν. Εἶδε νὰ σᾶς ἰδῇ ἡ πατεὶς μίαν ἡμέραν δαφνοφορεῦντας! Εἶδε νὰ λάβωσι διὰ Σᾶς οἱ γονεῖς καὶ οἱ συμπολιταὶ σας τὴν ἰδίαν χαρὰν καὶ εὐχαρίησιν, ἥππερ ἱλάμβανον ἄλλοτε οἱ γονεῖς καὶ συμπολιταὶ τῶν “Ολυμπιονικῶν!”\*

This

\* Young Gentlemen,

The system which you now see established in the school is but a prelude to further proceedings. Of you nothing more is required than diligence, labour, submission to your masters, and good morals, whereby you may prove yourselves worthy disciples of philosophy. This hand, which now blesses your progress, will one day crown you with laurel. The muses have not forgotten their ancient abodes on the summits of Olympus and Parnassus. Thither, after having traversed the whole of Europe, they will once more return. And if the students of Wallachia are able to keep pace with them, what eternal renown will they not acquire, what glory for Wallachia! You, indeed, may be called truly fortunate, who have to run this illustrious career to which your fathers were not summoned. Strive, therefore, to shew yourselves worthy of this heavenly gift, and of our patronage and labours.

From you your country expects the improvement of its condition, to you your parents look for consolation in their old age. By labour and industry alone you can prove your gratitude both to your country and to your parents. Oh may your country one day see you crowned with laurel! May your parents and your fellow citizens enjoy the

same

This volume abounds also with notices of new editions of the Greek classics, of translations from some of the most approved modern works, both literary and scientific, in the different languages of Europe, and of some original writings. We are assured that the greater part of the expense attending these publications is defrayed by a few public-spirited individuals.

The rest is taken up with a variety of essays, from different persons, under the heads of rhetoric, general history of arts and sciences, medicine, natural philosophy, poetics, philology. The latter subject is treated exclusively with reference to the present state of the Romaic language, and to its means of improvement.

The severest critic must confess, that whatever these compositions may want on the side of ingenuity or argument, is amply supplied by honest zeal and national enthusiasm. And although the learned Greeks appear to differ in opinion as to the most eligible process for restoring the debased metal to its original standard of purity, they all agree that their language is neither more nor less than Greek; a point, upon which the Society of Boucorest, at their second meeting, came to the following decision, which we, οἱ βάρεργοι, can hardly presume to set aside without hesitation.

‘The language now spoken is not modern, as the Europeans term it, but the ancient dialect, called ἡ Κοινή, which is proved by the usage of writers, with respect to the rules of grammar; and, indeed, it bears a great resemblance to the old Ionic. It is a national language which has long since undergone great changes, arising from political circumstances, and of which the idiom is not inferior to the Attic. Wherefore there is nothing in it essentially barbarous, or that ought to be rejected, except some few barbarous, that is foreign, expressions, which have been introduced by intercourse with many other nations. Although the sufferings of the Greeks have been severer than those of the Italians, the Hellenic language has not suffered like the Latin, which has ceased to be spoken in Italy, and is found only among the learned; whereas the former, though uncultivated for so many ages, is still spoken by an entire people.’

Some persons will, perhaps, be as much startled at this assertion as the worthy citizen, who, on landing at Calais, discovered that French was fluently spoken by the children in the streets. Strange, however, as it may appear, such is the fact, although we will not go the length of asserting that the Greek of Pera is quite as pure as that spoken at the assemblies of Aspasia.

To enter into all the details with which the subject abounds, and to deduce historically the gradual decline of the Hellenic language from its original purity to its present corrupted state, would re-

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same pleasure and delight which was formerly participated by those whose relations and children were victorious in the Olympic games!



quire much more time and learning than we can bestow upon it, besides carrying us a great way beyond our accustomed limits. Our remarks must, therefore, be considered as a mere index to some more elaborate work; and, indeed, we have reason to hope that this interesting subject will ere long be presented to the public, in a manner worthy of its importance.

As language is the expression of the mind, and therefore will naturally follow the intellectual improvement or depravation of the community speaking it, it is no wonder, after the lapse of so many succeeding ages, during which the Greeks have been exposed to every vicissitude most calculated to vitiate and debase human nature, that their language should be reduced to the same extremity as themselves:—yet, in neither case, is the identity impaired. The edifice is, indeed, fallen, but the original materials remain, and skilful architects are only wanting to restore it to its ancient form and proportions.

What some writers have termed dialects of the Romaïc, are in fact only so many modifications of its corruption, and these are as various as the different circumstances and accidents of situation into which the individuals adopting them are thrown. A thousand specimens of the language, as it is written and spoken, might be given, without its being possible to fix upon any single one as the true standard. The fact is, there can be no standard but the old Hellenic, which is, indeed, the most decisive proof that the language is not essentially new, but only in a state of corruption.

The chief variation observable in the declension of nouns consists in the substitution of the accusative case with the preposition *eis*, for the old dative, the use of which, in common conversation, would seem pedantic, though it is not unfrequently employed by persons of education in their letters.

In some instances the place of the original nominative has been usurped by the accusative, or its distinctive termination has been dropped, or changed for another; as *ἡ γυναῖκα* for *ἡ γυνή*; *το κεφάλι* for *το κεφάλιον*, &c.

The accusative with the preposition *ἀπὸ* is continually used in the sense of the Latin ablative; as, *ἀπο τῆν πόλιν*, *ab*, or, *ex urbe*. The genitive, which the ancients employed in the same sense, is now only made use of in a strictly possessive sense; as, *ἡ ψυχὴ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς*.

But the most objectionable abuse is that which has crept into the nominative plural of feminine nouns, where the article *αἱ* is changed into the dative *ταῖς*; *ἡ γυναῖκα*, for instance, makes in the nominative plural, *ταῖς γυναῖκες*. In addition to this the ancient termination of the same case is always converted into *εις* or *αἰς*; as *αἱ μῆσαι* into *ταῖς μῆσιν* or *μῆσαις*.

The

The declension of masculine nouns in the nominative plural is marked by an equal peculiarity. Thus ὁ δεσποῖης, (a title now applied only to the dignitaries of the church,) which, according to the old rules, would make οἱ δεσποῖαι, produces the sonorous appellation of οἱ δεσπολάδες, and the genitive, in conformity to this example, is lengthened out into τῶν δεσπολάδων.\*

Most foreign names, whether of persons or things, when adopted by the Greeks, are made to undergo the same corrupt regulations. Indeed, in this respect they are not more despotic than their forefathers, or the modern Gauls, whose arts of torture on this head are as remarkable as their other ingenious qualities.

Of this we cannot give a better example than those which are contained in the following extracts from a Greek newspaper, published at Vienna, under the title of ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΣ ΤΗΛΕΓΡΑΦΟΣ, 'The Grecian Telegraph.'

Ἰδοὺ ὁ λόγος, ὅπου ἔγινε τῇ 7 Ἰαν. ἐν ὀνόματι τῆς βασιλικῆς γαληνότητος τοῦ Περγίγιος-Ριγίντου, ὅτι ἠνέχθη το παρλαμίντον ἀπὸ τοὺς ἰωιτρόπους, τοὺς λάρδης Κάμδιν καὶ Βιστμορελάιν, τὸν Λόρδ Ἑλδὼν τοι ἀρχιγερματία, καὶ τὸν ἀρχιεπίσκοπον Καντουαρίας.

Ἄνδρες εὐγενεῖς καὶ Μιλόρδοι ! κ. τ. λ.

Τῇ 8 Ἰανουαρίου. Χθὲς ἠνέχθη το παρλαμίντον, ὅπου ὁ μὲν Λόρδ Κοχράνης ἀνίδισι καλὰ πολλὰ τὸ φέροντον τῶν Μινίστρων, εἰς τὴν Ἰσπανίαν καὶ Σικελίαν, ὁ δὲ Βίβρειάδιος (Whitbread, pronounced Vitvray-áthios) ἰλάλησι διὰ τὴν ὑποψίαν τοῦ πολέμου μεταξὺ Ἀγγλίας καὶ Αμερικῆς κ. τ. λ."

Δουβλίον, τῇ 23 Δεκ. Σήμερον ἐσυναχθήσαν οἱ πρῶτοι τῶν Καθολικῶν τῆς Ἰερλανδίας εἰς τὸ δίατρον κατὰ τὴν φισχαμπλιστράταν (Fish-Shamble street.)

In considering the verbs, we shall be obliged to notice a much greater variety of barbarous innovations. The use of the dual number is exploded. All the nice distinctions so laboriously arranged by the ancient grammarians, the delicate shades of first and second future, the paulo post futurum, first and second aorist, the participles, &c. &c. are entirely obliterated. The present tense and the first aorist, with a very slight variation, alone stand erect, like single columns, amid the general ruin. It is in the substitute adopted for the future, and the preterperfect and preterpluperfect tenses that the change is most deplorable, and in it we see a very near approach to the idioms of modern Europe by the adoption of the verbs θέλω and ἔχω, as auxiliaries.

Take the regular verb γράφω for example.

In the present tense indicative the only difference is in the third person plural, where γράφειν is put for γράφουσι.

The several modes of expressing a past action are,

1. Ἐγραψα, which varies from the old aoristus primus only in

\* We now speak of the language as used by the vulgar. In the address quoted in a former part of this article, the ancient usage αἱ μυσταί is preserved.

the penultimate of the second person plural; *ἔγραψατε*, standing for *ἔγραψατε*.

2. *Ἔχω γράφει* or *γράφει*, I have written.

3. *Ἔιχα γράφει* or *γράφει*, I had written.

In these last cases the auxiliary verb alone is conjugated, the new invented participle of the principal verb retaining, unchanged, its barbarous form throughout.

The future and conditional are formed nearly upon the same imperfect model, by means of the verb *θέλω*.—Thus,

*Θέλω* { *γράψω* or *γράφει* } used indifferently, according to each person's taste, expresses, I shall or will write:—*ἤθελα γράψω* or *γράφει*, &c. I would or should write.

But in common conversation or careless writing, *θα*, a particle unknown to the ancients, is used, apparently for the sake of brevity, in the place of *θέλω*. In this case the principal verb is conjugated. Thus, *θα γράψω*, I will write; *θα γράφεν*, they will write.

The above is all that has survived of the indicative mood. The remaining moods, with the exception of the infinitive, of which there is no trace, are, as might be expected, still more defective.

The following extract from Koray furnishes us with an example in point:—*Μήτε τὰ παραδείγματα ταῦτα, μήτε ἡ ἀσθενής μου φωνὴ ἤθελαν εἶσθαι ἱκανὰ νὰ διεγείρουν εἰς μίμησιν τῶν καλῶν τὸ γένος, εἰάν, &c.* where *ἤθελαν εἶσθαι* takes the place of what, in the ancient language, would have been expressed by the present or future optative of the substantive verb *εἰμι*; and *νὰ διεγείρουν* (in the subjunctive) performs the part of the old infinitive *διεγείρειν*. In fact it is almost solely in this instance that the subjunctive is used, and we presume it is so in obedience to its governing particle *νὰ*, which is evidently a corruption of *ἵνα*.

The imperative has but one tense of which the second persons singular and plural are the same as formerly. The remaining persons are expressed by the corresponding ones of the present indicative preceded by the particle *ας*, ex.—*ας γράφουν* for *γραφείωσαν*.

The potential is marked by a new auxiliary which is altogether of spurious and uncertain extraction, *ἐμπορῶ* or *ἐμπορῶμαι*, and is an equivalent for *δύναμαι*. In its various inflections, such as *ἐμπορῶσα*, I could, it follows rules peculiar to itself. So also does the substantive verb *εἰμι*, which is even still more irregular. Similar variations are observable in the passive voice. But as our object is rather to awaken curiosity than to satisfy it, we shall pass over many particulars worthy of mention elsewhere, and close this part of our subject with a few words on the colloquial peculiarities of the Romaic tongue.

These peculiarities are different, in different parts of the Turkish empire.

empire. Almost every society has a set of corrupt phrases peculiar to itself. At one place the habits of civil and commercial intercourse with the masters of the country have introduced many Turkish words and expressions. At another the language has taken its complexion from the French or Italian interlopers settled in the neighbourhood. At a third, particularly in the Fanal at Constantinople, a greater acquaintance with the classical authors of antiquity has given to conversation a higher, and, perhaps, a more correct, tone. The diversity is most striking at Smyrna, in the Ionian islands, and in those of the Archipelago, where commerce and the vicinity of foreign nations facilitate the progress of corruption. In short, to use the comparison of Koray, the modern Greek, as it is found in the mouths of the vulgar, resembles the garment of Minerva patched with the rags of Irus. To seek it in the form most approaching to the ancient, we ought probably to repair to some of those sequestered spots in the mountainous regions of Greece, which from their remoteness and insignificance have hitherto escaped the prying eye of the antiquary no less than the hand of the destroyer. This is an investigation to which we think the diligence and curiosity of our excursive countrymen might be profitably directed.\*

The translation of Goldoni would supply us with innumerable examples of the sort of barbarism to which we have just alluded; but we conceive that the relation of a few instances which have come under our own immediate notice will answer the purpose still better.

A young lady of Pera confiding to another her reasons for disliking one of her admirers, expressed herself in these words: Να χαρώ το μάλια μὲ, ἀγανύμ, δὲν ἔμπορω νὰ τὸν σοφρίρῳ; γέτοϊον μπρον-  
dala δὲν εἶδα ποῖς, καὶ νὰ σὲ πῶ τὴν ἀληθεῖα, ἔχει ταις gambes σραβες. It is needless to point out that this short sentence is indebted to no less than three foreign languages. The answer was worthy of it:

\* Not long ago we should have expressed our unqualified regret at the scanty information afforded us respecting the modern Greeks by those who have visited the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. From most of our travellers we have heard only a tale twice told, that they are degraded and oppressed;

‘pulli viles nati infelicibus ovis;’

and the only care seems to be to retort upon them the title of barbarians, which their ancestors so liberally bestowed upon all other nations of the world. But latterly some instances of a better-directed zeal have appeared, and the inhabitants of Greece seem in a fair way of rising to something like a level with the inanimate relics that surround them. To Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Douglas, the country is indebted for many valuable facts, and many intelligent observations illustrative of their present state, and it may be hoped that the example of those gentlemen will not be long without followers. Much remains to be learnt: and in proportion as we are assured that the Greeks improve, and are likely still further to improve, we become anxious for means of watching their progress, and calculating the chances of their success.

Αχ, κοκοναμεν, τι μὲ λες τι mortificatzione δια τον καϊμενον. τι sikleti οπε εχει να τραβαι οταν θα άκνει τα sentimenta σθ.

The following is in the style of the polite circles of Zante: Ο milordos οπε μὲ erecomanderistekate ηλθον εδω σημερα; μα ευγαιωνίαις απο το σπηλι, ειχε την sbentoura να glistrai, και ecuscariise κίτω, και εσπασε το braccio τη.

The next examples are of a more favourable sort. A Greek boatman, meeting an old friend who, he thought, had died of the plague, exclaimed—Πόθεν έρχεσαι συ? δεν άπεθανες? Οχι, όχι, έγελασα τον χαρο, was the reply. It may here be observed that the negative particle δεν, evidently a corruption of εδεν, has usurped the place of ε or εκ.

A Greek of the Morea, pointing to the pearls and rubies which adorned the dress of a Pasha, infamous for his extortions, exclaimed—Ιδθ τα δακρυα και το αιμα της Ελλάδος! Behold the tears and blood of Greece!

A Cephaloniot sailor, upon being asked what sort of treatment he had experienced on board a Turkish ship of war, replied—Ο Θεος δεν εμπορει να μετρησηταις ξυλiais οπε εφαγα. 'Heaven cannot number the cudgellings that I have swallowed.' Here the most prominent corruption is the application of οπε, which, from a mere adverb of place, is exalted into a relative as universal in its acceptance as the Italian *che*, or our *that*.

With respect to accent and pronunciation, we are at a loss for a fair standard by which to decide the claims of the modern Greeks to correctness. It is in vain to look for one in our imperfect means of ascertaining ancient usage; and to refer them to our own practice is at once to condemn them unheard. Our learned professors will say they must themselves be right because they are impartial; the Greeks will assert the contrary because the language is their own. We are disposed however to think that the former approach nearest to the truth on the side of accent, and the latter on that of pronunciation; and that Homer, were he to come to life, would be as much surprized at hearing his famous πολυφλοισβοιο pronounced *pologfloisboio* by us, as at finding it called *pólifleesvîi*, by his unmusical descendants. The accentual marks remain exactly as they were, but they have survived to the destruction of metrical harmony; for, in reading poetry, the modern Greeks lay a most indiscriminate and unrelenting stress on every accentuated syllable; and in their own poetical compositions they have entirely abandoned the ancient metres, for rhyme and jingle.

A very few words will suffice to point out the modern way of pronouncing the letters.

α is always broad, as in *glass*,

η, ι, ει, οι, υ, have all the same power, namely, that of our double *e*.

αι is like *ay* in *hay*, *may*, &c.

σ is pronounced like *oo* in *hoop*.

αυ, and ευ, are, according to position, either *af*, *ef*, or *av*, *ev*.

β is sounded like our *v*. The Roman *b* has no corresponding letter in the Romaic alphabet, and is expressed by the awkward combination of *μπ*: for instance, *Bob* in modern Greek would be *μπομπ*; *mpomp*.

γ is a slight guttural; χ may be represented by *ch* hard; δ is *th* hard, as in *that*; our *d* is expressed by *ν*.

ω is confounded with ο, and pronounced like our *o*. The rest of the alphabet is pronounced in Greece as in England.

From the language of the modern Greeks, and their recent attempts to improve it, our thoughts are involuntarily led to the contemplation of what must chiefly determine the success of those attempts—their political condition, and the probability of amendment on that side. This is no new subject. For many years, much longer perhaps than the Greeks themselves have entertained any settled hope or thought of change, the principal governments of Europe have continually nursed, or viewed as practicable, the project of redeeming them from the dominion of the Turks. There is little doubt, that the Empress Catherine, when she gave the name of Constantine to the youngest of her grandsons, intended to designate him as the future emperor of Greece. Nor is it surprising that the splendid ambition of restoring to light and life and liberty, a country endeared to all but its oppressors, by such great and tender recollections, should have thrown a veil over its real motive—the lust of empire. To this enthusiasm we must in charity refer the various singular measures which have been adopted from time to time, as fair and honourable instruments of effecting so specious a purpose.

Hitherto, the only power that has decidedly developed its design, far from improving the condition of the Greeks, or clearing the way for their emancipation, has left them after a bloody and disastrous struggle,—with fresh difficulties to encounter, and increased sufferings to endure. The effects of an unsuccessful insurrection must ever be to render the oppressed more painfully alive to their subjection, and to exasperate the jealousy of the oppressors. In addition to these natural results both Turks and Greeks have retained an equal apprehension of Russian interference.

The French, under their successive forms of government, republican and despotic, have been obliged to make their views in this quarter subordinate to the grand scheme of universal dominion.

Even 'in their high and palmy state' they could find no convenient opportunity for throwing off the mask. Intermediate obstacles were to be removed; and the successor of Charlemagne was not to advance to the throne of Constantine but over a continent previously submitted to his will. Buonaparte's extempore and abortive attempt, during his Egyptian campaign, to erect the standard of revolt in the Morea, may be discarded from the calculation. To lull the suspicions of the Porte, to conciliate and make themselves necessary to the Greeks, to multiply their points of connection with the country, and, to use a revolutionary phrase, *travailler les esprits*, is all they have yet ventured to do. That they have been in a great degree successful, partly owing to their own address and the natural influence of power, and more, perhaps, to the unfavourable impression created by others, is not to be denied. They seem, in general, to have the faculty of assimilating themselves with foreigners more readily than any other nation; and if, in their designs upon Greece, they have not the advantage of a common religion, like the Russians, they have found, perhaps, a more available one in the diffusion of their language. With the Greeks, too, upon whom, from long habits of subserviency, forbearing and respectful manners are, for the most part, thrown away, their high imposing tone, that last miserable remnant of abused liberty, is not without its effect. It is quite amusing to see the style of sovereignty which the meanest of the French vice-consuls in the Levant assume in every transaction with the natives, even with the officers of the Porte. The Christians are treated with a tone of lofty condescending protection; the Turks with the most insolent presumption. And though it may not be strange that the former should find their account in being so protected, yet it is not a little singular that the faithful, who are themselves no retail-dealers in big words, should bear such conduct with any degree of patience: nevertheless, it frequently happens, that a certificate issued from any consular chancery, with *Sa Majesté L'Empereur et Roi*, in large letters at the top, and the Imperial Eagle displayed with corresponding majesty at the bottom, is sufficient to shelter the most bare-faced acts of fraud and piracy from the inquiries of the Turkish officers. We are happy, however, to learn, that the present Sultan has, on several occasions, shewn himself far from blind to the insidious designs of the French. A year or two ago he adopted one of the most effectual measures to check their progress, by prohibiting the French ambassadors, in common with the representatives of other courts, at Constantinople, from granting protections to any of his subjects; a privilege which had opened to them as wide a field of abuse as could be imagined.

The English and Austrian governments have generally pursued a similar

similar line of conduct with respect to the Greek subjects of the Porte. Whether from the real moderation of their views, or from a consciousness that in the scramble of partition, France and Russia would have greater means of aggrandisement than themselves, they seem to have been content with counteracting their respective rivals, on the one hand by exciting and sustaining the vigilance of the Porte, and on the other by encouraging an opposite interest among the Greeks; with this difference, however, that, as far as we have heard, England has not to reproach herself with ever having courted the condescensions of the Porte by any such treachery as that which characterized the surrender of the patriotic and unfortunate Riga.

It is impossible to pursue this subject without being met by a consideration which, natural and obvious as it seems, has, nevertheless, been sometimes strangely overlooked. When we talk so freely about the subversion of the Mahometan empire in Europe, are we quite sure that we are not reckoning without our host, and that Montesquieu's prediction of its durability is not as correct at this time as it is now proved to have been in his own? Even when the Turkish power, consolidated by a succession of great princes, was most formidable to Europe, many, who had opportunities of inspecting it closely, observed, with satisfaction, that, gorgeous as it was without, the main principle of its subsistence was one of weakness and corruption. But the pleasure of this discovery was checked by another of very different result. It was soon perceived that the empire of the infidels would find in the jealousies and contentions of the Christian world a cheap and lasting security against the effects of internal rottenness. 'The divisions of the neighbouring states are the ramparts of the Turkish empire,' was an observation made by Sir Thomas Rowe, one of our early and most able ambassadors at the Porte. The Sultan, as it seemed, had only to soften the great precept of Mahomet, which prescribes to his followers a system of incessant aggression and boundless usurpation, into the milder policy of obstinate defence, and preservation of territory, in order to render his throne as solid as it was formidable.

That the above-mentioned cause continues to operate with unabated force, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the revolutions of power, there is no reason to doubt. Of this the conduct of Austria during the last negotiations between the Courts of St. Petersburg and Constantinople affords a sufficient proof. And if Russia has been allowed, from time to time, to nibble off the extremities of her gigantic neighbour, that limited success may be attributed rather to the opinion of its insignificance, and to the extraordinary convulsions of Europe, than to any such alteration in  
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the views of other states as may be expected to facilitate her further progress. In proportion as France subsides towards her ancient limits, a jealous and watchful attention will naturally be directed to the North. Even the remotest nations will not look with indifference to an empire which has grown, under the most depressing circumstances, and the revenues of whose government, like Pharaoh's treasury in the years of famine, increased prodigiously during the stagnation of commerce that followed the peace of Tilsit.

Besides, it must not be forgotten, that European Turkey possesses by nature abundant means of defence. Of these, not to enter into a description of the country between the Danube and the plains of Adrianople, some notion may be formed when we remember the brilliant manner in which the Grand Vizir, Jusuf Pasha, during the campaign of 1810, resisted the Russian troops by the strength of his position at Shumla; and more particularly when it is known that, in the following autumn, in consequence of General Kutusoff's skilful manœuvres, the Vizir's effective army was for some time reduced to 10,000 men—nay, probably to half that number. There was no other army between Rudshuk and the Capital. But the bulwarks of nature intervened; and as the whole male population in Turkey, Jews and Christians excepted, is always armed, the Russians might justly be unwilling to provoke and to encounter the last convulsive struggles of a nation of fanatics, without a very much larger force, both naval and military, than they were then able to employ in that direction. On the Dalmatian side, the country is very strong and difficult of access—barriers of rugged unproductive mountains, peopled by a hardy and warlike race, whose governors, disobedient as they are in ordinary times, would still be ready enough in the hour of danger to rally round the fountain-head whence they derive their authority.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the Turkish empire can have no patent of eternity; in common with the mighty of other times, its days are numbered; and sooner or later, let the manner and the causes be what they will, the period of dissolution must come. The dear-bought experience of the last twenty years will have been most lamentably wasted upon us if we do not endeavour to prepare for every important event within the range of reasonable probability.

Those who fondly imagine that the Greeks require only the removal of the Turkish yoke to start up at once into a ready-made power, can be but little acquainted with the state of that people, and still less with the history of mankind. In the moral as in the physical world the principle of elasticity, at first overpowered, is subsequently reversed in its direction by protracted compression; and

and the nation which, at one period, has sunk 'with compulsion and laborious flight,' at another has found the task of reascending equally difficult, and equally repugnant to its disposition. But the Greeks were prepared for centuries of the most grinding subjection by many previous years of gradual debasement; and their living tomb was not thoroughly closed upon them by the hand of the conqueror until they were almost accustomed, if not reconciled, to their fate by a long series of sufferings and disgraces.

We have too much respect for the prevailing enthusiasm concerning Greece, of which we also in moments of feeling and exalted fancy have partaken; to examine how far the present race of inhabitants is entitled to compassion as the descendants of those immortal heroes and sages who opened the paths of glory in the western hemisphere. Let the veil of sentiment and imagination, with all its blooming tissue, still rest upon them. It is enough that they till the same soil; that they breathe the same air, and speak a language, if not exactly the same, yet one which, even in the last stages of decay, has preserved a mournful resemblance of its unrivalled parent. It is enough, exclusive of these tender claims upon our sympathy, that they who dwell amongst the ruins of Athens and Lacedæmon, are groaning under the yoke of no common oppressor. Our only business, at present, is with their capability of becoming, either with or without assistance from abroad; an independent body-politic.

It is not at this period, when the sublimest example of what may be done by national courage, unanimity and perseverance, is swelling into perfection before our eyes, that the efforts of a nation in behalf of its freedom can be undervalued. But let the situation of Spain, when invaded by France, be compared with that of Greece. The former, with all the recollections of independence fresh about it, embodied by the habits of ancient establishment, impaired, indeed, in its energies, but retaining the subsistence and regularity of its original constitution; having to cope with only a part of the military force of its assailant, and preserving much, perhaps the most important, of its resources untouched, some even secure from attack: the latter, with no incentive but suffering, and the fame of a remote ancestry; with the whole bulk and body of its oppressors, civil as well as military, stretched upon its prostrate limbs; without the union as without the resources of a nation; having all to overcome, all to learn, and all to create. Yet even with such comparative advantages, there is little doubt that Spain would have sunk if she had not been supported by an empire itself the rival and counterpoize of her invader. How then, we ask, can it be expected that the Greeks should replace themselves in the rank of independent states by any exclusive exertions

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of their own? It is true that there are some parts of Greece, some insulated spots, a mountain, or a valley, whose rude inhabitants, having inherited a memorial rather than a remnant of liberty, still cling to the inestimable relic with an ardour of attachment which, well diffused among their countrymen, might kindle into a flame, extinguishable perhaps, but only with the nation itself. Such was the spirit that animated the little clan of Sulium, and enabled it to hold out so long against the arts and arms of Ali Pasha; the same that has for ages glowed amongst the rocks of Maina, but with a savage and unsociable influence that, while it feeds the flame, obscures its brightness. The Turks, though they have not removed, are careful to prevent the expansion of this combustible principle. Their manner of dealing with it is similar to their policy respecting the Romaic churches, allowing the old edifices to be kept up as long as time and chance will permit, but forbidding any new one to be erected even on the site of one accidentally destroyed. Poverty, and the unfrequency of communication, with its consequent train of prejudices and animosities, are ever at hand to assist and confirm the operations of Turkish jealousy. Even the heroic struggles of the Servians are, for the most part, regarded with indifference.\*

Perhaps there is no point of resemblance on which the modern Greeks might, with greater confidence, risk the legitimacy of their descent, than the spirit of distinctiveness and rivalry that characterizes them no less than the ancient possessors of the country. To see the marked difference in appearance, manners, and disposition, between the inhabitant of Athens, and the native of the Morea, the Albanian, and the Greek of Constantinople, one might be tempted to believe that the laws of Solon and Lycurgus were still in force, or that Byzantium was even now a remote colony, surrounded by fierce unconnected tribes of barbarians. It would seem as if Providence had implanted a principle of disunion in the very nature of the country, and had imposed upon its inhabitants a perpetual obligation to flourish only in knots and detached associations. At all events, it is clear, that Greece has ever shone with brightest lustre when divided into a number of independent communities, and that, as an empire, or as part of an empire, she has always been feeble and inglorious. One, though not perhaps the only cause of this peculiarity, may be found in that restless activity of mind for which the Greeks, from the earliest times, have been remarkable. When separated into republics, the emulation of

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\* Since writing this passage, we have learnt that the province of Servia is totally subdued. The greater part of the Greek population has been butchered by the Turks, and the remnant with Czerni George at their head have taken refuge in the Austrian dominions.

neighbouring states, the desire entertained by each of being foremost in the arts of peace, as in the honours of war, afforded to all sufficient employment for that activity. But when the common freedom sunk beneath the ascendancy of one, and tyranny from within or from without spread alike over all, the same busy disposition, deprived of its usual objects, fastened upon food of a less wholesome and invigorating nature. The noble contentions of national virtue, and national glory, were transmitted to a degenerate posterity under other names, and unworthy shapes, till at last the soul of fire that once quickened and inspired the whole frame of Greece, could be traced only in the unmeaning faction of a dissipated populace, or in the vehemence of theological controversy. It may possibly be urged that the diversity observable among the Greeks is singular only in appearance, in as much as several nations, essentially distinct, are concealed by the uniformity of religion, in a country where religion is the chief distinction. But in answer to this it may be said, that the same diversity is clearly discernible among the inhabitants of Greece, in its old and strictest sense. The intervention of a mountain or a river, is often sufficient to make two distinct races. It is a curious fact that the commander of the Greek regiment lately raised in our service was obliged, for the sake of discipline, to form his men into companies according to the districts from which they came.

The Greeks being in themselves thus destitute, as it seems, of the quality most essential for a successful attempt against their tyrants, we must either abandon the prospect of their deliverance, as an empty, though pleasing dream, or seek some other foundation for our hopes. Such a foundation can be found only in the assistance of some foreign power, which may afford them time and scope for assembling such means as they possess, and serve to supply, what they most want, a general bond of union, whence their exertions may receive one common impulse and direction. Notwithstanding the obstacles which we have already mentioned, and which must always render the issue extremely doubtful, it is not difficult to conceive that at some well-chosen moment a general insurrection of the Greeks, thus aided and directed, might prevail. But still, to whatever degree it might relieve their sufferings, it is a question with us whether the triumph would advance them a single step towards independence. The contest, however glorious in its termination, would doubtless be long; nor would it fail to leave even the victorious party in a weak and exhausted condition. The moral energies of the people might, indeed, be exalted to the highest pitch by a conflict at once so arduous and so noble; but a wasted country, and a population miserably reduced, would be the certain attendants of their emancipation. Even now their numbers,

bers, when compared with the extent of territory over which they are scattered, are those of a sect rather than a nation; and the latter term is applied to them more as a title of courtesy, conceded to the memory of what they were, than as a name which properly belongs to their present situation. The remnant of the Musulman race, though completely overpowered, could hardly be turned to account. It is true that we have, within the limits of our own empire, to say nothing of the Crimea, a pretty convincing proof that submission to christian sway is not wholly incompatible with the pride of Mahometanism. But the subjects of the Grand Signior, especially the European Turks, are the haughtiest of the faithful; and so completely is the contempt of every thing Greek incorporated with their habits, that it is almost impossible to imagine how the meanest of them could ever endure a yoke in their estimation so perfectly hateful and ignominious. One might as easily picture the ancient warriors of Sparta crouching at the feet of the Helots, or the noble families of Rome receiving conditions from their rebellious servants, instead of driving them back into obedience with the lash. The probability is, and the whole question is one of mere probability, that the Turks would defend themselves with the obstinacy and confidence of men accustomed to be masters, and that, in case of being worsted, those who escaped the sword, would rather take refuge with their families in Asia, than remain on their native soil as bondsmen to their former slaves.

Under such circumstances, it is but reasonable to think, that the subversion of the Turkish empire would be to the Greeks a mere transition from one foreign dominion to another. Too feeble to stand alone, they must continue to lean upon the same protecting arm that had raised them from the dust, even if we suppose the protecting power so unusually disinterested as not of itself to seek a recompense for the toils and expenses of war in the possession of a country which more than any other has, in all ages, excited the cupidity of the powerful and the ambitious. The proportion of advantage accruing to them from the change would, of course, depend upon the temper and constitution of the government to which they would thus be transferred. One consequence may be anticipated. Their *nationality*, which has hitherto been preserved by the discordant unassimilating nature of their conquerors, upon coming into contact with customs and manners more suited to their own, and recommended to their adoption by recent events and superior civilization, would gradually melt away, and at last entirely lose its distinctive character.

Little more than a year ago we should not have hesitated to fix upon France as the power most likely, not only to undertake, but to succeed in undertaking, the conquest of Turkey. There is now scarcely

scarcely a doubt that Buonaparte intended, had he been successful in his invasion of Russia, to march his victorious troops at once from Moscow to Constantinople ; and then, if ever, the enterprize would have been crowned with triumph. The credit of a mighty name resplendent with fresh achievements, Russia crippled and humiliated, the other states of the Continent among the instruments of usurpation, the Porte engaged in dragging its enfeebled frame out of an exhausting and dispiriting war, would, all together, have formed the most promising coincidence ; and Buonaparte is not the man to have resisted the temptation. But Providence ordained it otherwise. Europe, in the course of a few months, has been relieved from the gathering darkness of twenty years ; and France, so lately the object of dread, is destined, henceforward, to deprecate the vengeance of insulted nations, and to contract its proud desires and gigantic plans into the humbler labours of self-defence.

The immediate consequence of this reverse is obvious. The balance of power will again be something more than a name ; and mankind gladly sinking into repose, the rights of independent states, for a time at least, will owe to the convenience of all that protection which would be claimed in vain from the justice of each. Turkey, in such a state of things, would naturally partake of the common security ; and the Greeks alone would be insensible to the deliverance, as they have been to the dangers, of Europe. But if we carry on our views a little further, we may easily foresee a period when the necessity of agitation, or the satiety of repose, will give rise to fresh quarrels, and they in their turn to fresh convulsions. Here two events, the least unlikely of several improbabilities, occur to the imagination ; viz. the partition of European Turkey by Russia, France, and Austria ; and its conquest by Russia alone. The latter can only happen, we conceive, in the case of Russia attaining a preponderance equal to that which has so frequently, and at last so successfully, united the nations of Europe against France. The former might owe its birth to the same cause that has occasioned a similar catastrophe within our own recollection—one of the few crimes within that period not chargeable to the French. The leading powers of the Continent, each conscious of the same designs, and fearing to be anticipated by the superior boldness or activity of a rival, might deem it more prudent to secure a share of the spoil by severally dividing it, than to risk the loss of all by grudging or coveting too much. The law of self-preservation would easily supply a pretext for the compact of spoliation, and a combined attack would, of course, be the readiest way to execute a measure imposed by so sacred a law.

Of the two cases, as they affect the interests of England, it is clear

clear that the latter would be preferable, as being the least likely to derange the balance of power, her best and noblest safeguard ; but with respect to conduct, both justice and policy seem to point out the same in either.

As long as the maxim of the Turkish government was perpetual war, it was undoubtedly the right and duty of Christians to combine for the expulsion or extirpation of their common enemy ; nor was it without reason that the alliance between Francis and his contemporary Soliman was stigmatized as a reproach to Christendom. But the principles of the Porte are changed. No power is now less disposed to appeal to the sword. For centuries the princes of Europe have rivalled each other in courting the friendship of the Sultan ; and the curtain which general consent has, at all times, closed around the Herculean infancy of empires, when once matured by establishment, can hardly be withheld, or rather withdrawn, from the unambitious successors of Mahomet. We are, perhaps, the more charitably disposed in this instance, as the severest inquisition of their rights would be attended with so little assurance of benefit to those who have most reason to lament their admission into Europe.

In a commercial point of view the Turkish empire may be regarded as a vast non-conducting barrier between the East and the West. On no part of the world has nature bestowed a more various profusion of marketable commodities ; and never were the pride and indolence of man more successful in thwarting her bountiful intentions. To let in the light of heaven upon these hidden treasures, and to render them accessible to the daring industry of European commerce, however specious in the abstract, is an undertaking of too much risk to be permitted on such general grounds. Resources which, at present, sleep harmless beneath the shade of Turkish ignorance, might endanger our very existence when transferred to the hands of an active and aspiring enemy. Russia mistress of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and France in possession of the shores of the Adriatic and Archipelago, are objects which, even at a distance, cannot be contemplated by this country without some degree of apprehension.

But as all our endeavours to prevent those contingencies, endeavours, as it would seem, prescribed by interest no less than duty, may ultimately fail, it is fortunate that we are not altogether without the means of counteracting their effects. The islands of the Archipelago, and perhaps the Morea, are always within the reach of our fleets. And if the experiment was not made during our last war with Turkey, the omission can only be attributed to that generous system of maintaining the ancient order of things, which we have so rigidly pursued, in opposition to the destroying fury of the

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the Revolution. Upon those islands, several of which are furnished with excellent harbours, and other naval resources, a maritime dominion, connected with the main empire by Malta and Gibraltar, and sufficient, perhaps, to counterpoize the new acquisitions of our rivals, might be securely established. One difficulty may be apprehended. The islands in their present state do not produce corn enough for their own consumption. But, besides that the possession of the Morea, which even now supplies the deficiency, and the improvement of the larger islands, would speedily remove that drawback, the advantages of the whole establishment, in the case supposed, would amply repay the expense, and the means would not be difficult, of provisioning it from without. There, as in the British isles, our position would secure us from attack, while our naval superiority would enable us to command the surrounding coasts. Half the commerce of Constantinople would be at our mercy, while so many points of connection with the neighbouring continents would not fail to open new and wider channels of trade to the activity of our merchants. The Greek, whose busy temper finds something congenial in the speculations of traffic, would naturally attach himself to the power most able to gratify his propensity, and to protect the fruits of his labour. The mildness of our laws, and the equity of our administration, would afford him the best atonement for the loss of national independence; and England would willingly surrender every feeling of commercial jealousy to the noble pleasure of promoting the welfare of men, to the example of whose ancestry she may be said to owe a portion of her own prosperity.

It is here, if any where, that the mind may amuse itself with an Utopia of Grecian regeneration, not realized in the possession of empire, but in the revival of literature, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the improvement of the intellectual powers, and, perhaps, the restoration of the language. Where could such patriots as Coray, and those who, like him, aspire to raise a well-earned fame on the literary advancement of their country, find a home more adapted to their feelings, or more favourable to the progress of their labours? Where could the genius of Greece expect a more congenial element? An air so pure and elastic that to breathe it is a sensual enjoyment—the keen perception of freedom recently obtained—the energy of new institutions—the protection, example and encouragement of England, would not fail to inspire the human mind with unequal vigour and alacrity.

If any one part of Buonaparte's policy be more disgusting than another, it is the systematic suppression of every thing peculiar and characteristic. At his approach the customs of ages, the memorials of past times, the modifications of government and so-



ciety, even language itself, and all that constitutes a nation, must disappear. The laws of nature, it would seem, are not made for the pretended conqueror of the world. Wherever he turns the deluge of his dominion, the land, like the ocean, must present one plain unvaried surface.

In this, as in every other respect, we trust the conduct of England will ever display a contrast to his. How far it may be practicable, or expedient to lay a foundation for our future establishment in the Archipelago, by applying to the Ionian islands already in our possession such a system of government as would be suited to that establishment, whenever it might be required, we leave to the decision of higher authorities. Nor will we take upon ourselves to determine how far it may be possible to combine such a system of conciliation towards the Greeks as may be eventually useful to ourselves, with that line of policy towards the Porte which our present and prior interests demand. Much might be done by a judicious choice and distribution of our agents in the islands and maritime provinces of Turkey. In general, it may be remarked, that in proportion as England extends her communication, and strengthens her influence in the ill-connected parts of the Turkish empire, she will find herself able, in the decisive and inevitable moment, either to sustain the courage of the Porte, or to prevent the spoiler from engrossing the whole of his prey. This peculiar advantage she derives from the general loyalty of her principles, and the little inducement which she evidently has, either by nature or the genius of her government, to authorise any scheme of dismemberment.

With respect to the volume which has led to these cursory remarks, we have confined ourselves to a simple report of its plan and general contents, without going into any critical examination of its merits in point of execution. The fact is that we wish to give every possible encouragement to so meritorious a work, and feel inclined rather to trust to time and experience, for the correction of any errors that may appear in it, than to appeal for a more hazardous remedy to the severe hand of criticism. Its faults are the faults of youth, and we may confidently hope that a ripper age will remove them. That it is only by a steady perseverance in pursuits of this sort that the Greeks can hope to arrive at their favourite object of political emancipation, is confirmed to us by the evidence of a traveller, whose remarks we have already had occasion to commend. ‘Weak and untutored minds,’ says Mr. Douglas,\* ‘are seldom able to support with steadiness the sudden glare of reason: the event of the French revolution may inform us that

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\* *Essay on the modern Greeks*, pp. 197, 198.

a gradual progression is necessary, and the seeds of rational liberty will never prosper in a soil not prepared by proper cultivation to receive them. The Greeks have commenced, however, with moderation and wisdom; and if the wild fancies of politicians and enthusiasts do not hurry them out of the course in which they are advancing with cautious but accelerated steps, another age may witness the glorious period when the torch of knowledge shall conduct them to the enjoyment of happiness and freedom.

‘Τόν δι, πορὸν γυνῆ θανμαστὸν ὕμνον,  
 Ἐκ λυχίων ἀνάγει φάμα, παλαιὰν  
 Ἐκκλησίαν ἔργων· ἐν ὕπνῳ  
 Γὰρ πίσι· ἀλλ’ ἀνιγνισομένα  
 Χρῆλα λάμπει, Εὐσφῆρος θα,  
 ἥλος ὡς, ἄετοις ἐν ἀλλοις.’

ART. VIII. *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle. A Poem. In Five Cantos. Supposed to be written by W—— S——, Esq. First American, from the Fourth Edinburgh Edition. 8vo. pp. 238. London; Cawthorn. 1814.*

IT was to be expected that in the process of time an American wag should make his appearance. In a nation derived from so many fathers it has justly been matter of wonder that there should hitherto have existed so tame a uniformity, and that the composition of such various elements should produce the merest monotony of character that the world has yet seen. It is not our business to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon, or to trace why the thoughtless, dissolute, and turbulent of all nations should, in comingling, so neutralize one another that the result should be a people without wit or fancy. We will only observe that when the vulgar and illiterate lose the force of their animal spirits they become mere clods; and that the founders of American society brought to the composition of their nation few seeds of good taste, and no rudiments of liberal science.

As population thickens however, and intercourse spreads, the arts and manners of polished society must arise, and it may be safely prognosticated that America will in time produce poets, painters, and musicians.—But we must attend to the work before us.

An intelligent observer of our theory will have anticipated that the first effort of American wit would necessarily be a parody. Childhood is every where a parodist. America is all a parody, a mimicry of her parents; it is, however, the mimicry of a child

'tetchy and wayward in its infancy,' abandoned to bad nurses and educated in low habits.

The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle resembles the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' as small beer does champagne:—nor are the poetical powers of the parodist shamed by the soundness of his judgment. More than half the volume consists of notes, (under the name of Walter Scott,) giving, in a kind of tiresome drawl, rendered yet more oppressive by an affectation of smartness, a miserable detail of petty squabbles in huts and hamlets, of which neither the name nor the knowledge ever crossed the Atlantic. The story we can scarcely discover; the tendency is sufficiently clear—to calumniate the naval officers of Old England, and to libel its own countrymen of New England. The cause of hatred to Great Britain is obvious enough; the grounds of enmity to the New Englanders is the complimentary and, we believe, the just accusation of having approached more nearly than the other states to the feelings and manners of European society.

How the author contrives to combine his satires upon British naval officers and New-York innkeepers, we cannot (though we have read the poem with great diligence) presume to guess. The writer is, we perceive, very angry and very scurrilous; but we are not sufficiently versed in the scandal of American faction to be able to ascertain the objects of his individual attack. We only know that every Englishman is a 'Sir,' or a 'Childe,' and every American innkeeper a 'Lord;' but what the humour of this liberality of titles is we have not discovered. When we do understand any of our author's lucky hits, 'we hold it very stuff o' the conscience' to set them forth. Our readers therefore have the satisfaction of learning, that Sir John Warren (whom, for his sake, we are glad to find an object of American dislike) is pleasantly denominated Sir Bolus. 'Marry why?' ay, *that* indeed is worth inquiring. The worthy admiral was, it seems, not only christened John, but *Borlase*; and by dropping *r*, and changing *ase* into *us*, we have the ingenious logographic title of *Sir Bolus*!

Admiral Cockburn's name likewise affords the author some elegant allusions, though he has not been able to fashion it into so humorous an appellative; but he intimates that a 'cock' is a bird of spirit, and that there can be no 'burn' without fire. *Childe Cockburn*, therefore, must have the fire of a hero and the spirit of a cock. This is admirable; but the author has yet a higher stroke of wit in store: a cock has a red comb, and fire which burns is red, and therefore Admiral Cockburn's prime personal ornament must be a 'huge fiery-red nose.' This is a theme of unbounded pleasantry throughout the poem, and as it is really the best joke of all, it would be unjust not to say that we ourselves have seen Admiral Cockburn, and

and are enabled to assever that the 'huge fiery nose' is an invention, of which the whole credit belongs to our American genius. His own modesty, indeed, leads him to intimate that he borrowed the idea from Sir J. Falstaffe, who calls Bardolph 'Admiral' because 'he carries the lanthorn in the poop;' but we cannot permit him so to undervalue his talents.

There is, however, one of Sir John's commentaries on the nose of his friend of which he might have made use. 'Sblood,' says Bardolph, when he could no longer bear the knight's sarcasms—'I wish my nose were in your belly.'—'God 'a mercy!' replies Sir John, 'so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.'—We quote this for the sake of observing, that there occurred a practical joke 'germain to this matter;' for this fiery-nosed Cockburn, we are assured; got into 'the very bowels of the land;' in consequence of which, the town of Havre-de-Grace and some others were destroyed, not by a metaphorical, but a real and bona fide conflagration. On this subject our parodist is very indignant; and totally forgetting who first invaded their neighbour's territory, he puts into the mouth of an old woman the following *tirade* against the outrageous determination of Great Britain to go to war with America, who had already—gone to war with her.

' As tottering near the smoking heap  
The houseless matron bends to weep,  
Methinks I hear her sighing say,  
As turning in despair away:  
" Are these the gallant tars, so long  
The burthen of their country's song?  
These they, whose far resounding name  
Fills the obstreperous trump of Fame?  
Who lord it o'er the subject wave,  
And France and all her prowess brave?  
These, the great " bulwark " to oppose  
Peace and Religion's deadly foes?  
These, who are destin'd to restore  
Repôse to Europe's harass'd shore?  
God help the while! if such they be,  
What glorious times we soon shall see

" If such they be—God help the while!  
Where send the peaceful sons of toil,  
Who take no part in that fell strife  
Which in ambition's land is rife,  
But harmless trade industrious ply,  
Nor trouble aught beneath the sky—  
To what lone scene must they retire  
To 'scape the Briton's wrathful fire?  
Where shall the matron refuge seek?  
The infant that can hardly speak?

Where the bed-ridden and the old  
 Retire from reach of Briton bold?  
 Who comes in pious christian ire  
 To purify the earth by fire;  
 Who labours for the world's repose  
 By heaping up a world of woes;  
 Who points our hopes to realms of bliss,  
 By making us heart-sick of this;  
 And thus, as farmer Caleb saith,  
 ACTS AS THE "BULWARK OF OUR FAITH."—p. 118, &c.

This passage affords a fair specimen of the author's powers: it is the peroration of his poem, written with peculiar care, and for poetry, pleasantry, satire, good sense, and good logic, equals, if it does not surpass, any other that we could select. The old lady, however, might, we think, have been more fairly made to complain, that it was Mr. Madison's invasion of Canada which doomed to destruction her distant cottage, and that a spark from the fire which the Americans lighted on the shores of Ontario, spread the conflagration to the banks of the Chesapeake.

Bad reasoning we can equally forgive in an American old woman and an American poet; but when that poet turns statesman in his notes, we think we have a right to expect some distant respect for common sense. To this couplet

'And universal patriots grown,  
 Feast for all victories but their own.'

he subjoins the following note.

'Mr. S—— is supposed here to allude to the following resolution, which was put by Mr. Quincy, in the senate of Massachusetts, and agreed to.

"Resolved, as the sense of the senate of Massachusetts, that in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner that indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming *a moral and religious people* to express their approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

'It is somewhat remarkable, that the very same individuals, who thus thought it unbecoming "*a moral and religious people*" to rejoice in the victories of their country, feasted most lustily for the Russian victories.'—p. 218.

By this admirable piece of ratiocination the author thinks he proves that those who deemed it unbecoming a moral and religious people to wage unjustifiable war, or to express approbation of exploits prompted by a spirit of conquest and ambition, must *therefore* think it unbecoming to rejoice for the ill success of unjustifiable war, and for the successful defence of native and national independence.

Our

Our readers are tired of this stuff, and so are we. We have waded through the text with weariness, and through the notes with contempt for the author's powers, and indignation at his principles: he is the libeller of every thing in America that is not mean and wicked; and we regret that we cannot ascertain distinctly the objects of his abuse, as we should be satisfied by this evidence, that they were worthy men and good citizens.

ART. IX. 1. *Resolutions of a General Meeting of the Committee of Ship-Owners for the Port of London, held the 9th April, 1812.*

2. *Various Returns of Thames and Indian-built Shipping, Prize-Ships, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed in the Session 1813.*

WE anticipated the extension of a few months which has been given by parliament to the indulgence of admitting Indian-built ships to a registry in Great Britain, in order to allow time for fixing finally, in the present session, the future fate of those ships. Meanwhile the London ship-builders have not been idle. By the circulation of papers among the members of the House of Commons, by tavern resolutions, and by various other means which wealth can command, they have endeavoured to excite alarm, and to prejudice the public against building ships in our Indian territories, or admitting those already built to any share of the commerce of the United Kingdom. We have heard, with very sincere regret, that some of those to whom commerce owes many benefits, are about to become advocates for this exclusion; for we are persuaded that this measure, if carried into effect, will give to one of its most valuable branches, a cruel, perhaps a mortal blow. Be this as it may, we would entreat a moment's attention to a brief and plain statement of the question at issue.

It will hardly be denied, we conceive, that all Indian-built ships (but we shall at present confine our observations chiefly to those built at Bombay) are entitled to all the rights and privileges of British-built ships, without further interference of the legislature. The principle of our navigation laws, as set forth in the 12th Charles II. chap. 18, and 7th and 8th William III. chap. 22, extends certain rights and privileges to ships built in Great Britain, or in lands, islands, colonies, plantations or territories belonging to his Majesty, or in his possession; and grants to foreign nations the right of importing the produce of their respective territories into Great Britain

in their own ships : a subsequent act (26th Geo. III, chap. 69,) specifies the terms on which such ships may be *registered*.

In the 12th Charles II, our eastern possessions were confined to Bantam, Amboyna, and a few factories on the continent of India ; those in America were in their infancy, and peopled chiefly with men not well affected to the restoration of the monarchy ; yet still it was deemed but just to secure to them, in this act, the rights of fellow-subjects.

In the reign of William III, when the navigation act was amended, we had acquired from the crown of Portugal the island of Bombay, which was then, as it still is, held by the East India Company immediately of the crown, *as part of the manor of East Greenwich in the county of Kent*, on the payment of £10 per annum, in gold, which sum continues to be regularly so paid. Ships built at Bombay, therefore, are indisputably entitled by law to all the rights and privileges which attach to ships launched from the banks of the Thames, whether at East Greenwich in the county of Kent, or Blackwall in the county of Middlesex. But these rights are not confined to Bombay ; as all the provinces and islands since obtained in India, whether by cession or conquest, are included in the description of ‘ territories belonging to or in his Majesty’s possession.’ These were in fact expressly declared to be so, in the act of last session, which granted them to the East India Company for a limited time, (a twenty years lease,) to be held without prejudice to the undoubted sovereignty of the crown of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland ; and we think it will hardly be contended that the British born subjects resident in those territories were meant to be included in that lease, and turned over like the serfs on a Russian estate, or the live-stock on one of our farms. On the contrary, with these facts before us, we shall be borne out in asserting that the native inhabitants of those territories have thus become our fellow-subjects, acknowledging the same sovereign, protected and governed by the same parliament, and submitting to the same laws, except in those cases where parliament has thought it wise and just to leave them subject to their own actions, laws and customs. Those laws are administered in the principal settlements by British courts of justice, under judges appointed by the King ; the revenues of the country are applied to defray the charges of those courts, and the defence of the country, under the management of the East India Company and the controul of parliament for a limited time, when the surplus revenue, if any, will be accounted for with the British government.

It is not indeed denied that, under the navigation acts of Charles and William, India-built ships have the right of importing into this country the produce and manufactures of the country in which they were actually built ; but by an omission in the act of 26th Geo. III, chap.

chap. 69, which regulates the registry of ships, or rather we should say by a quibble in the interpretation of this act, they are debarred from the enjoyment of those privileges which were unquestionably intended to them in common with those granted to other foreign possessions of his Majesty. By this act it is provided that the governors and principal officers of his Majesty's revenues or customs, in places abroad, should register and grant the certificates of registry; but as the governors and principal officers of customs in India are under the East India Company and not officers of the crown, and therefore not described in the register act, such certificates have been withheld. To us, at least, this appears to be somewhat absurd. These governors *must* be approved by the king, and *may* be recalled by him; and the officers of the customs are remotely officers of the British revenue, the surplus revenues being applicable to the state after certain expenses have been discharged. These opinions are not merely ours, they are those of our ablest statesmen:—of the late Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville and Lord Dartmouth; the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Grenville.

Let us examine the grounds then on which the ship-builders or, which is nearly the same thing, the ship-owners, of the port of London, petition parliament, 'that in future East India-built ships may be prohibited by statute from being admitted to registry, and to the privileges of British-built ships.' We shall find them all set forth in the Resolutions of their committee of the 9th April, 1812.

In the first of these Resolutions it is stated, that while they contemplate the advantages which they expect to reap by a free intercourse with India, they look with the 'utmost alarm to the dangerous and destructive consequences from the great influx of East India-built ships.' From this dreadful shock it might be supposed that whole fleets of these 'black-ships' had been introduced into the general trade of the nation. Among the Returns laid before the House of Commons the last session, is one of all the ships built in India and admitted to registry from 1st January, 1794, to 5th April, 1813; from which it appears that the total number is 76, and the measurement 48,438 tons.

Of these ships

16 are now employed by the East India Company, trading with the country in which they were built,—their measurement . . . . .	} Tons.	12,928
94 have been taken, burnt, lost, or worn out . . . . .		
11 are now in India . . . . .		8,234
1 in his Majesty's service . . . . .		886
14 unaccounted for, being small ships, and supposed to have been sold in England . . . . .	} 5,952	
76 Ships . . . . .		48,438

It



It appears from this authentic document, that in a period of 19 years, the 'great influx of India-built ships' consists of 14, measuring 5952 tons; these and no more have been sold into the general trade of the country; and eleven only, or 8234 tons, remain in the hands of the owners, employed generally in the country trade in India, and sometimes bringing home cargoes the produce of that country, which they have a right to do under the most unfavourable construction that can be put on the navigation laws: yet building ships in India for sale in this country, is represented as a serious grievance to the Thames ship-builder!

From another return laid before the House of the number of ships, not Indiamen, launched in the Thames from the year 1770 to the end of 1812, it appears that the total number was 913, of which 848 were of less burthen than 350 tons each, and consequently under the size of those which, by the new charter, are permitted to bring cargoes from India. With these 848 therefore, India-built ships cannot be brought into competition; and their only interference with the Thames builders would be in the remaining 65 ships, which in 27 years is on an average 2 ships and  $\frac{1}{4}$  per year.

A third return consists of the ships launched in the river Thames for the service of the East India Company, from 1770 to 1812. From this return we collect the following statement:—that in 24 years previous to the period when complaint was first made of India-built ships being admitted to a registry, namely, from 1770 to 1793 inclusive, 132 ships were built, measuring 112,156 tons; and that in the 19 succeeding years (from 1794 to 1812 inclusive) 99 ships were launched, measuring 98,794 tons; the former period giving an average of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  ships, measuring 4672 tons a year; the latter  $5\frac{1}{4}$  ships, or 5194 tons a year. The conclusion to be drawn is obvious: that the clamour raised about the decrease of ship-building on the Thames is unfounded,—since it results from the above statement that although the decrease in number is *one-fourth* of a ship per year, there is an actual increase of tonnage equal to 522 tons a year, which arises from the Company employing a larger class of ships than formerly.

But we have yet a return to produce which the ship-builders on the Thames will contemplate perhaps with no peculiar pleasure. It is that made to the House of the number of prize-ships, with their tonnage, admitted to registry, and which were in existence and actually belonging to the British empire on the 30th of September in every year from 1792 to 1812. On the 30th of September, 1811, this number was 4,023 ships, measuring 536,240 tons; and on the 30th of September, 1812, 3,809 ships, measuring 513,044 tons. Now the smallest of these numbers exceeds four times the number of vessels built on the Thames for the merchant service,

service, (exclusive of Indiamen,) in a period of twenty-seven years, and is equal to the average building for a whole century. This is, indeed, an interference with the employment and profits of the British ship-builders. The fourteen India-built ships, of 5952 tons, brought into the general trade in nineteen years, and which have created such alarm, compared with these prize ships, dwindle into nothing. We might ask how it happens that all mention of them has been avoided in the 'Resolutions?' It was not quite convenient perhaps to bring forward the question of right of these prize-ships to registry, because it involved another question of policy, which affected the interests of our brave seamen, and which would be universally scouted. The committee chose rather, therefore, to direct their attack against an object not worth their notice—the fourteen ships in preference to the 4,000—though they could not be ignorant that the former were brought into the market by a few private traders, whose distant residence might not always allow them the opportunity of asserting their rights.

The third Resolution embraces matter of which a great part seems rather beyond the sphere of a ship-builder. It states,

'That the consequences of continuing to admit ships built in India, which are navigated by natives of that country, to a participation in this trade, will prove ruinous to the various classes of the people interested and employed in the building, repairing, and equipment of British-built ships; thus sacrificing great national interests and establishments to support one of dubious utility, and of unquestionable danger in the East Indies, where the most confident politician cannot be secure that at no distant period it will not be made a powerful engine of annoyance to the mother country, which so imprudently admitted its establishment and since has raised it to its present dangerous state.'

If there were really any grounds for apprehending that the India-built shipping would materially affect the general interests of the ship-builders, and the employment of British ships, we should be the last to recommend a measure of such pernicious tendency; but when we consider that there has been a demand for 500,000 tons of prize ships for the general commerce of the country, a supply which, on the return of peace, must wholly cease; that these prize ships are some old, others ill built, and all of them fast wearing out; and that the ships now employed as transports are pretty much in the same predicament, we greatly doubt whether the Thames builders will be able to supply the demand for ships below the tonnage permitted by the new charter to double the Cape of Good Hope. Above that tonnage, the fewer they construct the better. We have long been of opinion that the Directors of the East India Company would best consult the interests of their constituents, and, what is of more importance, the general interest of the

the nation, by engaging no other ships in their employ than those of teak built in India. Notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the Thames ship-building, we can venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the best of them fall short, both in materials and workmanship, of a Bombay-built ship. The builders of that place require no instruction from us, the giving of which is set down, ignorantly enough, as one of the measures of 'dubious policy.' On the coast of Malabar ship-building was known and practised ages before a ship was seen in the ports of this country; at a time when, to use the words of one of their anonymous advocates, 'our fighting ships were fly-boats, and our merchantmen cockle-shells; and when a mariner, who had the hardihood to venture out of sight of land, was deemed a hero of the first class.' Ten centuries ago we know, and ten centuries before that, we believe, that ships built on the Malabar coast not only navigated the Persian and Arabian gulphs, but proceeded as far as Canton, among the rocks and shoals, and subject to the tremendous typhons, of the China sea, so fatal to many of our Thames-built ships. We can also assure the British builders, that whatever improvements may have been made by means of the arts and sciences in Europe, they have not been neglected by the artificers of India. The native builders of Bombay may boast of having constructed ships which excel, not only in good and substantial workmanship and durability, but also in neatness, any that have yet been constructed in the ports of this kingdom.

It is almost needless to say that the teak timber is peculiarly adapted for ship-building; that its durability exceeds that of the best oak; that it requires little seasoning and never shrinks; that it does not splinter when struck with shot; that it bears exposure to the heat of the torrid zone, and to the cold of the frozen ocean, without injury; and is, therefore, perhaps the only timber in the world that can stand the changes of climate to which ships are subject when employed on long and distant voyages. But what renders it more peculiarly adapted for ship-building is its quality of preserving iron in consequence of its containing a considerable quantity of oil and no ligneous acid. Every body who has been in India knows this perfectly well. Yet the Thames builders attempt to set aside these well-known facts; they have discovered that iron bolts will rust in teak ships. We have seen some of those bolts so rusted, and the very manner in which they are corroded in regular channels through the whole length, makes it sufficiently obvious that they had originally been ill-driven, and that the corrosion was occasioned, not by the action of the wood upon the iron, but of the salt water which had insinuated itself along the whole length of the bolt.

We proceed to the proofs of the superiority of India-built ships over those launched on the Thames. The East India Company, before the renewal of their charter in 1793, had almost entirely confined themselves to the employment of ships built in the river; and it was then boasted that, in the memory of the oldest seaman, not one of their ships had been known to founder at sea. A melancholy change, however, has taken place in this respect. Within the present century (1800,) our recollection furnishes us with the following list of Thames-built ships that have actually foundered at sea without (excepting in one case) a single soul, out of at least 2,000 persons, being saved.

Name.	Built.	Tons.	Foundered.
True Briton . . . . .	1790 .	1200 .	1809
Earl Talbot . . . . .	1796 .	1200 .	1800
Ganges . . . . .	1797 .	1500 .	1807 crew saved.
Calcutta . . . . .	— .	800 .	1809
Jane, Duchess of Gordon	1804 .	800 .	1809
Bengal . . . . .	1799 .	800 .	1809
Lady Jane Dundas . . .	1800 .	800 .	1809
Experiment . . . . .	1802 .	500 .	1808
Lord Nelson . . . . .	1799 .	800 .	1808
Skelton Castle . . . . .	— .	600 .	1800
Ocean . . . . .	1802 .	1200 .	1810
Prince of Wales . . . .	1803 .	800 .	1805

We can venture to assert that, with one solitary exception, *there is no instance on record of a Bombay-built teak merchant-ship having foundered at sea*; and the ship which furnishes the exception struck on the second bar in the river of Canton when deeply laden, proceeded, without examination, on her voyage, and is supposed to have gone down.

If such weak and defective ships are constructed for commerce by the Thames builders, how much more unfit are their boasted establishments to build ships for the navy! We have already exhibited a few specimens of those mercantile men of war on home service: let us now see what figure they have made in the Indian seas. The Victorious\* and Arrogant† were sent to India in 1796. After undergoing expensive repairs, the Victorious, in 1802, was sent home as unfit for further service; she had fine weather until her arrival in the chops of the Channel, when a slight gale compelled her to bear up for Lisbon, where she was condemned. The Arrogant, in the same year, in her passage from the Malay islands to Bombay, was obliged, in the finest weather, to keep all her pumps constantly going; and being found, on survey, incapable of being

\* Built on the Thames.

† Built at Harwich.

repaired

repaired to make her sea-worthy, was reduced to a sheer hulk in Bombay harbour.

Two other new ships of the line, the *Sceptre*\* and *Albion*,† were sent to India in 1803. In three years both these ships were unfit for service. Though they never encountered bad weather, nor were ever engaged with the enemy, they were actually found, on survey, in so weak and leaky a state, that the admiral on the station was blamed for risking the lives of their crews on a passage home: having fine weather they arrived safely, and were paid off; their defects being such as to require from £30,000 to £40,000 to make them good.

The superior quality and abundance of the teak timber of India, and the naval establishments in that country, are available resources for keeping up our naval strength far too valuable to be held of ‘dubious utility.’ The supply which the forests of India yield, if not made use of in ship-building, must, like many other resources of India, be lost to the nation. It is rather too much, we think, that in the event (which the advocates of the Thames ship-builders seem rather complacently to contemplate) of India passing into the hands of our enemies, it should be recommended to us to leave, to whatever nation may gain possession of it, those advantages which we had neglected; whilst, with the composure of an Indian Brahmin, we witnessed an improvident consumption of our own oak, till we found ourselves without resources for continuing the contest, and in danger of falling from that pre-eminent station which alone can ensure the salvation of the empire.

At present, however, in spite of their forebodings of ‘unquestionable danger in the East Indies,’ we feel no alarm in that quarter; but, looking forward to another maritime war, it is by no means unlikely that the first blow may be struck in our most distant possessions. At any rate a fleet must be sent to India. If the dock-yards there should be suffered to go to decay, where are the damages of that fleet to be repaired? Will the *Sceptres* and the *Albions* and the *Arrogants* maintain our naval superiority in those seas, even with the help of Indian dock-yards? But these establishments cannot be kept up if native ship-builders be discouraged; and our navy will thus be deprived of those important advantages which it has hitherto enjoyed. Encouragement to artificers to enter into any new line or profession is the more necessary in India, in consequence of the prejudices of the natives, who consider it as a general, though not an indispensable rule, that the son should follow the profession of the father.

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\* Built on the Thames by Dudman, 1803.

† Built on the Thames by Perry and Co. in 1802.

In a commercial point of view, the advantages of admitting teak ships to a registry are obvious. They are allowed, even by the Thames builders, to be strong and durable, and being so, it must also be allowed that the lives of seamen are more secure in them than in ships more liable to decay, and that they are best fitted for the conveyance of valuable merchandize on long voyages. At present we enjoy nearly the commerce of the whole world; but the time is at hand when we must engage in competition with foreign nations. Such ships, therefore, will then be forced into the trade of our rivals, if excluded from our own, and will thus give to them a decided advantage over us in a point of the first consequence to our success.

It is impossible to say what events are hatching in the womb of time, or what may be the future destiny of India; but if any just apprehension could be entertained of a separation from this country, it ought to operate as an additional motive for us to take advantage of the possession we now have, and to apply its resources to our ultimate benefit, by making use of its valuable timber at a time when we have little of our own; and by thus supplying ourselves with durable ships for the use of war and commerce, husband our domestic resources against a time of need.

The naval department, convinced of the policy of such a measure, and that the 'utility' is not 'dubious,' is very properly availing itself of the supplies which the coast of Malabar affords for adding to the naval strength of the kingdom. Against this measure also the Thames builders are raising an indirect clamour. A brief sketch of India ship-building may enable us to judge of the extent of the 'interference' which has called it forth.

The merchant-ships that have been built at Bombay in the last thirty years amount to about thirty, or, on an average, one a year; and, let the demand be ever so great for merchant-ships, it has not the means, nor the conveniences for constructing more than two ships a year, there being only two building slips; and it is doubtful whether more could be provided without an enormous expense. The dry docks are the great object in this port, but they are reserved for the purpose of repairing Indiamen, or building and repairing ships for the navy. The quantity of merchant-ships, therefore, which Bombay could furnish, can scarcely justify so great an outcry, though the quality of them may, in some measure; as not one built within the last thirty years is yet worn out, or likely to be so for as many years to come. The builders are natives of India, and servants of the East India Company, from whom they receive a regular but small stipend for superintending the building and repairs of the King's and Company's ships, and also a compensation from individuals for the building  
and

and repairs of their ships. All these works are carried on within the Company's dock-yards. For permission to build private ships the proprietors pay to the Company ten rupees or 25s. per ton; the workmen are hired, paid, and victualled by the proprietors at certain rates per day (subject to be called off, whenever required, for building or repairing the King's or Company's ships). The quantity of work performed by an Indian shipwright is not one-fourth of what an English shipwright can do, but it is carefully and skilfully done, under the inspection of the master builders, and their assistants. The timber and all other materials are also provided by the owner, who takes care that the first be of sufficient scantling and fit for the purposes to which it is applied, and that the ship be well constructed throughout before she is launched.

In Bengal the system is different. On the river Hoogly, as on the Thames, building yards have been constructed by individuals, where ships are built on contract or for sale, and teak of an inferior quality and other kinds of timber less durable are introduced. These ships, though excellent, are, of course, not held in such estimation as the Bombay-built ships.

If the same precautions were observed in the construction of Thames-built ships, we should no longer hear such complaints against them. There was a time when these ships were held in estimation; but the builders were then regularly brought up to the business, resided in their building yards, superintended the work themselves, and took care to have a certain stock of timber on hand. Content with moderate gains, and emulous of acquiring and preserving an estimable character, they inspected minutely every part of the machine. Many of them gradually accumulated wealth; and their success stimulated others of larger capital, but unacquainted with the business, to embark in these concerns. The wealth, power, and influence of these new men have driven the old builders out of the market. The building of a ship is now done by task and job; the superintendence of the work is left to the hired builder; who, being interested only so far as to get the ship out of hand, follows the example of his employer, and indulges in ease and relaxation. The same principle extends downwards to the youngest apprentice; the workmanship is slovenly performed, and the ship is shaken to pieces or founders in the first hard gale of wind. But the materials are generally as bad as the workmanship. They contract to build ships while the timber is still growing in the forest. We verily believe that when the ten 74-gun ships were contracted for in 1805, there was not sufficient timber in the whole of the private yards to complete a single ship.

Apprehensions are expressed by the builders that the admission of India-built ships will occasion the emigration of our shipwrights

to foreign countries. This would indeed be 'ruinous;' but we have shewn that their interference has yet had no such effect—what it may have will probably depend on themselves: let their ships be built with proper care, and increased employment will be found for this valuable class of men; nor would the builders themselves suffer by a judicious application of this additional labour, as the value of their ships would be greatly enhanced: let them also be contented with prices less than those of which the extravagance is said to have driven the East India Company and the merchants of London to build ships at the out-ports of the kingdom.

After all, this dreaded emigration of shipwrights is a bug-bear. It appears from 'the Report of the Committee on the Apprentices Laws,' presented to the House of Commons the 5th of May, 1813, that a great number of the artificers employed in the Thames' yards are *not* shipwrights, or such as have served an apprenticeship to that trade. The modern builder, it seems, prefers taking men who can handle an axe, an adze, or an augre, whether millwright, wheelwright, house-carpenter, or joiner, on the pressure of the moment, to bringing up regular apprentices to the trade; so that there may be some truth in the assertion of the builders that there are not now one-half the apprentices which there used to be formerly. These auxiliary workmen being the least useful, will, of course, be the first discharged; but it will not by any means follow that such discharge will occasion the emigration of either description: the real shipwright will have more employ and encouragement, and the discharged artificers will revert to those branches of carpentry in which they were originally brought up. And to what country, we would ask the Thames builders, will they emigrate? Not to America, for there they have more shipwrights than can find employment; not to France, because there they have already twice the number of ships they can man.

On the whole, we are confident that a recurrence to the old system would afford far greater relief and encouragement to the real shipwright than any arbitrary exclusion of a few 'black ships' from those rights to which they are unquestionably entitled. It is satisfactory however to learn, from the document we allude to, that in times of emergency the aid of various descriptions of carpenters can at once be brought into action with effect, and that every man who can handle a tool may be employed under the superintendence of those more immediately acquainted with ship-building. This is not the case in India; ages would there be required to restore a ruined establishment.

The next Resolution objects to the India-built ships on the ground of their being exempt from contributions to the revenue to which British-built ships are subject. This is surely a gratuitous



assertion. The timber and petty stores used in ship-building are subject to customs or duties in India in *addition* to those to which the builders in this country are subject. On the articles sent from this country, which include nearly all the necessaries for ship-building, the same duties are paid as by the Thames builders; added to which, the India builders have to pay the customs outward imposed on them by parliament, and the customs on importation into India, besides the freight, insurance, damage, &c. We cannot therefore but think the advocate of the Thames builders somewhat injudicious in adverting to the subject of their exclusive and 'large contributions to the revenue.'

One of the most ingenious of these advocates, who signs himself 'Alfred,' has endeavoured to create an alarm among the 'numerous classes of the king's subjects whose trades are dependent on the equipment and employment of British-built shipping.' Mines, manufactures, colonies, agriculture, are all piled together with their several dependencies in a kind of structure resembling 'the House that Jack built,' beginning with the ship-builder 'all forlorn,' and proceeding, by a beautiful gradation, from the grower of oak timber to the vender of birch-brooms, from the anchorsmith to the pinmaker, and from the Baltic merchant to the retailer of old rope and oakum, all marshalled in aid of the ship-builder, 'who derives his knowledge from the arts and sciences!' It happens, however, unfortunately that, with the exception of timber, brooms, tallow, and candlewicks, the whole of the articles thus laboriously brought together, are sent out from this country (mostly in a manufactured state) for the use of the ship-builders of India; and generally in Thames-built ships. But such is the inconsistency of men who seek to make 'the worse appear the better reason,' that another of these advocates adduces the loss of the Java frigate, (which had on board the materials for fastening the Wellesley,) as an instance of the impropriety of building ships in India, from the liability to accident of those articles which are indispensably necessary in their construction, and which *must* be sent from Europe!

A third attempts to raise an alarm by telling us that India produces in abundance iron, copper, steel, lead, tin, and tar, cheap and excellent hemp, beef and pork, &c. It is certainly true that, in the interior, iron is made, but of so bad a quality as to be unfit for a hinge, much more for the bolts and fastenings of a ship. The East India Company send out annually many thousand tons of iron, and have this year exported upwards of 4,000 tons, in addition to what is carried out by individuals. It is also true that they make steel, but in small quantities, and at a most exorbitant price: we are not aware that this article is much used in ship-building. It is not true, however, that copper is the produce of India. A supply of it

it is occasionally received from the mines of Diabeker, but the Indians have no means of converting it to the purposes of ship-building, for which the whole consumption is sent out from England in a manufactured state. Neither is it true that they possess either lead or tar. Tin is the produce of the Malay islands; but in whatever shape it is used in India it comes in that shape from England. Hemp indeed they have; and plenty of beef and pork, neither of which, however, they have yet been able to cure so as to keep at sea. Could this be done, we may be permitted to doubt whether the ship-owners and ship-builders of the Thames would be proof against the advantages of laying in their beef and pork in India, instead of lumbering their ships (as they now do) with these articles, not only for the homeward-bound voyage, but also to sell there for the use of India-built ships bound for Europe.

The fifth Resolution asserts that the employment of India-built ships will annihilate the principal market for British timber, discourage its cultivation, and render the supply of his Majesty's navy more precarious. This resolution involves a strange contradiction, on their own premises. The more timber there is consumed in building short-lived ships in the Thames, the sooner will the stock be annihilated, and, by the extravagant prices occasioned by scarcity, the more will the cultivation of it be encouraged; and on the contrary, the less timber there is consumed in the construction of merchant ships, the more will remain for the use of the navy.

The species of timber used for large Indiamen, is precisely that which, if left to grow some forty or fifty years longer, would be fit for line-of-battle ships; and therefore the surest step for preventing a supply of timber for his Majesty's navy becoming 'precarious,' would be that of restricting the building of large Indiamen in England, and resorting to our Indian territories, for as many of them as the limited means of that country will furnish. If, as the Thames builders assert, there is abundance of good native oak, which does not meet with a ready sale, the cheapness of it must give them so decided an advantage, as to drive India-built ships from all competition with theirs; if, on the other hand, there is a scarcity, with what justice can they object to a supply of shipping from our own territories, where it may be had in great abundance and of the first quality?

If there be no scarcity now, there certainly was none in 1805, when the state of the navy made it necessary to contract with the merchants for ten sail of the line. Since that time the consumption of oak timber has been prodigious; we may safely venture to state it at three million loads, (we believe it to be nearer six;) yet these very persons, before any part of this enormous consumption

took place, on the ground of an alleged scarcity, advanced the price of building from £24 10s.\* to £36 per ton, being a rise of £47 per cent. or £20,700 on every 74-gun ship of the ordinary size. As tradesmen they may, for aught we know to the contrary, claim the right of taking advantage of the state of the market; but, having made a good bargain with the public, it is not very decorous to turn short round on their customers and tell them, after completing no less than forty-two sail of the line at the advanced price, that the idea of a scarcity is ridiculous, and that the introduction of fourteen India-built ships into the general commerce of the country in the course of nineteen years, is likely to ‘annihilate the principal market for British timber.’

The advocates for the Thames builders adduce neither proof nor argument against the alleged scarcity of oak timber. What however they seem to consider as equivalent to both, is a statement of the secretary of the admiralty, in the House of Commons, of there being three years consumption of oak timber in the dock-yards:—just before, the member for Westminster had asserted that in one of the principal of them there was not enough to build a 74-gun ship. We mean not to question the correctness of either of these statements,—there may be as *many loads* of all kinds of timber as are required for three years consumption, but not as much of that particular kind as would complete a single line-of-battle ship, without having recourse to the expedients mentioned in a former article (to make small timber available where large was once considered indispensable.) But these advocates either do not or will not understand the difference between the consumption of the *dock yards* and the consumption of the *navy*,—the former having, of late years, been only about one half of the latter.

The sixth and last Resolution seems to have very little connection with the subject of ship-building. It is, in fact, a sop thrown out to those directors of the East India Company who are affected with the dread of colonization. The admission of a few black ships will ‘*estrangle* (they say) the affections of the parties engaged in it from the mother-country, make India the commencement and termination of their voyages, and render more equivocal and precarious the continuance of British influence and British power in that quarter of the globe;’—how it will produce these effects they do not condescend to tell us. Whether the ship of a merchant in India be English or India-built, her voyage will naturally commence where the owner resides; if in India, she returns there, and the owner, being on the spot, is better able to form a judgment of what will answer for the return voyage, than an owner residing in England,

\* The *Victorious* was contracted for at 24l. 10s. in December, 1803;—a little more than twelve months afterwards, ten ships of the line were contracted for at 36l. per ton.

who would look entirely to the merchandize required for the homeward voyage. The merchant in this country has the advantage of knowing what produce of India is most likely to be profitable for him to import, whilst the merchant in India has a similar advantage in the return cargo. The nation has therefore an equal interest in both—one is calculated to supply the wants, the other to take off the surplus of the United Kingdom.

With all the difficulties which have hitherto opposed the remittances of fortunes made in India, we do not find that the affections of the parties engaged in the Indian trade have been 'estranged from the mother-country.' However unwilling men may be to leave the place where the bulk of their property is situated, the natives of Great Britain ultimately return to the country where they first drew breath.

In conclusion, it is paying an ill compliment to the good sense of the nation to hold forth, as the shipping interest pretend to do, 'the advantages likely to ensue from a free intercourse with the countries to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope,' and, in the same breath, to apply to the legislature to impose restraints and arbitrary laws on a class of His Majesty's subjects entitled by their birth-right to the same privileges as themselves, and without whom the 'advantages to be derived from a free trade' would be confined to a few London merchants, ship-builders, and ship-owners, frequently united in the same persons. Whether we view the subject as a matter of right or of expediency, we cannot but conceive that the builders and owners of India-built ships have a just and legal claim to participate in the commerce of the United Kingdom—a claim which, instead of being narrowed, ought, by all possible means, to be encouraged and enlarged, on the ground of carrying on a valuable branch of commerce in the best ships that are procurable, and thus giving to the British merchant an advantage over rival nations, into whose hands those ships and that commerce must otherwise inevitably fall.

**ART. X.**—*Dépêches et Lettres interceptées, &c. Copies of the Original Letters and Dispatches of the Generals, Ministers, Grand Officers of State, &c. at Paris, to the Emperor Napoleon, at Dresden; intercepted by the advanced Troops of the Allies in the North of Germany.* 8vo. pp. 382. London. 1814.

**THIS** publication has, we must confess, disappointed us. We had understood that many public and private communications of great importance and interest had been intercepted in their way to and from the French head-quarters, by the light troops of the allies,

and we had been taught to expect that the volume now under observation would contain some of these valuable documents. The editor, who is, we believe, one of the suite of the Crown Prince of Sweden, appears by his preface to think that he has fulfilled this expectation. We cannot be of this opinion—there is, we admit, some curious and some entertaining matter in the collection, but nothing that is very important, and not much that we might not, without any great degree of sagacity, have anticipated.

It is stated, indeed, that the majority of these papers were found on a single courier, and it is not surprising, that considering the circumstances of the times, no very important matter should have been entrusted to such a conveyance; yet we cannot help suspecting that something more valuable must have been obtained by the interception of any single courier than is here published, especially when we observe that the editor confesses he has suppressed much of the correspondence; and that these ‘papers have been selected from a great quantity of others *less interesting*.’

Now really we cannot well conceive what can have been thrown aside as *uninteresting*, when we look at the majority of pieces that compose this volume. We observe too, that almost all the private letters are mere extracts, and that almost all these extracts are without the slightest public interest; we do not therefore quite understand how the intelligent author of the preface, which is otherwise very well drawn up, could assert that ‘the harvest’ of the interception ‘was rich,’ and that he thinks ‘he does not go too far in affirming, that these pieces form a *tolerably complete* picture of the present state of France, and of the countries subject to her system of government at the period they were written.’

This sentence indeed, and the whole tone of the preface, induce us to believe that the author had, when he wrote it, a much larger and more important publication in view; he had prepared the canvass of a much more magnificent picture than he was afterwards permitted to paint, or to use another metaphor, the vestibule in which he first receives his reader, was planned for a greater edifice than he had afterwards will or power to erect.

The collection, as it now appears, is divided into several heads. 1st. The papers which relate to the Napoleon family and the greater affairs of state. 2. Diplomacy. 3. Military service. 4. The ministry of the interior and finances. 5. Extracts from private letters; and lastly, the Reports of the Police.

In the first section we find a blustering public dispatch, and a whining private note of his late Royal Majesty Jerome Napoleon, descriptive of his situation, at that luckless time when General Chernicheff and his Cossacks penetrated into the *kingdom* of Westphalia, and drove Jerome from his capital: these letters are not worth

worth much—they corroborate indeed what was before well known, the extraordinary activity and enterprize of the allied light troops, the miserable confusion of the French partizans in Germany, and the absolute nullity of character of poor Jerome. Amidst the mingled emotions, the hopes and the horrors excited by the Saxon campaign, we are not much inclined to derive entertainment from events merely ludicrous, but we cannot help being amused at the impotent activity which Jerome ascribes to his regiment of French hussars, which conducted itself with great valour, but of which his Majesty was so unlucky as to lose the greatest part, because ‘malheureusement, n’ayant pas l’habitude du cheval,’ they tumbled off when they attempted to charge the enemy.

Some letters from Madame Murat to her husband are creditable to her good sense and to her conjugal feelings—she takes a great deal of trouble to furnish his Neapolitan Majesty with a pair of felt boots, which will, she assures him, be ‘commode pour la voiture?’ nor is her Majesty less attentive to the comforts of her august brother: she begs her husband to present him ‘her respects and a box of refined liquorice.’ She is a little disturbed at the ‘affair’ of General Vandamme; but she consoles herself with a consideration (which probably did not long continue to console her) that ‘the Emperor knows how to repair all, and that nothing can resist him.’ We fear, however, that neither these sweet words nor the box of refined liquorice restored that affectionate cordiality between the brother and sister which we had heard had been before interrupted.

We shall select a passage, as it does credit to the tender feelings of this illustrious lady. She went, it seems, a-boating in the bay of Naples, and was so sea-sick, that but for the assistance of the minister of finance (M. de Mosbourg) ‘she verily believes she should have died.’ One death however the occasion produced—

‘Poor Monchelet fell a sacrifice to it; for, seeing me so weak, and having been able to find neither horses nor carriage, he determined to mount the hill a-foot, in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain, to procure me some broth, of which I stood greatly in need. Here the poor fellow got a defluxion of the chest, followed by a putrid malignant fever, and, in short, was carried off by it in two days, before one knew, as it were, that he was ill. This has agitated me; he had been so long attached to our service, and was so distinguished for his zeal and fidelity, that I could not preserve myself from a *certain* impression of melancholy.’—p. 30, 31.

Kind-hearted lady! for this old and attached friend, who perishes in consequence of his personal attentions to her—elle ne peut se défendre d’une *certaine* impression de tristesse. Who would not die for such a mistress?

Her Majesty gives us, in a confidential postscript, a little insight

into the manufacture of French victories, and the composition of official bulletins; she complains that one of his Majesty's couriers kept back her letters one night, 'which produced the worst consequences,' because

'For instance, Julian wrote that they had taken so many colours, so many pieces of cannon, so many prisoners, and he did not make them amount to the *quarter* part of what you told me; so that, next day, when they read the *Moniteur*, they falsified, by Julian's letters, what I had caused to be inserted in it according to yours. This has a bad effect, and destroys confidence. If these gentlemen choose to announce victories, let them—nothing better—but let them not give the details; let them not specify numbers, either for more or less, so as to contradict those I receive from you. Look to this.'—p. 32, 33.

We beseech our readers to observe that Julian's rhodomontade—colours, cannon, prisoners—is censured only because it did not amount to one-fourth of the modest report of his Majesty the King of Naples!

The minister of finance, who had been found so useful at the awful moment of her Majesty's qualms at sea, next addresses the king:—the king, it seems, was displeased with M. de Mosbourg for suffering three emigrant Neapolitan families to return from Sicily. M. de Mosbourg defends himself at great length, and with the vilest adulation; but we have nothing to do with his intrigue, we only advert to his letter for the account which (flatterer as he is) he cannot help rendering to his angry master of the state of the Neapolitan public mind.

'Just about this time the public opinion appeared to have taken a formidable direction. Your departure had been the signal of alarm to all the friends of government, and of hope to its enemies.

'Affairs are somewhat changed since. The news of the victories obtained by the grand army—the splendour of your personal exploits, which swell the pride of the Neapolitans—some vague hope of peace;—all this seems to have revived and set right the public opinion. But we must not be deceived: your Majesty knows your subjects: the impressions to which they abandon themselves are equally lively and transient. They are easily raised to a pitch of enthusiasm, and as easily depressed. Your presence inspires them with so much confidence, that your Majesty, when in your own kingdom, may depend upon them under all circumstances; your absence discourages them to such a degree, that they dare not even depend upon themselves. You must therefore expect, that, if any change takes place on the theatre of war, your Majesty's kingdom will experience it, as well as the rest of Italy. A great number of good people would remain faithful to you; but they would be so, possibly, with less energy, finding themselves deprived of the support which constitutes their strength. The ill-intentioned would, on the contrary, be full of presumption.

'What

‘What I was just now saying to your Majesty, of the rapidity with which the opinions and dispositions of the people in this place are frequently changed from one point to another, is illustrated by what has this instant happened. Only a few days since, the greatest enthusiasm was excited by the news of the 26th and 27th: people manifested the most cheerful hopes, and all were eager to rally round the government. But less favourable intelligence having transpired, it is received with just as much eagerness as the former; it is exaggerated; factious discourses abound; the ill-intentioned display a degree of assurance; those who are well disposed alarm themselves, and are silent; and, as is always the case, the mob follows those who talk loudest. We flatter ourselves that new advantages will soon occur to alter this unfortunate direction which men’s minds have taken, but which is not yet sufficiently marked for any but attentive observers to perceive it.’—pp. 45—47.

Observations of this nature, considering the quarters whence they come, and to which they are addressed, are surely of considerable importance with reference to the re-establishment of the monarchy.

Next comes ‘Son Altesse Sérénissime Monseigneur l’Archichancelier de l’Empire,’ whose communications to His Imperial and Royal Majesty are the most trumpery productions of the whole collection: he is the veriest cipher of that collection of automata whom Buonaparte calls Ministers, and which is presided over by—a person who appears *as null*, to borrow a French phrase, as the most null of the ministers,—the Empress Queen Regent; as the following extracts will testify.

‘Your Majesty’s Ministers were assembled to-day in the palace of St. Cloud, in presence of Her Majesty the Empress Queen Regent.

‘This sitting has presented nothing very remarkable. I shall render to your Majesty a summary account of the most essential reports.

‘It is become necessary to fill several places of mayors and their deputies, which have become vacant within these few months. The Minister of the Interior submits a list of candidates. The order of service not having determined whether the nominations should be made by the Regent, we have thought that it would be proper to *reserve for your Majesty* the disposition of the mayoralty of the great towns and, by way of exception, of some of the smaller places; Versailles, for instance, as being an imperial residence; and Liege, which in so many respects may be considered as a place of importance.

‘A Bishop, *in partibus*, is dying of hunger at Rome. He is 84 years old. The local authorities demand assistance for him, and the Minister of Religion proposes to grant him a pension of 1200 francs. This proposition is infinitely indulgent: *but, as it is a question of disposition of funds, the report will be comprised in our dispatches.*

‘Count Mollien has presented a project for the application of the sum now to be distributed, which amounts to about 69,000 francs. This disposition being a *matter of right* the project of the decree will be presented to Her Majesty the Empress for signature.

‘W.



'We have reserved for your Majesty a report of the Minister of Finance, relative to the demand of General Meynier, tending to procure him the remittance of a sum of 32,000 francs, for which he is accountable for the price of a house re-sold on his being unable to make good the sum he had bid for it.'—p. 53 to 55.

We shall add, as a curiosity, the formula in which His Serene Highness concludes his letters to his former friend and colleague, as it is of course the most approved model for polite letter writers in France.

'Je suis, avec le plus profond respect,

Sire,

De Votre Majesté Impériale et Royale,

Le très-obéissant, très-dévoué et très-fidèle  
sujet et serviteur,

L'Archi-Chancelier de l'Empire,

CAMBACERES.

The section of this publication which relates to 'la Diplomatie,' is miserably barren. Here we strongly suspect that the worthy editor has thought it prudent to make large suppressions, and we cannot but lament, as a very serious loss, the papers which might have opened to us so curious a picture, such a scene of hope and fear, dissimulation and intrigue, as the courts of Buonaparte's tributary princes must at that eventful crisis have exhibited; we should have been curious to see how many shapes of servility hatred could take, in how many court-suits of gratitude and devotion the hope and spirit of vengeance could disguise itself. But we see nothing of this, the section is all a blank; except one or two passages of no great value, indeed, by which it appears that the poor Poles, who had been so unfortunate as to trust to Buonaparte and to follow his fortunes, had been abandoned by their magnanimous protector to absolute indigence. It appears, also, that the Spanish traitors, who had pursued (with far less excusable motives than the Poles) the same course, have been equally deserted.

'Dépourvus,' say the Poles, 'de santé et de tout moyen, il nous est bien pénible de nous adresser à votre Excellence dans ce besoin urgent.' The great favour which these poor people ask, is the receipt of certain small pensions 'très-gracieusement accordées' but very tardily paid.

'Nous sommes tous,' say the Spaniards, 'dans la plus grande misère.' We cannot pity them; and we own we should not have been pleased to find them made an exception to that law of nature, as we may venture to call it, which condemns traitors to the neglect, suspicion, and scorn even of those for whose sake their treason was committed.

The dispatches relative to the military service are equally unimportant.

portant. We have details, indeed, of the difficulty of obtaining men, and means of transport; but they are of no value. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that among the deficiencies of the levy of the Imperial Guards, in the arm of the *Chasseurs* alone, one of 1555 men is stated, because *several of the departments did not contain individuals of the requisite height and age*. The levy for all France was to be only of 12,000: the qualities necessary for a *Chasseur* are not very rare: to what a condition must the population of that country be reduced when one-eighth of such a levy fails '*faute de sujets ayant les qualités requises* !'

The section relative to the ministry of the interior is occupied with a very tedious history of a simple, though in one view, curious fact.

'The city of Cherbourg, enriched by your bounties, called to a high destiny through the works ordered by your Majesty, comes to implore a favour which would crown all those she has already received : she is ambitious of bearing the name of her sovereign.

'The Municipal Council, in declaring this wish, has, at the same time, expressed the desire of being permitted to convey it to your Majesty in the midst of your camps.

'I take the liberty of laying before your Majesty the deliberations of the Municipal Council, and of beseeching your Majesty to make known to me your commands. May I flatter the city of Cherbourg with the hope of seeing its wish fulfilled? May I venture to authorize the departure of its deputation?'—pp. 177, 178.

So writes the minister of the interior.

Then follow the copies from the registers of the proceedings of the Mayor's court; the ballot for the deputation; the vote of money to defray the expenses; in short a minute history, even down to *francs* and *centimes*, of the whole transaction.

We shall select two or three sentences from the address of these worthy citizens to their august master.

'It was in the midst of camps and in the tumult of arms that your Majesty conceived the sublime idea of causing a great military port to be excavated in the rock of Cherbourg.'

'More than a century ago a glorious but unfortunate event had impressed the necessity of having on the waters of the channel a port and a roadstead capable of sheltering the most numerous fleets: but the project was too bold not to fail under the weakness of the last dynasty; it required a soul accustomed to triumph over every obstacle to dare to undertake the subjugation of Nature herself, and to open gulphs where she had elevated mountains.'

'Deign, Sire, not to despise it, and give to your city of Cherbourg a new pledge of the paternal affection with which you honour it, by permitting that, from the name of its creator, the city and port which  
you

you have founded may bear henceforth the name of *Napoleonbourg*.—pp. 181, 182.

The monstrous impudence of these assertions almost confounds us. The weakness of the last dynasty! Napoleon the creator of Cherbourg! It is well known to all who have ever heard of Cherbourg, that the plan, and, to a formidable degree, the execution of that plan, belonged to the old dynasty. Napoleon has added nothing to the idea, and less to the execution than twenty years would probably have produced in any other reign.

What then, our readers will ask, can have induced the inhabitants of Cherbourg *voluntarily* and *gratuitously* to approach Buonaparte with such base falsehoods? One of the intercepted private letters from M. Chaulienque to M. Le Comte Roederer (page 305) clears up the mystery. The *voluntary* and *unprompted* loyalty of the good city of Cherbourg required it seems to be quickened by an *invitation* from the minister of interior! in other words, the whole was an arranged piece of mummery in which the puppets of Cherbourg were forced to play the part which the police was pleased to assign to them; and this, we dare say, is the true history of all the addresses under which, for the last six months, the French press no less than the French people has groaned.

The department of Finance affords us but one letter,—it is the confidential report of the stock exchange to the Emperor; and it will seem to those who may have heard of certain late transactions in London, a strange coincidence that the channel of Buonaparte's stock-jobbing report should be one *Berenger*. Berenger however on the 29th September congratulates his master that 'the depreciation had at last stopped, (p. 183) and that the 5 per cents. which had gone down *as far* as 63, were beginning to rise.' We should like to know with what face Berenger reported to his imperial employer, that the 5 per cents. were sold (to the sound of the cannon that thundered his victories of Craon over Paris) at 49½.

We have already observed \* upon the organised system of fraud and public deceit upon which, we hesitate not to repeat it, the throne of Buonaparte is built; we had before a perfect view of the system in its external appearance—we have now some of the details of the interior. The present government of France is the true reign of terror; on one side the base fawning or the sullen caution of the suspected; on the other the contemptuous protection, or the jealous vigilance of the suspicious. There is no trust in any man; no confidence any where: there is what the logicians might call a *sortes* of 'espionage.' The Empress Regent is watched by the Minister of Police, and the Minister himself by some still meaner agent, and

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\* No. XI, Art. XIV. No. X, Art. VIII.

the latter again (for infinite are the degrees of baseness) by some more wretched and more confidential reptile; but all these reports are equally addressed to the despot himself, who alone sees the net that he has spread round them all, and can measure the links of that chain which binds together because it enslaves his empire.

He is the sun of the system of 'espionage;' all his tributary planets roll unerringly around him, occasionally eclipsing, but always balancing each other, and each, in its own little sphere, attended by obscure satellites which betray its position and its phases; or to use a more appropriate illustration,—France is a practical exemplification of Mr. Jeremy Bentham's pantoptical prison, in which the jailer (the most unhappy wretch of all) sits in the center of his transparent dominion, and sees to the utmost recesses of its crimes and its filthiness, all the proceedings of his aggregation of slaves. The poets give us a terrible idea of eternal *solitude*; but eternal solitude is paradise to *society* under such everlasting inspection. The pantopticon would soon become Bedlam, the keeper going mad first; and France herself could not have borne such a discipline, no, not for a week, if she had not been previously reduced to the lowest ebb of existence by the purging and bleeding of twenty years of revolution and war.

It is curious to find addressed to M. Le Baron Fain, 'Secrétaire intime of H. M. the Emperor and King,' such loose gossip with regard to 'H. M. the Empress and Queen,' as the following.

'Report of Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1813.

*Supposed chagrin of Her Majesty.*—A report prevailed this morning that Her Majesty, the Empress Queen and Regent, had received no persons at St. Cloud; and as it was not added that Her Majesty was any way indisposed, the cause assigned was, that Her Majesty had received some unpleasant news from the army.

*Journey of Her Majesty the Empress.*—It is said that Her Majesty has a journey in immediate contemplation; and the prevalent report is, that it is Antwerp which Her Majesty designs to honour with her august presence. Some persons, who pretend to know, say it is Mentz.'—p. 343.

It is evident that there was a *daily* report of this sort of stuff from the fellow, whoever he was, appointed by the Great Napoleon to watch the daughter of Austria, who, nevertheless, was so far removed from her circle as to doubt whether she was proceeding to the Scheldt or the Rhine, to Antwerp or Mentz!

His august brother Don Joseph Napoleon, King of Spain and of both the Indies, who lives at a little villa called Morfontaine, is, in spite of his total seclusion and aversion from public affairs, an object of 'espionage'—so keen is the appetite of suspicion.

The Minister of Police is the affectionate channel through which  
Buonaparte

Buonaparte receives news of his family; but what precisely the Police Minister says of Don Joseph we cannot discover, because it was necessary to write it in cypher: but how plain does not this cypher speak—that the Minister of Police has observed something in the King of Spain which he does not venture to communicate in the common mode to his Majesty's imperial brother!

M. Le Senateur Comte Roederer, in a private letter to M. Le Comte Dumas, tells him that he had passed two days at Morfontaine, (or as this great scholar chuses to call it, *Mortefontaine*,) and he gives a shrewd hint that poor Don Joseph knows that he is in 'surveillance.'

'The King maintains himself strictly incognito from all the world, and receives neither ministers, nor senators, nor counsellors of state, nor military men; in short, nobody. You must perceive that his present situation, and the Emperor's absence, render this conduct, in some sort, necessary.'

Since the happy days, however, in which Roederer describes Joseph as '*s'accommodant de la vie privée de Mortefontaine*,' it has suited Buonaparte's purposes to drag the puppet from his retirement, and turn him into a reviewing general, a kind of chief of the staff of the new levies that defile through Paris. It is a picture ridiculous and yet not unaffecting to see this poor man—who has been an attorney, a commissary, a deputy to the assembly, a senator, a prince, a king of Naples, a king of Spain, and finally a country-gentleman buried in the deepest retirement,—hurried to the '*place du Carousel*,' to perform the odious duties of a superintendant of the conscription.

A few instances more of the system of 'espionage.'

Every person who enters or departs from Paris is reported to the Emperor, and often by name.

'PARIS, 29 Sept.—Arrived - - - - 8 trades-people.

Departed - - - - Major Lachaux, to Vesoul.

M. Villeneuve, to Château-dun.

31 Country-gentlemen, public officers, trades-people and couriers.'

A letter picked up in a hackney coach is transmitted for the perusal of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Great—

'*Holland. Libel.*—A Commissary of Police at the Hague picked up in a public coach a paper, which seems to have been dropped out of the pocket of a passenger who was there before him.

'It was a Dutch libel, containing good wishes for the enemy, and abuse of France.

'This coach had conveyed some conscripts, and some guards of the company of reserve.

' Search

'Search is making to discover which among them dropped this paper.'—p. 253.

A pedlar sells a caricature—more matter for the imperial ear.

'*Jura ; Pedlar, Picture of the Pope.*—A pedlar travelling through the canton of Arinthoz, Arrondissement de St. Claude, has been selling a picture of the Pope, represented with his hands chained.

'He had left this canton before the gendarmerie was informed of it.

'It appears that the local authorities took no steps against him. He is sought after.'—p. 255.

A poor writing-master at one of the parish schools hangs himself; the emperor must be made acquainted with it.

'The Sieur L'Enfant, aged 20, writing-master at the Napoleon Lyceum, who lodged at No. 25, *Cour de Commerce*, hung himself in the parlour of his apartments. This young man was of a gloomy disposition.'

We are however obliged to the police for one anecdote which it has intercepted;—the subject is Mademoiselle Bertin, long the most famous milliner in Europe; who, having adorned and turned the heads of all the fine ladies in France, lost her own and her life in a singular, and we think, an affecting manner.

'On the third Sunday of the fetes at St. Cloud, she made one among the immense multitude of spectators assembled to behold the Empress. *Certain* recollections crowded upon her memory, and her lively emotion bathed her cheeks in tears. Her head became giddy and heated with visions. She was brought back to her house, where she was seized with a violent fever. In her delirium, she incessantly repeated, "I have seen the *Queen* again—I have seen my benefactress once again. Nothing remains for me now but to die." On Thursday she gave up her last breath. Her name, which was for a long time associated with the ridiculous, will be rendered honourable by gratitude.'—p. 338.

Old Grétry the musician dies—the theatre Feydeau gives an entertainment to celebrate his obsequies. No collection of people without the Emperor's knowledge! the whole affair is detailed to his majesty! From three several spies he is informed that numbers were turned away from the door, for whom places could not be found. The very taste of the scenery is described; 'on the curtain was painted a *sun*, with the name of Grétry in the centre;' and general Count Hulin, governor of Paris, (an attendant, *to speak softly*, on the last moments of the Duke D'Enghein,) reports in his dispatch to the Emperor on this important subject, 'that for two days past all the world could talk of nothing else!' Merciful heaven! on the 27th and 28th of September, 1813, while Napoleon was consigning to foreign and dishonourable graves,  
300,000

300,000 of the youth of France, 'all Paris could think of nothing, but a painted sun with the name of Grétry in the centre!'

But is not this tremendous police as efficacious for the punishment of *crimes* as for the detection of private feelings and opinions? The following fact will answer this inquiry.

A monster who confounded all the ties of nature by an incestuous commerce so abominable that the law had not provided for its punishment, is detected;—for this enormity a penalty of 'détention pendant six mois' is proposed, and approved! The poor wretches that dropped the Dutch pasquinade or sold the Italian caricature, would probably have expiated their crimes with their lives; but an offence, which dissolves, as the Editor remarks, the most sacred relations of society, is censured with six months detention. 'Sblood,' (as Hamlet says) 'there's something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.'

Having seen that Buonaparte subjects his wife and brother, two of the least intriguing and most inoffensive beings in France, to the *surveillance* of the police, it is not surprising that the correspondence of individuals through the post-office should be intercepted; but it is surprising that he should find time or appetite to read such trash as is collected for him from this source.

The Duchess of Albufera writes to her husband, one of Buonaparte's own creatures: well,—her letter is opened; it contains nothing but her congratulations on the successes of the Marshal, which the *Moniteur* had before trumpeted; it is nevertheless sent to the Emperor!

M. Schreiber, a sub-spy to Marshal Soult, acquaints his Excellency, that the Prefect of the Gironde on one occasion when all the company were praising his Excellency, preserved the most profound and provoking silence, and took the first opportunity to change the conversation. M. Schreiber reports also, that Generals Clausel and Tirley criticise some of Marshal Soult's operations;—the whole is stopped at the post-office and transmitted for the perusal of the master-critic and master-spy, the Emperor himself.

We amuse ourselves with thinking how much this publication will fill up the chasms of French correspondence, and how delighted Messrs. Soult, Clausel, and Tirley must be to find so exact a record of their mutual sentiments.

Of the private letters which have been collected, we need say but little: they all bear one character of intense anxiety for the safety of the friends of the writers in the army; deplorable pictures of the internal misery of the families of France, and the most ardent prayers for the restoration of peace. We shall select one or two specimens which shew the ignorance in which the dearest relations of even officers of high rank were kept concerning their fate.

' To Baron Larrey, Chief Surgeon to the Grand Army.

Fontenai, 26th Sept.

' I live here always in suspense, but the news give me no hopes of seeing you this winter. I imagine, that, although better informed than myself, you are not, on that account, more happy. This is not living, my poor friend; this is dying. Where are you at present? I know not. We are all here in a state of painful suspense.'

' To the Baron Finot, Director-General of the Engineer Park.

Avallon, 25th Sept.

' . . . . . I must then give up the hope of seeing you so soon. If, however, there were winter quarters, would you send for me? I hope so. In fine, here are four couriers, and I have no accounts from you. I am absolutely ill with anxiety about it, especially in such a vile city as this, where so many idle stories are in circulation. . . . .

' . . . . . I am tired of this life: one does not live; it may be called dying a thousand deaths daily. They tell me, from Paris, that a report of peace is circulating there. Ah, if that should prove true, what happiness!'

That these were the sentiments and this the tone of the universal French nation, even before the battle of Leipsic, there is abundant proof. What must its feelings now be, after the loss of 300,000 men, the invasion of her territory, the occupation of one-fourth of the country by hostile armies. *La paix, pour l'amour de Dieu, la paix!*—is the only exclamation which has reached the ears of the English couriers in their way through France. Happy could France venture to speak out what France, with every rational being, must think, that Buonaparte and war are almost inseparably connected, and that the basis of true tranquillity and lasting peace would undoubtedly be the restoration of a legitimate government, and a recurrence to the ancient principles of civilised Europe!

But though good sense and good feeling concur in this conclusion, yet if Russia, Prussia, Austria, the Germanic States, and Sweden, should resolve to make peace with Buonaparte, no one, we presume, would seriously propose that Great Britain should continue the war *alone*, for the avowed purpose of forcing on France a sovereign chosen in this country, like a Lord Mayor, by acclamation of the good citizens of London.

Peace, under such circumstances, might not, perhaps, be popular, but it could not be unwise: and, in any case, it is some consolation to believe, as we gladly do, that its durability will depend, in no small degree, upon ourselves. We may enter into relations of peace with France, without abating one jot of our instinctive vigilance; and it would be degrading to our national character to doubt that we shall decline from the firmness which we



have hitherto manifested in action, or from the confident spirit which has actuated all our deliberations.

Of the translation we can say little good. It is, as our readers will have perceived, a hasty performance. The words indeed are English, but the idiom is generally French; and in many passages we look in vain for the true import of the original terms.

**ART. XI.** *Inchiquen, the Jesuit's Letters, during a late Residence in the United States of America; being a Fragment of a Private Correspondence, accidentally discovered in Europe, containing a favourable View of the Manners, Literature, and State of Society, of the United States; and a Refutation of many of the Aspersions cast upon this Country, by former Residents and Tourists. By some Unknown Foreigner.*—New-York, 1810.

**O**N the 2d of November last, a Mr. Macon, deputy to the Congress of the United States, brought up a 'Report concerning the conduct which has been observed by the English during the War.' In this Report the British government, its naval and military officers, its seamen and soldiers, are indiscriminately accused of every thing that is base, cowardly, treacherous and inhuman; such as ill-treating American prisoners; violating flags of truce; pillaging and destroying private property; exciting the savages to murder their prisoners, and to commit outrages on their dead bodies; burning houses; profaning and destroying churches, through motives of avarice and vengeance; 'carrying off articles of value, and destroying all that could not gratify their insatiable cupidity;' violating women, &c. &c.; together with many other horrible and atrocious deeds, all asserted to have been committed by the example, under the sanction, and in the presence, of the officers commanding his Majesty's forces by sea and land; and the Report concludes with a resolution, 'that the President of the United States be requested to collect and lay before the House, during the continuation of the war, the proofs of all the infractions by the enemy of the laws of war in use among civilized nations.' From the character given of Mr. Madison\* by his own countrymen, and apparently justified in some small degree (it must be owned) to a hasty or prejudiced observer, by sundry of the speeches and proclamations of that venerable chief magistrate, and from the shameless audacity which marks all the averments of this Report, we should not have been surprised if the framers of it, instead of confining their worthy

\* Quart. Rev. No. XV, Art. XIII, p. 198.

president to the humble task of *collecting* materials of hatred against Great Britain, had plainly spoken out, and directed him to *invent* so much of such materials as might be wanting to complete a case for so laudable a purpose. Much, however, may be understood that is not distinctly expressed. We will venture to say that candour itself cannot mistake the object and intention of the Committee, and that if they are disappointed in the fulfilment of that intention, it must be from *their* having 'mistaken, all this while,' the guileless nature of the personage upon whom they have imposed so odious an office.

Two days after this Report was made to Congress, the Prince Regent, in his speech from the throne, was pleased to declare,

'I am at all times ready to enter into discussion with the government of the United States, for a conciliatory adjustment of the differences between the two countries, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of the British empire.'

Such a declaration is in itself something more than magnanimous : and what a contrast does it furnish to the proceedings of the government to which the olive branch is thus tendered !

To refute the calumnies of that government would be no difficult task, and may perhaps be ours hereafter ; unless indeed the sober and more enlightened part of Congress, consulting their own dignity, and having ascertained the documents *collected* for their use, to be forgeries, shall compel Mr. Macon to put his report into the fire. In the mean time the book, whose title we have prefixed to this article, having opportunely reached us from New York, has suggested to us that it might not be uninteresting or unamusing to inquire a little into the character of the people whom its government are thus inflaming into unextinguishable hatred against us, and whom we are so desirous of 'conciliating.' Such an inquiry will enable us at once to appreciate the probable chances of an accommodation, cordial and sincere, with 'our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic,' and to console us for the failure of our various attempts to effect it ;—we mean of course, by the only consolation which such a case admits—the conviction that the failure is not owing to any fault or indisposition of ours.

In this sketch, though we set out under the conduct of 'Inchiquen the Jesuit,' we do not, however, profess to take him for our only guide, nor to abide, in all cases, and quite implicitly by his authority. We shall avail ourselves of many partial and scattered hints towards a correct portrait of the United States' people, which are to be found in the works of their own artists, as well as of foreigners, who have preceded our jesuitical author. To which of these classes

he belongs would have been immaterial, if he had not assumed a character opposite to the truth. We can conceive no motive for this disguise, professing, as he does, to give 'a *favourable* view of the manners, &c. of the United States.' But the truth, we understand to be, that although the stale conceit of picking up the manuscript on a 'bookseller's stall in Antwerp,' is resorted to in the preface, the 'Unknown Foreigner' is a well known American of the name of *Ingersoll*. In passing, we would just hint to him, that his summary mode of 'refuting the aspersions cast upon the country by former residents and tourists,' in a single note, and by a general attack upon almost every author who has gone before him, is no refutation at all; that though the newspapers of the United States may be the 'mere organs of faction, ribaldry, and sedition,' the majority of them are patronized by the government, and are its instruments; that though ours may be occasionally scurrilous and factious enough, yet some of them are by no means backward in vilifying their own government, and bestowing on that of the United States unmerited praise. Our Jesuit's unqualified abuse of other writers, but of Mr. Moore in particular, is as coarse, as we believe it to be unjust. We proceed to his book.

Of Washington, he says, 'The sovereignty of his country was asserted by his energy, and secured by his moderation.' If by 'sovereignty' is here meant a firm and efficient executive authority, that he did *not* secure it, was the great error of Washington's government. The new constitution which, after a long discussion, was adopted in the United States, was far from being satisfactory to those who were principally concerned in framing it. They considered it merely as an experiment; they saw its defects; they perceived the seeds of destruction that were sown within it; but democracy and Franklin prevailed. Washington, and Hamilton, and Adams, saw and foretold the feuds and animosities that would spring up among families and friends, in consequence of the 'people chusing their king.' They were aware too of the evil arising out of the anomaly of each state having its separate government and legislature, while all of them were required to merge their separate interests in the general mass for the good of the whole. These interests were of a nature so heterogeneous, that it was utterly impossible they should ever amalgamate; so discordant, that it was apprehended a foreign or domestic war would at once dissolve the whole union; but it was hoped, at the same time, that by conferring gradually a little more power on the executive, and by consolidating the separate state authorities into one efficient government, a foundation might be laid for permanent tranquillity and prosperity.

Washington was a man of firmness, of rigid virtue, and strict integrity; but finding himself unable, with the limited power given  
to

to the chief magistrate, to stem the torrent of party violence which began to overspread the land from the first breaking out of the revolution in France, he prudently withdrew from the contest, to close a well-spent life in the tranquillity of domestic retirement.

It is well known that the friends of Washington had determined to support Mr. Adams, as candidate for the presidential chair, and Mr. Pinckney for the vice-presidency, as the most likely means of strengthening the federal government, and saving the country from a factious democracy. By some unworthy jealousy on the part of Mr. Adams and his friends, the plan failed; and the consequence was, that though Adams succeeded as president, Jefferson was elected vice-president. This gentleman soon obtained a pernicious influence over the president—insomuch that although Mr. Adams had for some time resolution enough to support the measures of Washington, to inspire his countrymen with a just sense of the insults, the injuries, and the outrages which they had experienced from France, he was, at last, prevailed upon to submit to the humiliation of sending envoys to prostrate his country at the feet of the revolutionary demagogues. ‘This measure,’ says Mr. Hamilton, ‘sunk the tone of the public mind, impaired the confidence of the friends of the government in the executive chief; distracted the public opinion, unnerved the public councils, sowed the seeds of discord at home, and lowered the reputation of the government abroad.’

The weakness of Mr. Adams made the way the more easy for Mr. Jefferson to the supreme power; though he had to push for it, as our author says, ‘through clouds of imputations.’ The accession of this person, in 1801, put an end to all the measures of Washington, and ‘the axe of innovation thundered from his strokes.’ The United States, which had hitherto been divided between two moderate political parties, the federalists and anti-federalists, were now arranged into two violent factions;—the democrats, who were denominated the French party; and the federalists known by the name of the English party, not because they positively bore any love towards England, but because they hated the English less, in proportion as the opposite party professed to love the French more. Mr. Jefferson, if we may trust to the concurrent testimony of many writers who have treated of the characters of the great men of the new world, had in early life acquired a smattering of metaphysics, sufficient to confer on him a certain degree of notoriety among the planters of Virginia, and was particularly distinguished as an admirer of that new species of philosophy which was destined to overturn the ancient government of France,—‘the foul philosophy that sins by rule.’ In the rebellion of the colonies against the mother country, he was among the earliest to blow the blast of discord, though he did not think it expedient to buckle on his armour.

He never appeared on the stage, but he prompted the actors behind the scenes; and when a small party of English cavalry made an irruption into the state of Virginia, he is said to have abandoned his post, as secretary of that state, leaving to the mercy of the enemy, the public functionaries, the treasure, and the official papers. Much in the same manner he forsook General Washington, in 1794, on finding that an insurrection was on the eve of breaking out in Pennsylvania, and resigned the office of government secretary of state.

'The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard of rebellion against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country, the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.\*' Such is the construction put by Moore (whom we have already noticed as a particular object of our 'Jesuit's' hostility) upon the extraordinary rancour displayed by Mr. Jefferson towards this country: as though his object in fomenting the discontents of the colonists had been the cancelling of debts to British merchants, and as though it were difficult even for a professed universal philanthropist to forgive those whom he has injured. Certain at least it is, that in every act of his public life he has shewn, and so far as has been in his power (which unfortunately has been to a great extent) excited, a spirit of hatred against England. He has invited and encouraged her most inveterate enemies to settle in America. Any Irish rebel or traitor who had the ability to draw up a scurrilous paragraph, was certain of the protection of Mr. Jefferson, and of finding employment at some of his printing presses. Emmett and Sampson and Mac Nevin were received with open arms; and a fellow of the name of Duane, who had formerly stolen into Calcutta and was there secretly labouring to create an insurrection, but was fortunately detected and shipped off by Lord Teignmouth, was, on his arrival in the United States, particularly distinguished by the American president. Mr. Jefferson gave him a colonel's commission in the American militia, and placed the *Aurora* newspaper under his direction.

By these means, aided by plausible address, and, no doubt, by considerable talents, Mr. Jefferson has kept together a powerful faction. Professing a perfect and impartial toleration of every religion, he avoided giving offence to any of the numerous off-sets of presbyterianism, until the unlucky publication of a letter which he had written to the worthy and enlightened Tom Paine appears to have raised a question, whether his boasted impartiality to all re-

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\* Moore's Epistles, vol. i. p. 174.

ligions might not proceed from his indifference to any.\* In that letter he cordially invites this loathsome and blasphemous outcast to the bosom of his country, with 'prayers for the success of his *useful* labours.' An indignant American, who signs himself 'a native Virginian,' thus concludes a well written and sensible appeal to the 'citizens of the United States.'

'To sum up then, my fellow citizens, in a few words, the whole of this shameful and atrocious act, it would stand thus:—that the traitorous officer, the infamous and ungrateful slanderer of our Washington, the reviler and scoffer of our holy religion, and one of the most debauched and immoral beings in existence, has been solicited by Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States of America, to spend the remainder of his days among you, with prayers "for the success of his useful labours."

It has been matter of surprize to many, that the atrocious barbarities committed by the French, their sudden change from wild democracy to stern despotism, and the insults and robberies committed against America both by the democrats and the despots of France, should not have cured Mr. Jefferson of his fondness for 'that gallic garbage of philosophy.' We feel no sort of surprize at such infatuation, having long been persuaded that real jacobinism is an incurable malady. The patient may be boiled, and sweated and blistered into a temporary sanity; but the disease will break out afresh whenever its true key-note is touched;—no matter whether it be the jacobinism of democracy, or the jacobinism of despotism; the mania of a single tyrant, or of ten thousand.

Among the plausible theories, the offspring of 'brilliant heads and worthless hearts,' engendered by the French revolution, that of Condorcet, which contemplated the 'perfectibility of the human mind,' seems to have caught the fastest hold of the Virginian philosopher. He saw, or thought he saw, the millennium rapidly *progressing* in America. The happy condition of that country, under a pure and perfect democracy, had been triumphantly anticipated some four and twenty years ago, in a national work, ushered into the world by Jedediah Morse.

'Here,' says the inspired Jedediah, 'the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements; here civil and religious liberty are to flourish unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny; here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge, and in planning and executing a form of government which shall involve all the excellences of former governments with as few of their defects as is

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\* See his Notes on Virginia.

consistent with the imperfection of human affairs, and which shall be calculated to protect and unite, in a manner consistent with the natural rights of mankind, the largest empire that ever existed.'

Now, whoever will give himself the trouble to cast his eye over the inaugural speeches, messages to Congress, proclamations, or other state-papers of Messrs. Jefferson and Madison, will find a steady and systematic adherence to the terms of this oracular anticipation; they will see therein a constant reiteration of the set phrases—'a great and powerful empire'—'a free and united people,' and with true republican humility they will find them assuming to themselves the character of 'the most virtuous, free and enlightened people on the face of the earth.\*' We shall see in the course of our inquiry to what extent this prophecy has been fulfilled.

We will not go out of our way to discuss with the 'Jesuit,' what number of generations must pass away before the descendants of those, whom he calls 'vagabonds, mendicants and convicts,' may be considered to be thoroughly 'purged of the foul crimes' committed by their ancestors. A French naturalist asserts, that a voyage to Botany-bay has had the wonderful effect of converting London thieves into honest and industrious citizens, and London prostitutes into virtuous matrons. We mean not to retrace the steps of history beyond those happy days of holy enthusiasm and philanthropic sensibility, when citizen Genet inoculated one half of the 'virtuous' citizens of the United States with Gallic insanity; when the 'enlightened' students of Williamsburgh beheaded the statue of their benefactor Lord Bottetourt, and the 'free and united' mob hanged that of Lord Chatham who had pleaded the cause of their rebellion; when the Exchange-alley of Boston was converted into *Equality-lane*, and the *Royal stem* of an oak into *Liberty-stump*; when little children lisped 'La Carmagnole;' and when moon-stricken poets wrote, and the citizens and *citoyennes*† sung through the streets of Boston, verses such as these:

'Englishman no bon for me,  
Frenchman fight for liberty.'

Looking only at the present generation, we will take the citizens of the United States as we find them, not turning aside to canvass the general proposition of the 'Jesuit,' that 'history affords no in-

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\* For fear of giving umbrage to the French Convention an address from the house of representatives to the president was softened down to 'a free and enlightened people;' but Mr. Jefferson soon resumed the superlative.

† The Americans had some difficulty in translating 'Citoyennes;' the contest lay between *Citizensess* and *Citess*: the one was too long and the other too short; but, of two evils they chose the least, and *Citess* was the adopted word.

stance of a nation formed originally on such principles or of such materials as the American.' To begin with their legislature.

It would be contrary to the true spirit of democracy to consider wealth, talent, or reputation, distinguished probity or cultivated talents as exclusive, or even preponderating, qualifications in a candidate for the representation of the people. In America the 'man of the people' is one who frequents the grog-shops, smokes his segar and harangues the populace with violent and inflammatory abuse of the hostile faction. The writer who called himself Peter Porcupine tells us, for instance, of a man who had married a free black woman in the West Indies, had several children by her, robbed and left her; went to the United States, married another wife, and with all these blushing honours thick upon him, was elected a member of the senate!\*

But the attorneys are the men who mostly succeed in representing these 'virtuous citizens.' There is not a village, not a hamlet, throughout this vast extent of country that has not its attorney, and if not, it advertises for one.† 'Strife,' says a writer who knew them well, 'is in every village; some petty-fogger is sure to put his poisonous paw into every man's mess.' Next to the 'lawyer,' some conductor of a democratic newspaper, or some needy adventurer who can stoop to the level of the mob and pander to their passions, is the 'man of the people.' Every *freeman* in America, aye and *free woman* too, is a voter, and every one is *free* who declares himself to be worth fifty pounds; none thinks of boggling if required to swear to this qualification; none more expert at an evasion or equivocation than a citizen of the United States: besides a man must be of little value if he is not *worth* fifty pounds; he would fetch that sum as a *redemptionner*.‡ 'The electioneering spirit,' says one of their writers, 'finds its way to every fire-side, pervades our domestic circles and threatens to destroy the enjoyment of social harmony; the seeds of discord are sown in families, among friends and throughout the whole community.'§ Yet, after all, the popular representation in the United States is a great fallacy, and a complete fraud on the people. 'It appears to me,' says the Jesuit, (speaking in the character of a Greek,) 'to be absurd to talk of representing the people when, in fact, the representative, improperly so styled, is chosen, not by the people, but by a small number of electors who are themselves variously appointed, many of them not by the people,

\* Porcupine's Works, vol. ix. p. 354.

† 'Wanted in a thriving town in *Kentuck* an acute attorney of democratic principles, who will meet with suitable encouragement from the citizens attached to that party.'

‡ The name given to those unfortunate emigrants who sell their persons to pay their passage across the Atlantic.

§ *Hillhouse*—Propositions for amending the constitution.



but by other electors; who again do not, in all instances, emanate directly from the community at large; and who, for the most part, never saw, and never may see, the object of their selection.' We agree with him, that the Turkish constitution which calls a leader to his post by acclamation, may just as well be called a popular representation.

The lawyers who principally compose the house of representatives, unite the professions of attorney and barrister. To get into Congress is the surest means of bringing themselves into practice; but they are not shy in asking for jobs and in underbidding each other. In the lower house, each individual has his desk,\* at which the lawyers may study their briefs, and the traders their bills of parcels; an accommodation which ought to have at least one advantage, that of keeping them quiet.

At times, nevertheless, the harmony of the house is interrupted by some turbulent Irishman, or some back-settler whom a keg of brandy may have sent to Congress, which in these wild and almost desolate regions is an irresistible canvasser; for 'grog is cheap and its influence is mighty.'—It may be remarked, by the way, that most of the members of the western states may be said to be the representatives of peach-brandy and rye-whiskey: nothing tended more to strengthen the democratic party than the removal of the tax on distilleries; a moral effect, on which Mr. Jefferson is said to have calculated to a degree of certainty.—In such cases, the debates being conducted on principles of true republican freedom, the members have been known to descend to broad personal scurrility and abusive language. Those principles allow a greater latitude of speech than could be borne in a less 'enlightened' state of society; but, we confess, it appears to us as if even that license was abused when the members proceed to *voies de fait*, and actually spit at, and kick each other. A man of the name of Matthew Lyon had been returned to represent in Congress the 'virtuous and enlightened' part of the citizens of Vermont; this Lyon, it seems, was one of those emigrants from a sister island, who, desirous of seeing the world, had sold his person to pay his passage across the Atlantic:—this servitude he commuted for service as a soldier, but, having less of the leonine nature in his heart than in his name, less even than the royal beast whom Bully Bottom tutors into tameness in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he deserted his post in the moment of danger, and was drummed out of the corps with a wooden sword fastened to his side. On some allusion being made in Congress to this 'wooden spit' by one Roger Griswold, a member from Connecticut, Matthew incontinently

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\* Wansey's Excursion to the United States.

let fly a volley of tobacco spittle in the eyes of the said Roger; it was some time before the organs of vision could be purged of the offensive matter, and in the mean time the assailant had prudently withdrawn.\* A motion was made for Lyon's expulsion, which, after being referred to a committee, ('as in similar cases,') and after a debate which lasted fourteen days, was set aside; and this beastly Irishman, by the support of Livingston, Gallatin, Smith, and all the democratic party, kept his seat, the numbers being only fifty-two for the expulsion, and forty-four against it; and the constitution requiring that, to expel a member, there shall be a majority of two-thirds. Mr. Griswold, however, was not thus to be appeased. He went down to the House, armed with a stick of stout but pliant hickory, and, in the midst of the august assembly, belaboured this man of spittle, till he laid himself down at full length on the floor, and roared, not with Bottom's gentleness and restraint, 'an 'twere any nightingale,' but with such thorough and hearty good will as must have extorted from his audience, the encouraging exclamation, 'Well roared, Lyon!' This man was afterwards convicted of seditious practices, and of libelling the president; was put in jail; was re-elected while there; and again escaped expulsion by the active support of the democratic party. 'Happy the nation,' says Cobbett, 'where there is but one step from the condemned hole to the legislature.'

We are told by the 'Jesuit,' that 'the appeal to duels for the decision of private disputes is more frequent in the United States than in any country whatever;' and that 'these private combats are conducted with a scientific ferociousness, and terminate, in general, with a fatality unknown elsewhere.' It would appear, that this termagant spirit of chivalry is sometimes spurred and goaded by the most public and unsparing provocation. We observe, for instance, in the Georgetown Federal Republican, now before us, the following notice:

' TO THE PUBLIC.

' William Jones (who is Secretary of the Navy) having been guilty of a flagrant breach of trust towards me, and having declined giving me that satisfaction which I have a right to demand, I declare him to the world an unprincipled villain, and a base coward.

' Signed \_\_\_\_\_,

In a correspondence between Wilkinson, a general officer, and Randolph, a distinguished senator, the former coolly observes, that he hears Mr. Randolph had avowed his opinion that he (Wilkin-

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\* *Ashe* says he was present at this disgraceful affair. Vol. i. p. 141. If *Ashe* be an impostor, the Knight of Bridge-street is answerable for him.

son) was a rogue. To which the Honourable John Randolph replies,

‘In you, Sir, I can recognize no right to hold me accountable for my public or private opinion of your character, that would not subject me to an equal claim from Colonel Burr, or Serjeant Dunbaugh. I cannot descend to your level. This is my final answer.’

The *General*, however, was not to be so put off, and writes to the senator as follows :—

‘Sir,—I have received your letter of the 25th instant, by mail, in which you violate truth and honour, to indulge the inherent malignity and rancour of your soul. On what “level,” pray, Sir, shall we find the wretch who, to masquerade his cowardice, fabricates falsehoods, and heaps unprovoked insults upon unmerited injuries? You “cannot descend to my level,” vain equivocal thing! And you believe this dastardly subterfuge will avail you, or that your lion’s skin will longer conceal your true character? Embrace the alternative still within your reach, and ascend to the “level” of a gentleman, if possible; act like a man, if you can, and spare me the pain of publishing you to the world for an insolent, slanderous, prevaricating poltroon.’

(Signed)

JAMES WILKINSON.’

There is an N. B. by way of postscript, to tell the senator that ‘the *sacred respect* due to the station he occupied in the councils of the nation alone protected him from the chastisement of his cane.’ The *General* kept his word; and when Congress was assembled, the following notice was stuck up in the corners of the streets, and in all the taverns:—

‘*HECTOR UNMASKED!*’

‘In justice to my character, I denounce to the world John Randolph, Member of Congress, a prevaricating, base, calumniating scoundrel, poltroon, and coward.

‘JAMES WILKINSON.’

Language and conduct so unbecoming the high public characters of generals and senators, is certainly not the less reprehensible because we find it countenanced by examples in the courts of justice themselves. We are told by a writer whom we have already quoted, and whom we believe to be worthy of credit on these points, as speaking from personal observation, that a certain Judge Livermore accused a Mr. Lee, of Boston, of unfair practices in his profession as a merchant, and that the latter posted up a public notice, in which he averred ‘Judge Edward St. Loe Livermore, Esq. of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to be guilty of a scandalous and malicious falsehood.’ A boxing match was the consequence. The judge caught Lee by the throat, and had nearly strangled him, loading him, at the same time, in the midst of the rabble assembled in the street, with the epithets of ‘assassin, coward, and scoundrel.’

scoundrel.' They were with difficulty separated, and the wrath of the judge admitted of no mitigation until he was assured that he had given Lee a pair of black eyes.\*

Such a picture does not raise any very strong presumption in favour of the general judiciary system of the country in which it was exhibited. We regret that the 'Unknown Foreigner' has not thought it necessary to his 'Favourable View' of the United States, to particularize a little more than he has done, the beauties and benefits of this branch of their constitution. We are told by him, indeed, that 'the judges, in their robes of solemn black, are raised on seats of grave mahogany,' that 'ladies,' and 'Indians,' and 'old generals,' saunter in the hall, and that 'ruby-faced lawyers, without robes,' make speeches of three days long. This, surely, is a subject which ought not to be passed over so lightly. The pure administration of the laws is the true safeguard of liberty of person and security of property. The best criterion of a good government is justice flowing in an even, pure, and uncorrupted current; and the surest way of securing so invaluable a blessing to the community, is to make those, to whom the administration of the laws is confided, independent of the executive power. The judges in America are not thus independent. Being elected by the president and the senate, and receiving only an uncertain 'compensation, at stated periods, for their services,' instead of 'adequate and permanent salaries,' as contended for by Mr. Hamilton, they become, in fact, the creatures of the president and senate; and the test of their 'good behaviour' is their acting, in all political matters, conformably with the views of government. Their non-compliance would infallibly forfeit their seats. In the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, such men will not always act with impartiality; in many cases they cannot. A judge may be a candidate for the office of president, governor of a state, or member of Congress, and may be an elector of any or all of them while he holds his seat. Disappointed in his object, and continuing on the bench, with what confidence can those who have opposed him submit their cause to his decision?

Where the minds of all are so warped by politics, we are the less surprized that crimes of the grossest kind frequently escape with impunity; and that, where party is not concerned, a total indifference prevails in bringing criminals to justice. When Farmer Grimes shot a man for walking across his plantation, it was only considered as a joke, and the murderer was acquitted as insane, though no symptoms of insanity appeared before or after his trial.† Cobbett

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\* Porcupine's Works, vol. ii. p. 35. † Parkinson's Tour in America, vol. i. p. 44.

states it as a notorious fact, that a man, imprisoned for an assault upon his wife, was forgotten in one of their cells, and when recollected, was found dead, and *half-devoured by rats!* Another man, for a libel on Jefferson, was suffered to die in jail, because, without conviction, bail to such an amount was demanded of him to keep the peace, as he was not able to procure.\* It is no unusual thing for a juryman to slip out of the box, and thus save a man from the gallows by vitiating the trial. There are few countries in which more murders are committed in proportion to the population, and perhaps none where so few executions take place. They make a boast that 'there is no gallows in Pensylvania:' it would be more creditable if they could boast that there was no occasion for one. Mr. Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough, charged, in the public papers and under his signature, three judges with taking bribes from a person of the name of Evans.†

In the inferior and county courts, quarter-sessions, &c. there is no chance of obtaining an impartial decision; the party adverse to that to which the presiding magistrate, or a majority of the bench, belongs, is sure to lose his cause. If a man offends the party, by giving unfavourable evidence, or by voting on the opposite side at an election, the usual revenge is to lame or kill his cattle, or to *girdle*‡ his fruit-trees. 'They told me,' says Parkinson, 'that it was not worth while bringing a thief to an American court of justice, as he was sure to escape.' A set of fellows from Baltimore got into Parkinson's garden, and began to pluck the fruit, biting and throwing it away. The poor English farmer stared at them with astonishment, and, on asking what they wanted, was coolly answered, 'they only came to try if his peaches were ripe.' The neighbouring justice, to whom he applied, told him they never thought of punishing such offences, and advised him to say no more about it, lest they should, in revenge, kill some of his cattle, set fire to his house, or shoot him, and be acquitted, like his neighbour Grimes, on the plea of insanity.§

The justices of the peace are not, as with us, respectable country gentlemen. No such character, in fact, is known in America. A man who has ruined himself by speculation or gambling, or who is too idle to gain an honest livelihood, has only to go round to the taverns and grog-shops to obtain signatures, and with this to petition the governor of the state, whose authority, in this respect, is unlimited, while the qualifications of the candidate are undefined.

\* Porcupine's Works, vol. vii. p.

† Ibid. vol. ix. p. 318.

‡ This *girdling* is performed by cutting the bark off for about a foot all round the tree, which is sure to kill it: 'a most nefarious,' says Porcupine, 'dastardly, and fiend-like species of revenge, that seems to have been excited by republican political hatred.'

§ Parkinson's Tour, vol. ii. p. 616.

The following picture of the courts of justice is given by one of their fellow-citizens, a lawyer of some eminence!\*

‘Hardly a cause is tried, but you hear it inquired how the judges are marshalled as to politics? which of the parties has most popularity? and very frequently causes are decided, not by the standard of law, but by the strength of out-door influence, and private solicitation; even the popularity of a lawyer is sometimes consulted as favouring the views of a party upon the court.’

We have already mentioned the boxing judge. Porcupine says, that the proceedings of a court were interrupted for four days, by the absence of the chief justice, who was confined to his house, by a black eye given to him by his wife; that in another court, the judge was so drunk, that having occasion to retire for a little while, he was led from the bench by two constables, who supported him all the time, and afterwards led him back to his seat. ‘I had this,’ says the relator, ‘from a gentleman who was a witness of the scene, and on whose veracity I would stake my life.’†

In 1795, the wife of a judge married an ostler in Philadelphia. His honour, the judge, in 1798, stepped into jail for a few weeks, *to take the benefit of the insolvent act*. Here he found the other husband of his wife, engaged in a similar pursuit, and both came before the court, and were white-washed together. This same judge, during the winter of 1800, being in the lobby of the senate, stole one of the members’ cloaks, which was afterwards actually reclaimed from off his back, in coming out of a presbyterian meeting-house, where the senator and judge, the proprietor and occupant, happened to meet in sympathetic devotion. These ‘facts,’ says Porcupine, ‘horrid as they may seem, are notorious.’‡

The interference of the executive power with the ordinary course of justice, as it is of all practical grievances the most intolerable to the subject, so is it an abuse the most abhorrent from the theory of a free government. The expedition of Miranda afforded an instance of such an interference on the part of the American government, which it may be useful and instructive to detail.

This restless adventurer, having engaged an armed ship, from a merchant of New York, of the name of Ogden, proceeded to Washington, where he was entertained at a grand public dinner, closeted with president Jefferson, and cordially received by secretary Madison. Every body was ready to assist Miranda; all kinds of military equipments, stores, provisions, a printing press and compositors, were put on board the *Leander*, and several young men of respectable families were volunteers in his expedition. All

\* Mr. Griffiths, of New Jersey,—*Porcupine's Works*, vol. x. p. 419.

† *Porcupine's Works*, vol. ix. p. 380.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 381.

this was known to the president of America, but it was not known to the Spanish ambassador. It did not suit the honourable views of the government of the United States towards the Spaniards, which afterwards developed themselves, to communicate officially the hostile expedition to the Marquis D'Yrujo. This gentleman however, discovered the intrigue, and took occasion, through the press, to let them know that he had discovered it. Upon which, the editor of Mr. Jefferson's paper, the *Aurora*, published the following paragraph :—

'*Spanish Incendiary!*—In the Philadelphia gazette of Saturday, there is an article, which, on the face of it, bears the impression of this little, malicious, political incendiary, whom the indulgence and liberality of the people, whose government he abuses, of whose hospitality he is unworthy, tolerate; and who would have been served like his countryman Sancho, in any other country than this, for one-twentieth part of the unworthy conduct in which he indulged in the United States.\*

The discovery, however, that Mr. Jefferson was privy to the enterprize, gave considerable alarm to the friends of government. A writ was issued against Mr. Ogden; and he was taken into custody. When brought before the judge, (a man of the name of Tallmage,) he desired permission to send for a friend, or to consult counsel. He was told that he could send for nobody, that his case was singular; that he was brought there both as a party charged with a crime, and as a witness. Not chusing to answer questions that might criminate himself, he was told that, in the capacity of a witness against others, he *must* answer *all* questions put to him. He refused, and a warrant was made out for committing him. This induced him to give way. His examination was read, and he was ordered to sign it on pain of imprisonment, and to find bail for his future appearance. It may be stated as some expiation of the treasonable crimes in which Mr. Emmett was implicated in his native country, that he here made a noble stand for the liberty of the subject. He told the judge, that his conduct was a mockery of justice; dishonourable to those concerned in it, disgraceful to the country. The judge however knew what was expected of him better than Mr. Emmett. He persisted in remanding Mr. Ogden to prison, observing,—

'I know well what the prisoner is confined for, and that is cause enough for me to remand him. Liberty, to be sure, is sweet; but as the court will sit but for a *few days*, an imprisonment for that time will be no great hardship.†

Where the courts of justice are not respected, the people are very apt to take the law into their own hands. This is by no

\* Stranger in America, 316.

† Ibid. p. 318—323.

means unfrequent in America. Lambert tells a story of a punishment inflicted by the people of Worcester (in the exercise of this voluntary magistracy) on a couple suspected of a criminal intercourse, who were tied back to back, on a tall raw-boned horse; the lady in front, the gentleman towards the crupper, and thus paraded round the town;—a signal example of the moral indignation of this 'virtuous people.\*

Occasional obliquities in the administration of the law may perhaps be accounted for, in some measure, by the circumstance, that even the office of judge in the supreme and district courts, is conferred upon persons who have not gone through any previous discipline, or practice, to qualify them for discharging it. The same holds good with regard to those who practise in the double capacity of counsel and attorney; to those who practise physic, surgery, and pharmacy; and lastly, to those who set up for teachers of the divine word. For all, or any of these callings, no preparatory course of study, no testimonial of competency, no kind of examination, no particular qualifications, no diploma or licence are required.

The Americans, we are told by the 'Favourable Foreigner,' 'are a nation of free-thinkers;' and, he adds, 'the political ordinance of religious toleration is one of those improvements in the science of politics; for which mankind will acknowledge their obligations to America; and the divorce of church and state is an inestimable pledge for the purity and stability of republican government.' It is almost needless to add that this 'divorce' has been productive of a pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriving under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent state. To recount them would be endless. Presbyterians, baptists, methodists, universalists, episcopalians and congregationalists, quakers and moravians, dunkers and shakers, with a multitude of others whose names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would be difficult to assign their characteristic differences of doctrine or disbelief, exhibit all together as satisfactory a view as can be desired of the fanatical extravagance to which the bulk of mankind would be driven, by the raptures of visionaries, or the arts of impostors; or by the mere necessity and craving of the human mind for some intercourse with its Creator,—in the absence of a national church, and an established worship.

It is somewhat remarkable that all the various denominations, even the *shakers*, from whose name one might be led to anticipate something exhilarating and frolicsome, and who are described as occasionally dancing in a state of cheerful simplicity nearly ap-

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\* Lambert's Travels, Vol. II. p. 308.



proaching to the earliest costume of our first parents, are yet, universally, of a morose and gloomy character.

Those vagaries which some peculiar sects in this country practise, (under pretence of enthusiastic devotion,) but which, if not the laws, the general sobriety and good sense of the body of the people keep within some bounds of decency here, expand in America into an exuberance of licentiousness, such as is hardly credible in description, and as in practice must at once taint the morals of youth, and stagger and confound their understanding. Certain methodists in England indulge in *love-feasts*; but these exhibitions are pure when compared with the 'camp-meetings' of America. These camp-meetings are regularly advertised in all the newspapers, to be held at such a time and place, and to be under the superintendence of the ministers of the methodist church; and notice is duly given that 'as camp-meetings are generally attended by several thousands from far and near, and commonly continue day and night, it will be best for those who come from a distance, to bring provision for themselves and horses, and to tarry on the ground till the meeting ends. All friendly ministers and praying people are invited to attend said meeting.\* The deluded multitude assemble in some deep, dark, lonely, and almost impenetrable wood, at a distance from any human habitation. 'They sleep together,' says one who had the curiosity to attend one of these midnight orgies, 'in tents, old and young, men, women, and children indiscriminately; the vigorous male near the unblushing female, black and white all together.' The occupations of the 'friendly ministers' during this awful scene of promiscuous *concumbency*, and the marvellous harvest of recruits to 'the methodist church' which grows up from one of these *noctes cænæque deûm*, may be better imagined than expressed; but the whole account is so curious that we cannot forbear extracting it.

'I was present lately at one of these diabolical meetings, at which there might be about 5000 persons assembled, of all descriptions and ages. They bring their provisions with them. Soon after the rising of the sun, a beautiful girl, almost eighteen, rushed forth from the tent led by two men; they cried, bellowed, and roared, like persons in the utmost agony begging for their lives; exclaiming, a lake of fire and brimstone was flaming before them, that a great devil was thrusting them into it; and that God must come down. "Come, O God, come down immediately and save us, or we shall sink." These exclamations were repeated in a most vociferous manner for a length of time, until the young woman was so exhausted by her exertions that she fell down. Her cheek assumed the flush of burning fire; her eyes became inflamed; her lips parched; she sunk on the earth, sighed and sobbed like &

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\* Jenson's Stranger in America, p. 107.

child. This ceremony, however, was not completed until a similar party had issued from another tent; and that followed by a second and third, until the action became general, and the scene the most confused, terrific, and horrible ever presented to the human eye. Little children turned pale with fear; young girls fainted, to the earth, were raised up, converted, and became good methodists.\*

At one of these meetings near Morristown, a young woman fainted; immediately they crowded around her and began their incantations. Her brother with difficulty forced his way to her, and attempted to take her into the air, but they prevented him. An athletic young *heretic* saw their situation; forced his way through a crowd of demons with a stout bludgeon and liberated them. The brother, assisted by his friend, took her to a place of security, and by force opposed their coming near her again. A tall woman of the sect tossed up her hands—roared, bellowed with all her strength, and called upon God to “open the earth and sink them into hell!”\*

After the government, the laws, and the religion of a people, their manners and habits of life form the most striking objects of inquiry. It is that with respect to which, as admitting less of abstract speculation, than other less obvious and sensible objects, one may venture to repose confidence in the reports of even ordinary travellers; and upon which one is least at liberty to believe in the visions of the theorist against the testimony of actual observation.

Among a people so singularly circumstanced as the Americans, a people neither new nor old, but rather a new people made of old materials, it is impossible not to look for some marked peculiarity of character; for something distinct from the decrepitude of a long established European community on the one hand, and from the freshness of Otaheite on the other; something in which many of the faults and of the excellences of natural and refined society may be found mutually correcting and improving one another. Nor is this expectation, so far as we may trust the ‘favourable view,’ likely to be disappointed. Of the vices of ancient societies, that from which the new world is most completely free, is our bigotted veneration for received opinions and existing institutions;—of our virtues, that which it appears to cultivate most assiduously, is that sober, steady, reflecting care of individual interest which is the foundation of private independence, and consequently of national strength, and that liberal confidence in the exertions, talents and industry of our neighbour which dispenses us from any superfluous participation in his trouble, or any officious anxiety about his success. Of natural or, as it is sometimes called, savage society, the disdain of all those artificial forms which cramp the gracefulness

\* Lambert's Travels through Canada and the United States, Vol. II. p. 272.

of freedom, and 'constrain the garb' of nature, may perhaps be specified as the particular excellency, and the love of ardent spirits as the particular foible which have been most thoroughly ingrafted into the habits of this interesting people.

The peculiarity in the national character of the Americans, which appears most striking to the 'favourable' eyes of the 'Unknown Foreigner,' is, 'that there is no *populace* (plebs) in the United States,—all are *people*, (populus;) no patrician, no plebeian, no third or middle class.' This, we own, surprised us. We were aware that there existed not in the United States that distinction of orders in society which prevails in older communities; but it certainly was not at the lower extremity that we expected to find the defalcation. We knew, indeed, that there was no 'Corinthian capital' above the shaft of the column, but we did not apprehend that there was any want of rough stone and rubbish at its base. 'Patricians,' in the sense of a noble and privileged class, we certainly did not look for; but Menenius's apologue of 'the Belly and the Members' we thought had been applicable to every modification of civilized society; and a state *all Belly* is a political *lusus naturæ* of which we had not before any knowledge or imagination.

We should have conceived that under any possible distribution of political privileges and political duties, wealth and talents, in the absence of all hereditary rank and artificial gradation, must have obtained for their possessors a species of superiority over those classes of the community, 'whose daily labour earns their daily bread;' a superiority not necessarily inflaming the pride of those who enjoy it, or humiliating the feelings of those over whom it is assumed; but of necessity, (as it seemed to us,) inferring precisely that sort of division and discrimination which the terms 'people' and 'populace' might most clearly, and, we should have thought, most inoffensively, have described. We will fairly confess also, that in many transactions which have taken place within the United States, we fancied that we had discerned symptoms of a 'populace,' and that the accounts of other travellers had concurred very much to fortify us in that notion. But conceiving the 'Unknown Foreigner' to be the authority most partial to his countrymen, we adopt, without hesitation, the doctrine which he inculcates, and shall bear it in our mind in the view which we are now to take of the manners of the American people. It is not our fault, if any of the facts which we may find stated, as well on his own authority as on that of others, should lead our readers to doubt the wisdom of the 'Unknown Foreigner's' equalizing rule, and to invoke the aid of those obvious distinctions which he has been at so much pains to abolish.

After this, it is almost needless to repeat what we have already  
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had occasion to remark in speaking of the administration of justice in the rural districts, that we search in vain throughout the whole range of the United States, for any thing like what is called in England a Country Gentleman.

The planter of the southern states (who comes nearest to this description of persons) blazes for a few months in the year in great affluence, keeps horses and carriages and livery servants; but as this is generally the produce of his crop in anticipation, he retires for the remainder of the year to his plantation, where he lives upon pork, homminy, and Johnny-cake, smokes segars, drinks sangoree made of peachbrandy, and lounges the whole day on a sofa attended by a negro wench to flap away the flies.\* Sometimes, as we learn from Mr. Janson, these wenches wait at table in a state of perfect nudity. He was so shocked at this appearance in one planter's family where he dined, and where there were 'grown up young ladies' at table, that he could not help remarking to his host the indecency of such a practice. The worthy planter in extenuation (for the fact did not admit of controversy) averred, that he could not prevail upon his negresses (qualifying them at the same time with a denomination metaphorically taken from a female quadruped) to wear clothes. These manners and this language might to an uncandid observer suggest an idea of grossness and brutality. But great allowances are to be made for the workers of slaves. 'Man will not labour,' says the Jesuit, 'where he can substitute slaves; and wherever man does not labour, he will abuse his time and faculties.'

The merchants of the United States, with the exception of New England, are a very different class of men from those who follow that profession in Europe. Public liberality, private munificence, fair dealing, and urbanity of manners, characterize the British and, generally speaking, the European merchant. Of the same class of men in America, our author informs us that they enjoy 'not mere political liberty, but positive freedom;'—that they claim to themselves a 'geographical absolution from all but the slightest restraints;' that this is the 'inherent and inalienable birthright' of the United States' merchant,—a birthright of which we cannot justly appreciate the value, because in truth we do not very well understand the meaning of it, unless (what we should be loth to take on the word even of so partial an observer as the 'Unknown Foreigner') the 'trammels of restraint' which the United States' merchant casts off, being, as they are stated to be, other than political, are of a moral nature; and the 'freedom' which he claims, is a freedom from the wholesome laws of honest dealing, and from

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\* Weld's Travels, Vol. II. p. 147.

that conventional code of civility and benevolence which exacts from the mercantile profession the observances of polished intercourse, and prescribes to all educated persons the cultivation of the manners and feelings of a gentleman.

The land-jobber is a distinct species of being; partaking of the mercantile character as a dealer, and of the territorial from the nature of the commodity in which he deals. A 'clever-fellow' of this species, we are informed, will contrive to sell the same estate three or four times over; he is always prepared with 'patents and title deeds of lands,' says Janson, 'in the clouds.' Doctor Priestley complained, that a land-jobber was as much to be dreaded as a Birmingham mob, and a member of Congress designated the vocation of land-jobbing as 'swindling on a large scale.'

But land-jobbing, though perhaps the most conspicuous, is not to be considered by any means as the only field for the display of shrewdness. The dexterous transfer of any unmarketable commodity for a high price to an unwary purchaser, is an art, which our authors assure us, is practised with the highest reputation. The scientific name for it is 'selling bargains.' An auctioneer, for instance, puts up a female slave to sell, wrapped in a blanket; he points out her shape;—'she is in no condition to be removed or she would not be sold;—as a slave woman near her time is so much the more valuable, she is knocked down at a high price; when a discovery is made that she is in the last stage of a dropsy. 'I told you,' says the auctioneer exultingly, 'that she was not in a condition to be removed:' the purchaser is laughed at, and the 'seller of the bargain' highly applauded as a keen fellow. The inhabitants of New England, in particular, are represented by the 'Unknown Foreigner' to be keen and wary; like the Scotch of Great Britain, 'they leave home poor, but well instructed; shrewd and indefatigable, they succeed in almost every quarter of the Union, in the attainment of many of the most lucrative and influential situations.'

These sketches of transatlantic society (and by a friendly hand) leave an Englishman no excuse, if, upon his arrival in the United States, he is not prepared for a mode of reception, and for habits of life and conversation wholly unlike to what he has left behind him. A 'vulgarity of vice and hostility to all the graces of life,' is the short but expressive summary which our partial Incognito gives of American manners:—a tone of conversation heartless and repulsive, or (among the more sprightly breed of genteel citizens) coarse, forward, and inquisitive; a total absence of that delicacy and restraint in argument which tell a well-bred man where to stop for fear of giving offence; an address neither native nor foreign, neither English, Scotch, nor Irish, but a mixture of all, made up  
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from bad samples of each :—such, if we may credit the ‘ books and swains,’ which ‘ report’ of the United States, and which we have specified at the bottom of our pages, (not excepting the ‘ favourable’ viewer who graces the head of our article,) is the enjoyment that awaits an Englishman whom business or pleasure carries to visit his brethren across the Atlantic.

The moment that he sets his foot on the quay, he is surrounded by a set of idlers, who very familiarly ask him a thousand questions; whence, and why he came?—if the Irish are up?—if the Catholics are staunch?—the English starving?—the Bank insolvent?—if he is come to settle?—with what means?—what credit?—in what line?—Without waiting for answers, they proceed, with the most generous competition, to offer him all sorts of helps and accommodations. One will let him a house—another a store—a workshop—a school—a meeting-house; one will accommodate him with some good land—another with some excellent town lots, on which he may either build, or plant cabbages to great advantage. From this pelting storm of compliments, our voyager, having exhausted himself in professions of acknowledgment, naturally hastens to make his escape to the tavern.

Here he is forthwith beset by a swarm of speculators of a superior order; if he will *bank*, one can recommend him to a capital house—another to a good speculation in a *land-lottery*—*land-jobbing*,—building a town—or a bridge—or, if disposed to such a concern, he may share in a manufactory of weavers’ shuttles—a patent for improved fish-hooks, or cutting spike nails—or buy up unpaid-for British goods at 20 per cent. under prime cost.\* Having protested, (for some time in vain,) that he has no such objects in view;—that he is come to America on no such speculation;—that he is come merely to visit a friend in the back country,—to collect some old debts due to his uncle—to travel for improvement—for his health—for curiosity—but with no intention of settling, or trading, or cultivating, or selling, or buying, or making a fortune in any way whatever; and withal that he is tired and hungry, and would be glad of something to eat, and then of a good night’s rest; he is at length released from the importunity of his new friends, by their finding that nothing is to be made of him; and he is left—but alas! not to a quiet fireside and a solitary meal. Dinner indeed is brought; but the landlord, uninvited, sits down ‘to pick a bit with him,’ and takes care to seize the best bit first: nor has he the happiness even of a *tête-à-tête* with the landlord; he is favoured with the company of mine hostess and her dirty children, (with whom he has often to scramble for a plate,) and perhaps too with that of

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\* *Ashe's Travels*, Vol. I. p. 62.

the servants of the inn; for liberty and equality level all ranks upon the road, from the host to the ostler. The children, imitative of their free and easy papa, will also seize the stranger's drink, slobber in it, and often snatch a dainty bit from his plate; this is esteemed wit, and consequently provokes a laugh at the expense of those who are paying for the board: no check must be given to those demonstrations of unsophisticated nature, for the smallest rebuke will bring down a severe animadversion from the parent.\*

At these taverns, judges, lawyers and doctors, merchants, land-jobbers and generals, coach-drivers, planters and farmers indiscriminately mingle; drink, smoke, and discuss the measures of government; and then retire into one common chamber, with as many beds in it as an hospital-ward, into which they bundle promiscuously in pairs between dirty sheets that are washed once in three months. Nay, we have been credibly assured that, when the valet of one of our envoys to America complained to his master, the morning after their arrival at Washington, of the grossness of the manners prevailing at the table d'hôte where they lodged, and suggested to his Excellency the expediency of looking out for bed and board elsewhere, the keeper of the hotel assured the minister that his servant must be mistaken, as the majority of his guests were members of Congress.

Such society and such accommodations are not to the taste of an Englishman, who is used to 'take his ease in his inn,' and to expect 'freedom,' if not 'welcome' for his money. In America he must expect neither. To ask for a single room or a single bed is considered as aristocratical arrogance and an infringement on the rights of citizenship; and if by some peculiar piece of good fortune, he should even chance to begin his night's rest with a bed to himself, he may lay his account with being disturbed in the course of the night by some citizen or *citess* bundling in by his side.† To 'bundle' (as a verb neuter) is peculiar to America, and applied exclusively to the particular ceremony, of which we shall have occasion to say a few words by and bye.

From a *gîte* liable to such interruptions, our newly arrived traveller rises (as may well be imagined) early in the morning.—If his servant has not been seduced to renounce his service, he may enjoy the luxury of a wash-hand bason, and procure his shoes to be cleaned. His first object is to sally forth, and deliver his letters of recommendation; some of which are, luckily, to officers in the army. To them he resolves to complain of the rude familiarity of his host; and flatters himself with the hope of learning from them where he can be lodged more to his mind. To his utter dismay, on looking at the superscription of the first of these letters that he hap-

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\* Janson's *Stranger in America*, p. 85.

† Weld's *Travels*.

pens to lay his hand on, he finds the name of his host; and, upon further inquiry, discovers the worthy publican to be indeed the very colonel to whom he is recommended. Others of his military friends, captains, majors and colonels he will meet driving their corn to market, or conducting the common stage-waggon, keeping taverns, serving out brandy and whiskey, or weighing sugar and tobacco. The colonel of my corps of militia, says Cobbett, was a taylor, he made clothes for my clerk, and at his recommendation I employed him. Ashe met with a boat-builder who was a general, a baker of biscuit a colonel, and a butcher a judge 'who could fine folks for cursing and swearing.' 'We majors, colonels and generals,' said his landlord, 'are so common, that the people don't mind us no more than nothing.' 'But the judge,' said I, 'how is *he* to be treated?'— 'When in his character of butcher,' said the Major, 'he is treated rough enough and without any ceremony; but when in court, and sometimes on Sundays, the citizens say, "your honor," and touch their hat.\*'

'In all civilized countries the female part of society,' says the Jesuit, 'affords a type of the state of civilization.' If this be true (as no doubt it is) it would remain only to ascertain the precise state of civilization which is *typified* by virgins of sixteen or eighteen 'bundling' and 'tarrying' in the same bed with men. The difference between these two modes of going to bed together, we do not find any where distinctly explained; but there are not wanting authorities, both grave and gay, in favour of both. The Duc de Liancourt thinks *bundling* the effect of 'the purest manners and most innocent intention;' and our countryman, Doctor Burnaby, avers, with equal confidence, that *tarrying* is the effect of simplicity and innocence, because the parties go to bed together 'without taking off their under garments.'† This precautionary ceremonial indeed cannot be sufficiently commended: nor would it be candid to omit, that it is enforced on other occasions besides that to which Doctor Burnaby so emphatically applauds its application. It is not in bed only that the wearing of 'under garments' is considered as an indispensable condition for obtaining a beautiful and interesting partner:—the etiquette is even more severe in the ball-room. One of the rules of the assembly at Hanover in the state of Virginia expressly ordains, that 'no gentleman is to enter the room without breeches, or be allowed to dance without his coat.‡'

So strict a probation, and so scrupulous a delicacy in youth, naturally leads to faithful loves, and happy connections in marriage. 'With very few exceptions,' says the Jesuit, 'marriages are sacred'—'adultery is rare, and seduction seldom practised.' This

\* Ashe's Travels in America, Vol. I. p. 298.

† Burnaby's Travels, p. 144.

‡ Priest.



is the more blessed hearing, as not many years ago, Cobbett informs us, that the printer of a newspaper in a little obscure town found it convenient to have a type cut in wood, representing the figure of a woman walking off with a bundle in her hand, to serve as a general heading for advertisements, like the following :

'Whereas my wife Betsy has eloped from my bed and board, and has behaved in an unbecoming and indecent manner, by propagating the human species in a way other than the one prescribed by law ; this is to caution all kinds of people, both *black*, *white*, or *piebald*, against trusting her on my account (*harbour* they may, if they can); as I will not pay one *mille* of her contracting after this date. *John Bolton. Bridgewater, June 14th, 1797.*'

'Once,' Cobbett adds, 'out of curiosity, he caused advertisements of this nature to be cut out of all the papers he received for one month, and to be pasted on a slip of paper close under each other..

'At the end of the month the slip reached from the ceiling to the floor of a room more than ten feet high, and contained 123 advertisements. We did not receive, at most, more than a twentieth part of the newspapers published in the United States; if a calculation be made from these facts, it will be found that there were about 25,000 divorces, separations, and elopements in a year—a calculation which, I am certain, is very far within bounds.\*

In a country where society was divided into various classes, it would be injurious not to specify among what class these 'few exceptions' to the general sacredness of the nuptial vow more particularly prevailed; but there being (as the Jesuit says) no such absurd classification in the United States, all being there happily on a level—'no third or middle'—much less any *lower* order of the community—these specimens, such as they are, must, according to the Jesuit, be understood as 'typifying' the general state of society, as characteristic of the American 'people.'

One or two distinctions, however, even the Jesuit must admit in this free and equal community. Like the polished nations of antiquity, they have a relief and contrast to their own freedom in the practice of domestic slavery.

'They have among them many a purchased *slave*,  
Whom like their horses, and their dogs and mules,  
They use in abject and in slavish part.'

One of these unhappy handmaids of republican pride, we have already seen ministering at her master's couch and board, and another in the act of being transferred to a new owner: but it must not be supposed that such are rare instances. In the southern states it is calculated that near *one fifth part* of the population

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\* Porcupine's Work, Vol. IX. p. 339.

consists of *negro slaves*; who are bought, sold, bartered, hard worked, ill fed, flogged with cow skins, and treated in all respects as ill as they ever were in the West India colonies. Among this 'free people' a negro may be flogged till he expires under the lash, without any violation of the rights of man; if the flogger be tried for murder he is rarely convicted, and if convicted, a pecuniary fine wipes off the offence. It ought not, however, in candour to be omitted, that the Americans have a justification for treating *their* negroes like mere cattle, which other slave holders (our own West Indian proprietors for instance) certainly have not—namely, the authority of their late philosophical chief magistrate; who has taken pains to demonstrate that the negro is not only inferior to the Indian but, in fact, forms a link in the chain of created beings below that of the human species. One, among the multitude of proofs, which the philosopher adduces in support of his theory, is that consciousness of his own inferiority, which the negro discovers by a preference for a *white* American woman, similar to that which, Mr. Jefferson asserts, the ourang-outang manifests for the negress. Nothing can be more curious and interesting than this nice gradation of ambitious gallantries. It is a pity that the worthy President has not gone on to inform us in what class of citizens the produce of such auspicious conjunctions are enrolled.\*

Negroes, however, are not the only slaves which exist in this happyland. *White slaves* are imported into America in a particular description of vessels known by the name of *white Guineamen*. These vessels belong to the 'virtuous, free, and enlightened' citizens of some of the sea ports of America who have their kidnappers stationed at certain ports of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and also in Holland, to provide them with cargoes. The glowing descriptions of the transatlantic paradise, the bright and alluring visions of American happiness and liberty with which the restless, the miserable, the idle, and the unwary, among the lowest classes in Europe, are entrapped into the voyage, may be best conceived by a reference to those seducing pictures of *Lubberland* which used to charm our infancy; where, (among other most satisfactory particulars,) pigs run about the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, inviting, as it were, the hand of the hungry or the luxurious to carve them. To such a region as this a gratuitous conveyance is offered, and eagerly accepted. On their arrival in the land of promise, the persons of the unhappy voyagers are *sold* to pay their passage. Their new master advances the money, gives them clothes, brandy, tobacco, &c. till the debt becomes so large that the best part of their lives is spent before they have worked it out and become *free*. These poor wretches are called *redemp-*

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\* Jefferson's notes on Virginia.

tioners, and the laws respecting them are the same as those to which the English convicts were subject before the rebellion.\*

While the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, and every one escaping who could do so, a white slave dealer arriving in the Chesapeake, and finding the great want of nurses on account of the infectious nature of the disease, put out the following notice:—

‘A few healthy servants generally between 17 and 21 years of age, their *times* will be disposed of by applying on board the brig.’†

The state of these forlorn adventurers when domesticated in this freedom-breathing country, and the estimation in which they are held there, may be judged of from such advertisements as these.

‘To be disposed of, the *indentures* of a strong healthy *Irishwoman* who has two years to serve, and is fit for all kinds of house work.’‡

‘*Stop the Villain.* Ran away this morning an Irish servant, named Michael Day, by trade a tailor, about five feet eight inches high, &c. whoever secures the above described, in any gaol, shall receive thirty-dollars reward.’§

Where such a state of domestic servitude exists, it is not to be wondered at that ‘servants,’ in the ordinary European acceptation of the word, should be an intractable and insolent race. The female native American, who dusts or cooks for wages, lives in one perpetual struggle to rescue herself from being classed with her dusky fellow-domestics. One would almost imagine that every cinder-wench had studied the President’s treatise, and apprehended that to acknowledge the state of servitude would be to authorize the addresses of an ourang-outang. ‘I called,’ says Janson, ‘at the house of an acquaintance; a maid servant opened the door—“Is your master at home?”—“I have no master.”—“Don’t you live here?”—“I *stay* here.”—“And who are you then?”—“Why, I am Mr. —’s *help*. I’d have you to know, *man*, that I am no *sarvant*; none but *negers* are *sarvants*.”’||

Another American philosopher, of the name of Austin, assigns a magnificent reason for this ‘lion port’ of their kitchen vestals.

‘In the United States,’ says he, ‘a country where triumph the purest principles of legislation which ever adorned civil society;—a country in which the *human character is already elevated to a superior species of man, compared with the miserable wretches of Europe*—should one ask a person where his *master* was, he would doubtless meet with a rough reply; for, in truth, there are no such characters in the United States, as *masters and servants*.’

This is very grand: but, we confess, we think Mr. Jefferson’s theory of the ourang-outang more solid, and infinitely more ingenious.

\* Priest’s Travels, p. 145.

† Priest’s Travels, p. 147.

‡ Idem, p. 144.

§ Idem, p. 144.

|| Stranger in America, p. 87.

Among other striking peculiarities, we have had occasion to mention the love of ardent spirits which prevails pretty generally throughout all classes—we beg pardon—throughout the whole unclassified and indivisible community. Dram-drinking and its sister grace tobacco-smoking, indeed, seem to pervade all ages and conditions.

‘Often,’ says Janson, ‘have I, with horror, seen boys, whose dress indicated wealthy parents, intoxicated; shouting and swearing in the public streets. In the use of that stupifying weed, tobacco, aping their fathers, they smoke segars to so immoderate a degree, that sickness and even death has been the consequence. This is fully elucidated by the following paragraph, copied from a late newspaper, printed at \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_:—“Died in \_\_\_\_\_, Master J \_\_\_\_\_, aged twelve, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by excessive smoking of segars!”\*

Of dram-drinking there are different stages, which are thus playfully and expressively discriminated. The first drop, which consists generally of a gill, taken fasting, is called a *gum-tickler*. The second dose, just before breakfast, is a *phlegm-cutter*. A dram before dinner is an *anti-fogmatic*; and the concluding dose, of about half a pint, is the *gall-breaker*. ‘A man,’ says Lambert, ‘seldom lives above six months after he has commenced the gall-breaking dram.’†

Mr. Michaux had the good fortune to be travelling in America at the auspicious period when the tax upon the whiskey distilleries was repealed; and to witness the rejoicings on that occasion. At one of the taverns, which he visited, the rooms, the stairs, the yard, were covered with men dead drunk, and those who were still able to get their teeth separated, uttered only the accents of rage and fury.‡

Perhaps it is chiefly owing to the excess of this indulgence that the ‘plain rudimental learning, and general practical good sense,’ in which, says the Jesuit, ‘the Americans surpass all other people,’ have so little visible effect in promoting the peace and happiness of society. The general tendency of education, we are told, is to soften the manners.

‘Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.’

But where political feuds prevail among families and neighbours; where the discord and animosity of party invade every man’s dwelling, and poison the comfort of his fire-side; where the poorest owner of a log-hut cannot exist without the newspaper of his party being regularly left at his door, it is no wonder that a fiery

\* Stranger in America, p. 297.

† Lambert’s Tour through Canada and the United States, Vol. II. p. 299.

‡ Michaux’s Travels, &c. p. 48.

drunkenness falling upon such combustible materials should frequently kindle disputes and quarrels, which terminate in the most brutal acts of violence. The practice of *gouging*, which is still exercised in the southern states, is thus described by Mr. Morse.

‘In coming to close quarters, each endeavours to twist his fore-fingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clenched, the thumbs are extended each to the nose, and the eyes *gently* turned out of the sockets. The victor, for his expertness, receives shouts of applause from the sportive throng, while the poor eyeless antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune.’

Weld was told by General Bradley that *gouging*, kicking, and biting were allowed in all their fights, and that ‘the combatants pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can *pluck out an eye, bite off a nose, or break a jaw* with the kick of their foot.’\* Janson actually saw a crowd applauding a fellow while he held up his antagonist’s eye in his hand.† ‘In *roughing and tumbling*,’ says Ashe, ‘it is *allowable to peel the skull, tear out the eyes, and smooth away the nose*.’‡

In a nation where there existed ‘a populace (*plebs*)’ the impartial inquirer would not hesitate to attribute these savage excesses (for such we are afraid they must be admitted to be) exclusively to that order of the community. But the ‘favourable Jesuit’ denies us any such refuge and consolation. All here are ‘people, (*populus*)’ and whenever American sculpture shall exhibit in breathing stone a combat between two Virginian *athleta*, the *gouger* and the *gougee* must equally carry in their countenance the stamp of independent citizenship—a portion of the majesty of the people, of ‘the *most free, most virtuous, and most enlightened* people upon the face of the earth.’

The time, however, is not yet arrived when American valour and virtue can trust for immortality to the recording hands of American artists. The fine arts have not yet made much progress in America. The Abbé Raynal asserts that in his time, ‘L’Amérique n’ait pas encore produit un bon poète, un habile mathématicien, un homme de génie dans un seul art, ou une seule science.’ Mr. Jefferson himself, the greatest ‘philosopher, scholar, and statesman, that America has produced,’ admits the truth of the observation, so far as the poet is concerned; but parries the charge fairly enough by saying, that ‘it will be time enough to inquire, when the Americans have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton,—into

\* Weld’s Travels, &c. Vol. II. p. 300.

† Janson’s Stranger in America, p. 302.

‡ Ashe’s Travels, Vol. II. p. 28.

the unfriendly causes that have prevented *other* countries of Europe, and quarters of the world, from inscribing any name in the roll of poets.' Originality of thought or expression, sentiments arising out of long local attachment to the soil, feelings awakened by the recollection of heroic deeds of ancient times, it would be unreasonable to look for among a people, so 'differently constituted from all other people:' but when the Jesuit says that 'American literature is the scorn of Europe,' we think he makes a larger concession than necessary; though when he attempts to get back that concession in part, by affirming that there are two works, at least, 'comparable, if not superior, to any that have appeared in Europe since the independence of the United States;' viz. 'Mr. Barlow's epic, and Mr. Marshall's history,' we must, as to the 'epic,' loudly express our dissent. A dull heartless poem it appeared to us: its versification without melody, its diction abounding with quaint phrases, as the Jesuit admits, 'unusual, technical; and unmusical; without perceptible reason or apology for their introduction.' But Mr. Barlow is a 'philosophising poet.' True; and his philosophy, we presume, more than redeemed his poetry, when he composed for the drunken American and French citizens, celebrating the 4th July at Hamburgh, a song, in which he prays that God may

'Save the guillotine,  
Till England's king and queen  
Her power shall prove.'

and that mercy may then only controul this deadly instrument,

'When all the sceptered crew,  
Have paid their homage to  
The guillotine.'

The 'philosophy' of a red-hot fanatical republican, who lost his life in an over anxious desire to bend the knee to the foulest usurper that ever 'stole a diadem' and forced himself into the 'sceptered crew!' The philosophy of a man, who, at Algiers, was ready to *trample on the cross*, for the sake of gaining some trading advantage!\*

To Mr. Barlow's Epic may be joined, without disparagement to either, a poem, from which the following is an extract, by a Mr. Fingal, (no descendant, we believe, of the Caledonian bard of that name.) The bold idea of 'transporting all England over to America, for its crimes,' is not unworthy of one whose progenitors had, probably, in consequence of their virtues, been prevailed upon to anticipate the period of its removal. On comparing the insignifi-

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\* Treaty with the Bey of Tripoli in 1796, Art. II.

cance of *Little Britain* with the 'largest empire on the face of the earth,' or rather with one of its 'waters,' the muse exclaims :

' Its *small* extension, long supplied  
By *vast* immensity of pride:  
So small, that had it found a station,  
In this new world, at first creation,  
And for its crimes transported over,  
We'd find full room for't in Lake Erie, or }  
That larger waterpond, *Superior*,  
Where North, on margin taking stand,  
Would not see shore from either strand.\*

But America, says Mr. Jefferson, 'has produced a Washington.' True; this to be sure is something, and we verily believe that Washington was an honest man. But further, says he, 'in physics, we have produced a Franklin.' This is also true. Franklin, in grinding his electrical machine, and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid not in America, but in London. Besides, half of what he wrote was stolen from others; and the greater part of the other half not worth preserving. It would be rating his moral writings very high to estimate them at the same value to the community as his eleemosynary legacy. He bequeathed to an hospital 'his outstanding debts,' most of which he knew to be irrecoverable, and the rest not worth the expense of recovery. This legacy was declined by the governors.

Then, Mr. Rittenhouse was an astronomer, 'second to no astronomer living.' This 'artist,' (he was a clockmaker,) we are told, did not indeed *make* a world, but 'by imitation, approached nearer to its *Maker*, than any other man who has lived, from the creation to this day.' This is a bold assertion, but what follows is still bolder: 'Mr. Rittenhouse's model of the planetary system has the plagiarist's appellation of an orrery.'† Mr. Jefferson could not be ignorant that this instrument was invented by Mr. George Graham, about the year 1715, and finished by Rowley the mathematical instrument maker; that the name was given to it in consequence of a machine being made for Lord Orrery. Rittenhouse was an Englishman, and not an American, born nearly twenty years after the completion of this instrument; and all that posterity knows about him is, that, as president of a democratic club of Philadelphia, afterwards called the Philosophical Society, he signed some inflammatory resolutions, tending to abet the western insurrection; and that he was a good measurer of land.

\* Janson's *Stranger in America*, p. 74.

† Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, p. 109.

But

But the Virginian philosopher further asserts, that the quadrant which has the 'plagiarist's appellation' of Hadley's quadrant, was actually the invention of one 'Godfrey, an American.' We had heard of some promising genius of the new world, who had disproved the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and of the tides; of another who had discovered a perpetual motion; and some half dozen who had sent over to this country to claim the reward for discovering the longitude. We had read, in puffing advertisements, of one Doctor Perkins, who 'must be considered as a man of genius, because the British government gave him a patent for his metallic tractors;' and we had also read of one of their ingenious philosophers having calculated the precise age of the world, from the falls of Niagara; and demonstrated to the satisfaction of all America, that it was just 36,960 years since the first shower of rain fell upon the face of the earth.\* But we had always thought that the principles of the quadrant were fully explained by Sir Isaac Newton and Doctor Hadley, and that all which Halley laid claim to, was to have reduced those principles into a commodious shape and substance for practical utility. Yet even of the honour of this invention, and on the mere authority of this 'Virginian philosopher,' the dissenting compilers of cumbrous cyclopedias and encyclopedias on this side the Atlantic, would fain deprive our ingenious countryman.

'The genius of architecture,' says Mr. Jefferson, with great candour, 'seems to have spread its malediction over this land.'

Under this malediction of the Genius of Architecture, proceeds the building of the 'great federal city,' the rival of ancient Rome in extent and magnificence. Like Rome too, its 'enlightened citizens' resolved it should have its Capitol; but a capitol was not to be built without money. The debates in Congress on this point were long and noisy; at length, however, a few thousand dollars were appropriated for the 'erection of buildings for the reception of Congress, on a grand scale, and fitted for the representatives of a great people.' The money voted was just enough to get up one wing of the capitol, and the scaffolding of the other, and thus it has remained for many years past, and will probably remain for as many years to come. It was discovered while the work was *progressing*, that the modern *Rome*, notwithstanding its capitol, would be incomplete without its Tiber. But this also was at hand. There happened to trickle through part of the ground, a little stream, which had long been known by the name of *Goose-creek*; 'and what was *Goose-creek* once, is Tiber now.' Places were marked out where churches were to be erected, but without steeples, and

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\* Priest's Travels, p. 290.



chapels with chimneys; here were to be placed conventicles and meeting-houses; there colleges and hotels; here parks of vast extent, avenues of approach, promenades, malls, 'streets of palaces and walks of state,' were to embellish this magnificent city. The president's house has been completed; one little corner of which is inhabited, 'the rest being abandoned to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers, cannot look at without regret.\*' One hotel, without a roof, furnishes a gratuitous lodging for a few miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants; and here and there the streets exhibit a grog-shop, in the shape of a wooden shed. One half of the population is composed of blacks, the remainder (as the Jesuit tells us) consists mostly of 'members of congress, clerks, servants, innkeepers, or in some way appurtenant to the government, prepared to follow its fortunes, if necessary, to the banks of the Missouri, or the coast of California.' A deep wood, a thicket or morass, denies all access between next-door neighbours; and cows and sheep graze about the streets, with bells about their necks, to prevent their being lost.† 'Where am I got to,' asked an English officer, who in shooting snipes, had strolled into this city. 'I guess,' says the man to whom he addressed himself, 'you be a stranger here.'—'I am, my friend, and ask for information.' 'Stranger, truly,' says he, 'not to know that this is *Washingtaun*, the largest city in the world !'

Among the 'Jesuit's Letters,' there is one supposed to be written by a Greek, which contains an account of his wanderings in the 'great federal city!'—'an image of the federal dominion scattered over a wilderness, unreclaimed from a state of nature.' In the *moor*, which composes the greater part of the city, he falls in with an English ambassador, shooting quails; in a thicket a few miles off, he encounters the French ambassador, hunting rabbits. From hence, after wandering a 'miserable time,' and in dread of being lost or devoured in the 'federal city,' he arrives at the 'Negro quarter.' Being directed from hence through a wood, he narrowly escapes being shot, by the fire of two people fighting a duel. Pursuing his course two or three miles further, he falls in with a great concourse of people, assembled at a horse-race in an open field; but 'no more like the *Atmeidan*, than *Washington* is like *Constantinople*.' Here he gets into a hackney coach, but before he can reach his inn, the old crazy vehicle, 'horses and all, are blown by a hurricane into a deep ditch.' Being nearly dark, he mounts an ass which carries him to a group of Indians, performing some kind of incantations. Escaping from these, he comes to a log-house, eats mush and hominy, sleeps on the floor all night, and next day gets back to his inn. All these adventures took place within the precincts of

\* Moore's Epistles, Vol. II. p. 39.

† Weld's Travels, p. 86.

'This

' This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn  
With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn.'\*

Amplification indeed is, as has been sufficiently apparent, a favourite figure with this infant community. They are not very fond of the English language; but so long as they do condescend to employ it, they are determined to maintain that they make a better use of it than we do ourselves. The Jesuit roundly asserts that 'in the prevalence of oratory as a common talent, in the number of good public speakers, in the fire and captivation of their public harangues, parliamentary, popular, forensic, and of the pulpit, the English are the only modern people comparable with the Americans, and the English are far from being their equals.' The '*Boston Patriot*,' of October last, furnishes us with a specimen of this 'fire and captivation,' under the signature of 'Hampden, the Junius of America;' it is the concluding paragraph of a *tirade* against the Federalists, whose moderation had palliated the impressment of American seamen, from the circumstance of similarity of features, manners, and language.

' Blush, blush, if blush ye can, ye sycophants of enthroned tyranny! Ye accomplices of robbery, of passion, and murder! Ye base betrayers of your country's rights! And go hide your degraded heads "seven times," yea, "seventy times seven," under rivers of tears, and cleanse yourselves, if you can, from the moral leprosy of having palliated such deeds as these!'

Commodore Rodgers, who, in a frigate equal to a 64 gun-ship, fought a miserable little sloop, and ran away from a 32 gun-frigate, is said to be 'as brave as Julius Cæsar;' and General Wilkinson, (who, with his eight thousand strong, was driven out of Canada by eight hundred British,) 'as valiant as Mark Anthony.' The friends of a Lieutenant Burrows, who was killed in an action between two gun-brigs of equal force, were consoled by an assurance that 'the name of Burrows will be remembered when those of *Xerxes* and *Proctor* shall be forgotten.'—The *Boston Centinel*, speaking of the commodore of Lake Erie, observes, 'The victory of Lake Erie suffers not on a comparison with the victory of the Nile; and it is a very remarkable coincidence that the two naval heroes begin their letters with "It has pleased Almighty God!"' This is excellent! but even this yields to the happy self-complacency of a Mr. Wright of Maryland, who, in alluding to the exploits of the American army, expressed a hope 'that if any gentleman on that

floor should hereafter have occasion to speak of *Roman valour*, he would be considered as speaking of the *second degree*; *American* being the *first*!

In some sense indeed the love of literature may be said to gain ground in the United States, if we may believe the following literary advertisement in a paper which has just reached us from New England.

*'Stealing Books!* If the gentleman who took, or more properly speaking, *stole*, Underwood's Treatise on the Diseases of Children, from the library of a physician in this town, will return them, he will oblige the owner, and no question shall be asked; if there should be no other objection to return the books but the fear of detection, the proprietor will suggest a mode of doing it by which the thief shall not be made known.' *New England Palladium*, September, 1813.

There is yet another mode by which the Americans contrive to make English books their own. Their editions, like the translations from the Parisian press, are frequently garbled to suit their own peculiar taste and feeling. Shakespeare is much too English and too monarchical to please them. His historical plays have therefore been given up as unfit for the American stage. Othello was exploded on another account,—lest it should make the blacks too conceited; till one manager happily contrived to get over this difficulty, by advertising the character of Othello to be performed 'in a *white face*.' In one of our modern plays called the 'Travellers,' there is an eccentric but amiable character of a British admiral. An Englishman was present at its performance in the Charleston theatre, and was not a little surprised to find the British admiral metamorphosed into an *American commodore*!

Nor have there been wanting projects among them for getting rid of the English language, not merely by barbarizing it—as when they *progress* a bill, *jeopardize* a ship, *guess* a probability, proceed by *grades*, hold a *caucus*, *conglaciate* a wave, &c. when the President of Yale College talks of a *conflagrative* brand, and President Jefferson of *belittling* the productions of nature—but by abolishing the use of English altogether, and substituting a new language of their own. One person indeed had recommended the adoption of the Hebrew, as being ready made to their hands, and considering the Americans, no doubt, as the 'chosen people' of the new world. But a Scotchman of the name of Thornton had a project of a more Babylonish kind, a project

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'to rase  
Quite out their native language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.'—*Par. Lost*, b. xii.

This project consisted in a barbarous murder of English orthography, in turning the e topsy-turvy, dotting the i underneath, and adding

adding a few pot-hooks and ladles, which we shall not attempt to imitate; ‘*Di Amerikæn languids uil dæs bi az distint az dæ gævernment, fri from aul foliz or ænfilosofikæl fasæn.*’\* ‘*Mai diir kuntrimæn,*’ says this Scotch creole, have only to adopt this new language and all the best English books will not only be reprinted in America, but ‘all Europe will purchase American editions.’ The American Philosophical Society was so delighted with this brilliant project, that they not only published it in their ‘*Transactions,*’ but bestowed the *Magellanic* gold medal on the inventor.

But it is not of the English language only that they wish to divest themselves. Some Solons of Pennsylvania entered into a resolution that their barristers should not quote any cases from English law-books, or refer, in any of their pleadings, to English precedents;† in short, that they should lay ‘the knife to the root of that hideous excrescence called *common law* of England.’ Nor are their innovations confined to language and law. They have actually invented a new system of logic, proceeding on principles wholly different from those either of the ancient or modern schools in Europe. Of the use and application of the rules of this new scheme of reasoning on public affairs, (for which it is especially contrived,) the following may serve as an example. In one of the documents communicated by the president of the United States to Congress, a Mr. Mitchell, American agent for prisoners at Halifax, states, ‘that he had, on the 12th of September, 1813, seen two American gentlemen, Messrs. Rich and Hall in the gaol of Halifax.’ The American government complains that the persons so confined ought to have been admitted to parole.

When this statement reached Halifax, the British agent wrote to Mr. Mitchell to inquire how he could have ventured such an assertion, the fact being that these persons were admitted to parole, (though not strictly entitled to that indulgence,) and that he, Mr. Mitchell, had himself seen them, not ‘in gaol,’ nor ‘at Halifax,’ but on *parole* at *Melville Island*!

To this Mr. Mitchell replies, by admitting that, ‘true it is that he did not see the men in Halifax gaol.’ Here, according to the old mode of reasoning, the controversy would end. But not so, according to the new dialectics. Mr. Mitchell contends that this admission is not only reconcileable with his previous assertion, but, in truth, identical with it: which he thus proceeds to establish. We quote his own words.—‘As regards Rich and Hall, whose case you have noticed, the *only* difference that can exist is, that my go-

\* *Cadmus*, or a Treatise on the Elements of Written Languages, by W. Thornton, M. D.

† Lambert’s Travels through Canada, &c. Vol. II. p. 188.

vernment, not acquainted with the reality of the prisons, says these two men were seen by me "*in the gaol at Halifax*;" "*Halifax*" is substituted for *Melville Island*, a matter, I conceive, of no consequence; nor is the term "*gaol*" for "*prison*;" they carry the same meaning; both are places of confinement, and, according to my idea, that of the town gaol at Halifax is preferable to Melville Island.'

If Mr. Mitchell's studies had not been devoted so exclusively to the severer art of ratiocination, as to leave him neither time nor taste for English poetry, we might suspect him of having borrowed his argument from our popular ballad,

'Every ISLAND is a PRISON,  
Closely guarded by the sea.'

From which, no doubt, as the universal comprehends the particular, (even in the old logic,) it is just and reasonable to infer that some one specific island *must* be Halifax gaol.

But our language, our laws, our literature and our logic are not the only objects of American antipathy. This feeling appears to be directed generally against our nation and name. It breaks out on almost all those occasions when the heart is opened by the festivity of public meetings in *toasts*, of which the following may serve as a specimen: 'The royal assassins of Britain, Whitby and Humphreys—worthy servants of a worthy master; may the gallows prove their end, and the execrations of a free people their epitaph.' Mr. Jefferson, when vice-president, gave, at a public dinner at Charlottesville, the following toast:—'Ireland—may she soon burst her fetters, and take her rank among the free republics of the earth.' Sentiments such as these are uttered, without scruple, even in the senate of the nation. A man of the name of Drayton proposed a resolution for sequestrating all debts due from the citizens of the United States to the subjects of the King of Great Britain; and one Smith, from Maryland, seconded the motion, because 'it would arrest twenty millions of dollars as a fund to reimburse *three or four* millions which we have been stripped of by that piratical nation Great Britain; according to the instructions of that king of sea-robbers, that monster whose only law is power, and who respects neither the rights of nations, nor the property of individuals.\*'

A standard belonging to the 68th regiment of James City light infantry, was taken at the attack made on Hampton, by a party of marines, and sent to England. On it is represented a female figure with a helmet on her head; in one hand she holds a poignard, with which she appears to have stabbed a robust male figure, prostrate on the ground, on whom she treads with her right foot; a crown

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\* Porcupine's Works, Vol. IV. p. 305.

lies near to designate the figure as a representation of the king, or prince regent, and probably, at the same time, that of John Bull dying, which is elegantly and emblematically expressed by a wide open mouth, as if in the agony of bellowing. In the right hand of this fair Columbia is the flag of thirteen stripes, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and bearing this motto, *Tyrannos pedibus calco*. The following is an extract of an intercepted letter written by a Mr. Gervis to a Colonel Crutchfield, who fought, or rather *should have fought*, under the sacred banner bearing this elegant device, and whose commission, it seems, was procured by the writer from his friend Mr. Madison. It is dated Belle Air, 23d May, 1813.

‘How do affairs go on at Norfolk? I do not mean as it regards those half-Indian scalping assassins, those degenerate, ferocious *disgraces to civilization*, the British, the enemies of virtue, liberty, and America, but our brave fellows stationed with you? I do not inquire as to their dispositions towards the enemy, or their probable conduct, if the battle should “rage loud and long,” for I know that they are Americans in heart and in sentiment, and made of that same stuff that took Johnny Bull by the horns some thirty odd years ago. They have too that love of right and freedom which springs from conviction, from filial piety, from years of happy experience; they understand it, they feel it, they are proud of it, they swear by it, and, what is still better, they fight with it in their hearts, and on the edge of their swords. *They* never yet have met the enemy; but wherever our countrymen have met *them*, presuming to wage open and manly war, what has been the result? why, their best veterans flying before a handful of militia. What says Harrison of Captain Gebres? that he and *his company* drove hundreds of them.’

‘I suppose you have seen the extract from General Dearborn’s letter, mentioning the civilized symbol of Indian and British alliance stuck up with the mace in the legislative chamber at York, in Canada—a human scalp! In Ireland, they stirred their toddy with human fingers severed from the hand. In Asia, they cut a village to pieces merely to try the edge and temper of their weapons, and now, in America, to cap the climax of brutality and blood, they must legislate canopied by scalps! I shall soon expect to hear that some British Indianized brute has attached the skull of Hart or Hickman as an appendage to his watch-chain.’

(Signed)

‘JOHN GERVIS.’

This colonel of Mr. Madison’s making, and his ‘brave fellows,’—‘Americans in heart,’—‘made of that same stuff which took Johnny Bull by the horns,’—how did they behave? John Gervis has answered the question,—‘they never met the enemy.’—No; a small party of marines ‘drove hundreds of them,’ with their valiant colonel at their head, who very prudently made use of their heels—not ‘to tread upon kings,’—but to save themselves by run-

ning away, leaving behind them all their guns, colours, and camp, together with the precious standard which we have described.\*

With regard to the 'half-Indian scalping assassins,' it did require something more than mortal assurance in 'an American' to bring forward such a charge against the British, knowing, as he must do, that in every town and village near the western frontier, subscriptions are raised to confer rewards for the murder of Indians, whole nations of whom have been exterminated by these enlightened 'scalping assassins.'

In the 'Providence Gazette,' for instance, we read the following advertisement from 'an association of the most *civilized, humane, and pious* inhabitants of Pittsburg.'

'*Indian Scalps.*—We the subscribers, encouraged by a large subscription, do propose to pay 100 dollars for every hostile Indian scalp, *with both ears*, if it be taken between this date and the 15th June next, by an inhabitant of Allegany county.'

The last quoted sentence forcibly recalls our recollection to the vote of Congress which suggested this inquiry, and would naturally lead to some reflections on the present state of the political relations of the two countries, if it were not our purpose to avoid any lengthened discussion on that subject. We are determined to notice it no farther than as it incidentally presents itself to our view, or as it forms, as it were, a back ground to the national portrait which we have been engaged in scouring. The features of that portrait are copied with servile fidelity from artists either absolutely American, or whose opportunities, from long residence among them, assure the authenticity of their delineations; and our office has rather been (as we have just intimated) to rub off the dirt and damp and restore the general hue and harmony of the colouring, than to introduce any touches of our own. To drop the metaphor—if in cases of contradictory testimony, we may be suspected (as in truth we suspect ourselves) of having uniformly leaned to the flattering side; we reckon, not only upon the excuse, but the applause of those who appreciate justly the obligation under which our common nature lays us to treat with candour the failings of any portion of mankind, and who feel with us, that the accidental state of national hostility rather enhances than acquits that obligation. In a state of peace, indeed, of such peace at least, as that with America for the last few years, a state of sore and irritable animosity on their side, and of 'pious awe, and fear to have offended' on ours, we should not have ventured to treat of works relating to American character at all. We should have feared, that in prowling about for assignable causes of war, Mr. Madison might

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\* London Gazette of June, 1813.

have fastened upon any free discussion of this subject, and put himself 'in an attitude' upon that ground for want of a better: for that war was long ago determined upon by the American government, no man who can read *American*, and who has waded through the President's *lengthy* messages, will now venture to dispute. We have always been disposed to admit, as the best apology for the revocation of the Orders in Council, the clear and forcible proof which it brought out of this fixed and unchangeable determination.

The actual breaking out of the war, therefore, has only enabled us to look fairly at a subject which the apprehension of it would have precluded us from examining. The examination, we think, is not without its use. Truth is always valuable. Delusion is always dangerous. A notion had been fondly entertained, that between England and America there was a certain sympathy of taste and feeling which formed them, above all nations of the earth, for an intimate union of councils and affections with each other. No sacrifice therefore was thought to be too great, no deference too humble on the part of this country, for the purpose of keeping well with America. America and England against all the world—but England without America; nothing; with America against her, less than nothing. Such was the creed. America was a young nation, therefore she must be humoured. She was wayward, therefore she must be soothed. She was alienated, therefore she must be won. Such was the doctrine. There were those indeed who did not see any symptoms of the existence of such sympathy between the parent state and her alienated offspring: but they kept their doubts to themselves. The general cry was too strong for them. The national councils were evidently swayed by it. The poor old mother went on doting and drivelling for a long time, on the score of natural affection, and kindred habits, and similitude of language and so forth; until in the hour of her trial and utmost need, the sentiments of her hopeful child towards her were manifested in a way not to be mistaken.

There can be no doubt that the perversity and presumptuousness of the American government in their late negotiations with this country arose mainly from the belief that they were backed by a considerable party *here*; and as little doubt can there be, that whatever 'backing' they had here (with very trifling exceptions) arose from a mistaken impression of the character of the American government and people. This impression had been produced by causes sufficiently obvious. The ill conduct and ill success of the American War had made every body in this country ashamed of maintaining the government side of that question. So universal was the abandonment of it, that within a very few years after the peace of 1783, it became matter of wonder to a curious observer  
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by whom, or with whose consent that war could have been carried on. Sturdy resistance to power attracts the good wishes of the generous; and success, whether in resistance or oppression, conciliates the approbation of the wary. In favour of America therefore, when she had secured her independence, there was apparently one unanimous voice throughout England; and that voice was echoed through succeeding years without much reflection upon the change of circumstances and progress of events. The patriots of 1783 were patriots still:—America was a word always received with a shout in a tavern toast;—and Lord Erskine, (we well remember,) continued to quote in his *Crim. Con. and Treason Trials*, passages from Mr. Burke, and a song from the *Padlock* applicable to America in the very agony of her struggle,—long after she had taken her place among the potentates of the earth, and when the question of that struggle was become as much matter of history as the Trojan War, or the Deluge.

While gentlemen in opposition dwelt with rapture on a theme which recalled the distinct idea of a forced change of administration, the partizans of government, on the other hand, found in admissions highly favourable to the American revolution, an admirable qualification and relief for the invectives which they justly bestowed upon that in France. America therefore thus ‘bepraised’ on all sides, perhaps with very little meaning on any, grew by degrees into reputation and esteem with all sides, by the mere repetition and reflection of their own compliments. Most of all, she grew into esteem with herself, and ascribed very willingly to ‘her own parts and merit,’ to sober valuation and settled opinion, that general favour and good report which she owed in great measure to accidental causes wherein she had really but little concern.

Hence that overweening estimate of their own importance to this country, which has led the rulers of the United States so ridiculously astray; and hence that terror and trembling, that anticipation of untold loss, and unimagined danger which dashed the firmness of the British government, and made many worthy persons quake in their shoes at the prospect of an ‘American war.’ The very words had something awful and ominous in the sound, and called up associations of near thirty years standing, which bewildered public opinion in this country, and inflamed American confidence to madness.

From the beginning of the French war, America had very prudently and properly made the best of her situation. One of her own writers has observed that

‘She discovered no sympathy in the convulsions of a whole continent, no anxiety about the sufferings of other nations, as long as those sufferings opened new channels of commerce and swelled the revenues of the state.’

We think this sarcasm unreasonably severe. We do not blame America for indifference—if she had been in the strict sense of the word indifferent, between the contending parties in Europe, and had impartially respected the rights of both belligerents. But of her partiality to France, since the abdication of Washington, there can be no rational doubt. It could not be to the principle of liberty in France that America was favourable, since, though her favour gilded in the first instance the republican excesses of the earlier part of the French revolution, its beams have continued to play with full lustre on the diadem of the tyrant who now oppresses France and has desolated Europe, and whose majesty, we know, ‘loves the Americans.’ Is it then enmity to England that has been the pervading principle of her conduct? Of France, whether republican or despotic, whether lacerating her own bosom with civil wounds, or carrying scourges, chains and fire throughout Europe—the prevailing sentiment has still been enmity to England; and the participation in that sentiment alone could (as it seems) account consistently for an unvarying partiality to France throughout all the varieties of her atrocity, in any nation not immediately within the scope of her power.

Not that we are uncharitable enough to believe the war to have been undertaken by America merely out of pure hatred to great Britain. That such disposition exists in the body of the American people, and that it has long been studiously encouraged and fomented by their government, we have no doubt: but the war had other motives.—Orders in Council? and impressment of seamen?—That we presume no man is now so helpless ‘an innocent,’ as to believe. As to the Orders in Council, it is sufficient that (as we have already observed) they were repealed while the war was yet in embryo,—before a blow had been struck or a cannon fired—while Mr. Madison, though he might have forged his thunderbolts, held them yet unlaunched in his red right hand. The impressment of British seamen out of American vessels (usually described by the Americans, to be sure, as the impressment of American seamen) so far from being a *cause of war*, even in the view of the American government themselves, had never been brought forward, through six years of negotiation, but as a matter for amicable adjustment, if means of satisfactory adjustment could be found. Adjusted we know it had once been (in the year 1806) in a manner which *their* negotiators represented to *their* government as ‘honourable and advantageous to the United States;’ but the President, Mr. Jefferson, he best knows why, refused to ratify the treaty to which this arrangement was annexed; and since that period it had never been once insisted upon as a point that *must* be settled for the preservation of peace between the two countries. In the arrangement with Mr. David Erskine, for instance,

stance, when the Americans had every thing pretty much their own way, the question of impressment is not so much as hinted at among the conditions which they stipulated for the renewal of friendly intercourse with Great Britain. No—no. ‘Orders in Council,’ and ‘Impressment,’ and ‘Paper Blockades,’ (as they were impudently termed,) were mere prettexts—each of them successively brought forward as another became unavailable, to cover the noble ambition of *conquest*. The truth is not to be disguised. *This war is on the part of America a war of conquest.* The Sesostrises of ancient, or the Timours of later times,—the ‘madman of Macedon,’ or ‘the Swede,’—the ‘steady Romans,’ or the modern Gauls, were not, and are not, more essentially *conquerors* in their disposition, than the American government acting upon the politics of Messrs. Jefferson and Madison.

We think too (and candour obliges us to avow) that this consideration accounts, in some degree, for that manifest partiality and subserviency to France, which have been attributed to other and more degrading motives. Imitation has been justly said to be the highest degree of flattery; and a conqueror of this day naturally adopts Buonaparte for his model; but that is a very different thing from being sworn to his service or actually in his pay. Bent on the same objects, the acquisition of territory,—one for the revival of the empire of Charlemagne, the other for the aggrandisement of ‘the largest empire on the face of the earth,’—Buonaparte and Mr. Madison have assimilated, as far as circumstances would allow, their measures and their doctrines. If Buonaparte had his continental system to starve Europe, Mr. Madison has his embargo to distress America. If Buonaparte proclaimed that the flag covers the merchandize, Mr. Madison proceeds a step further, and declares that it shall cover the traitor. If Buonaparte set up the doctrine of natural limits—the Rhine, the Alps, and the ocean, Mr. Madison feels it right not to be left behind in geography, and presently finds out that Canada is a nook which deforms the area of the United States on one side, just as the Floridas cribbed and confined them on the other; and that his ‘greatest of empires’ will never be expanded to its just proportions until the striped flag shall wave in right of dominion over the shores of Hudson’s Bay and those of the Gulph of Mexico.

The love of France, therefore, and the hatred of England were merely played off by the government to keep alive the spirit of party, and to reconcile the people to the policy of a war of *conquest*, a policy the objects of which are ingenuously avowed by Mr. Madison to be—the ‘making of territorial reprisal for oceanic outrages,’ and the ‘removing of vexations caused by the sway of other nations upon their borders.’ What is meant by the first of these objects but the conquest of Canada? and what by the second but the extension of dominion

dominion over the whole continent of America from sea to sea?—for till that is effected, it is obvious that, stretch their territory as wide as they may, they must still have ‘other nations bearing sway upon their borders.’

Ambition, says the poet, is ‘a god-like fault;’ and whatever may be its criminality, it is apt to excite a notion that there is something grand and awful in the mind of which it is the predominant feature. When therefore a nation sets up for a conquering nation, it invites a scrutiny into its acquirements and pretensions, into its means of realizing mighty projects, or its capacity for bestowing splendid benefits, which would be altogether out of place with respect to a nation that busied itself solely about its own affairs.

A society of sober traders and peaceful husbandmen, occupied in turning to advantage the blessings of an abundant soil, and of opportune harbours, a society decent in morals, serious in piety, in manners neither rudely clownish, nor meretriciously refined—studious of personal liberty and of national independence, but observant of the laws at home and breathing peace and good will to their neighbours abroad;—a society so framed, and actuated by such principles, could not but attract the respect of all mankind, and command their sympathy if insulted by foreign power.

Such was the impression respecting the United States hastily taken up and fondly cherished in this country, and generally throughout Europe; an impression which the merely keeping quiet on their part might have left unexamined and undissolved to the present hour. Exempted by their position from any direct participation in the contests and calamities of the old world, they might have availed themselves of the dreadful interval of the last twenty years to grow and flourish in noiseless prosperity; and if, in the course of so widely extended hostilities, the ‘whiff and wind’ of maritime conflict had sometimes unavoidably ruffled their peaceful sails, and retarded their gainful adventures, they might surely have balanced against these trifling inconveniences the substantial advantages of a profitable neutrality.

If such had been the conduct of the United States, and if Great Britain, in resentment for this prudent and unoffending determination to preserve themselves from the contamination of the hostile mind, as well as from the shock of the hostile movements of Europe, had wantonly invaded the United States from Canada,—pretending some fanciful necessity of removing a stranger’s sway from the neighbourhood of her provinces—with what indignation would all the world have raised their voice against so unjustifiable an aggression! Then, indeed, the Emperor of Russia, our ally, (but happily not accepted as our mediator with America,) might have said, with truth, that the Americans ‘had done all in their power to avoid a rupture with England.’ But reversing the picture, and behold-  
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ing in the government of the United States the predetermined invader and would-be sovereign of Canada, indignation of another sort is roused against an attempt as preposterous as profligate. To be the victim of unjust power throws a grace and sanctity about the most ordinary character; but in an aggressor there must be dignity, and there must be success, or he will be not only hated but despised. The rusticity of *William Tell* does but enhance our compassion for his sufferings; but the vulgarity of *Jack Cade* woefully embitters our scorn of his attempted usurpation.

Admiration of the enemy was one of the fatal impediments to a vigorous and salutary unanimity against France in the commencement of this perilous war. A false and exaggerated estimate of America, not absolutely amounting to admiration, but something too nearly approaching to it, disinclined us from believing a state of war with the United States possible, and from putting forth our whole strength against them at the moment when their determination to be at war with us was practically ascertained. The naval war alone would not have disabused us of all our favourable delusion. They have fought on the element of England with British spirit; may we not add, in too great measure, perhaps, with the aid of British sinews? But on that element let it be fairly acknowledged we have much to commend in them, and we have still something to redeem. As conquerors by land, their success must have been an antidote to any thing but a most prurient desire of dominion. Their threats and their performances have followed each other in ludicrous contrast. The brave Canadians, true to their own character, and to the cause of their sovereign, have shewn that, even had they been left to their own resources, they would have been equal to repelling a much more formidable foe. The union of the Canadas with this country may happily be considered as indissoluble, even though the attack upon them should be renewed by far different armies than such as we have seen in the late campaigns, retiring (upon consultation) before an enemy less than half their number, and by a commander of a very different stamp from him who recorded in the same gazette the rapidity of his retreat and the violence of his *diarrhæa*. To the series of their own gazettes, indeed, rather than to any other authorities, not excepting even the 'favourable unknown,' we would refer for a true description of American character.

But is it not to be lamented that all those pleasing illusions should be rudely dissipated through which America was viewed as another Arcadia—inhabited by creatures of fairer than mortal mould? Will not this tend to exasperate the animosities of war? to defer the period of pacification? and to make a state of peace difficult to maintain? Not a jot. The Americans made war when it

it suited them: they will make peace when it suits them and us. To live with a friend as if he were one day to become an enemy, is the cold-blooded rule of a worldly suspiciousness; but to live with one who has been an unprovoked enemy as if he had never ceased to be a dear friend, would indeed be a piece of foolishness which no warmth of blood could excuse. Why not peace with America? We are at peace with Algiers, where, as in America, they work white *redemptioners*, in addition to black slaves. What is it to the question of peace or war that the manners of the Americans are not exactly congenial with our own? that *bundling*\* prevails among them within doors, and *gouging* without; that to 'smooth away a nose' is one of their privileges in 'roughing and tumbling,' and that they give high prices for the scalps of their Indian neighbours provided that 'both ears' are hanging to them; and that they have been taken 'before the 15th of June?'—There would be an end to the intercourse of nations, if every little peculiarity of national manners were to be a source of interminable hostility. As to the disposition, the pacific mind—Have we not for the last three months been negotiating peace with Buonaparte?—not, it is to be presumed, from any mistake as to the disposition of that eminent chief magistrate towards this country; but because we flattered ourselves that we should be able to bind him to such terms as would give his disposition no room to play. If with Buonaparte, why not with Mr. Madison, who will at least be easier to bind?—But in his case also, it must be to the terms of the treaty that we must look for our security against another Canadian war; trusting little, after past experience, to mawkish expressions of general philanthropy, or to fond theories of elective attraction; little to kindness, and nothing at all to kin.

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\* To the primitive practices of 'tarrying' and 'bundling,' should be added that of *sparking*, with which we have recently been made acquainted. The American author of the work reviewed page 463, tells us that, 'it is customary in the country, thirty or forty miles from the cities, for young men to go a sparking.' If (adds the judicious editor of this 'immortal' poem, Pref. v.) 'the young man is approved of by his Dulcinea, the pair sit up the whole night together alone, but with the greatest purity; just as in *bundling*, where innocent young women accommodate chaste young men with a part of their bed.' p. 192. In confirmation of this 'superlative purity,' the American subjoins, that if, 'soon after the commencement of the *sparking*, the damsel rises and takes a candle into another room, it is understood as an acceptance of the lover's devoirs: and he concludes, by hinting, with the most delicate simplicity, that, if this is not done, the sparker is said, but for what special reason he cannot tell, 'to get the bag to hold.' p. 193.

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ERRATUM.—In our last Number, p. 56, line 2 from bottom, for one seventh read two sevenths. This error only appears in the earlier part of our impression.

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